AYRES
AND
DIALOGUES,

For One, Two, and Three Voyces.

BY

HENRY LAWES Servant to his late Ma:tie in his publick and private Musick.

W.C Faithorne fecit

The First Booke.

LONDON,
Printed by T. H. for *John Playford*, and are to be sold at his Shop, in the Inner Temple, near the Church door. 1653.

To the Right Honorable,

The two moſt Excellent Siſters,

ALICE Counteſſe of *CARBERY*,

And

MARY Lady *HERBERT* of *Cherbury* and *Caſtle-Iſland*,

Daughters to the Right Honorable, *John* Earle of *Bridgewater*, Lord Preſident of *WALES*, &c.

I Need not tell Your Ladiſhips, *that ſince my Attendance on His late* MAJESTY *(my moſt Gracious Maſter) I have neglected the exerciſe of my Profeſſion. Yet, to debarr Idleneſſe (which, without vanity I may ſay, I was never paſſionatly in love with) I have made ſome* Compoſitions, *which now I reſolve to publiſh to the World. What Grounds and Motives lead me to this Publication, I conceive not ſo proper for your Ladiſhips notice, having elſewhere told it* to the Reader. *But no ſooner I thought of making theſe Publick, than of inſcribing them to Your* Ladiſhips, *moſt of them being Compoſed when I was employed by Your ever Honour'd Parents to attend Your* Ladiſhipp's *Education in* Muſick; *who (as in other Accompliſhments fit for Perſons of Your Quality) excell'd moſt Ladies, eſpecially in* Vocall Muſick, *wherin You were ſo abſolute, that You gave Life and Honour to all I ſet and taught You; and that with more Vnderſtanding than a new Generation pretending to Skil (I dare ſay) are Capable of. I could therefore do nothing more becomming my Gratitude than a Dedication of Theſe (ſo much Your own) to both Your* Ladiſhips; *and to manifeſt that Honour I bear to the Memory of Your deceaſed Parents, whoſe Favors it is impoſſible ſhould ever be forgotten by*

Your Ladiſhips moſt humbly devoted

Servant,

HENRY LAWES.

To all Understanders or Lovers of MUSICK.

IT is easie to say I have been much importun'd, by Persons of Quality, to Publish my Compositions: But though I could plead it (and without vain Pretensions) yet now I shall waive it. Nor was I drawn to it by any little thoughts of private Gain; though men of my Relations (as the World now goes) are justly presum'd not to overflow; and perhaps the matter will not reach that value, let the Stationer look to that, who himselfe hath undergone the Charge and Trouble of the whole Impression; who yet (by his favour) hath lately made bold to print, in one Book, above twenty of my Songs, whereof I had no knowledge till his Book was in the Presse; and it seems he found those so acceptable that he is ready for more. Therefore now the Question is not, whether or no my Compositions shall be Publick, but whether they shall come forth from me, or from some other hand; and which of the two is likeliest to afford the true correct Copies, I leave others to judge. In this Book I reprint none that were publish'd in the former, or ever in print before. I could tell ye also, I have often found many of mine that have walkt abroad in other mens names: how they came to lose their Relations and be Anabaptiz'd, I think not worth examining. Only I shall say, that some who so adopted and owned my Songs had greater kindnesse for the Children than for the Father: else sure they had not bestow'd some other late Ayres (which themselves could not own) upon Forrainers and Strangers, because I compos'd them to Italian and Spanish words. I should think such an Injury an unseasonable piece of Injustice, since now we live in so sullen an Age, that our Profession it selfe hath lost its Incouragement. But Wise men have observ'd our Generation so giddy, that whatsoever is Native (be it never so excellent) must lose its taste, because themselves have lost theirs. For my part, I professe (and such as know me can bear me witnesse) I desire to render every man his due, whether Strangers or Natives. I acknowledge the Italians the greatest Masters of Musick, but yet not all. And (without depressing the Honour of other Countries) I may say our own Nation hath had and yet hath as able Musitians as any in Europe; and many now living (whose names I forbear) are excellent both for the Voyce and Instruments. But as in Musick the Unison and Diapason are the sweetest of all Chords, yet a Second and a Seventh, which stand next to them, are more Discordant from them than any other Notes in all the Scale: So to Musicians, a man's next Neighbour is the farthest from him, and none give so harsh a Report of the English as the English themselves. We should not think Musick any stranger to this Island, since our Ancestors tell us that the Britains had Musicians before they had Books; and the Romans that invaded us (who were not too forward to magnifie other Nations) confesse what power the Druids and Bards had over the Peoples affections by recording in Songs the Deeds of Heroick Spirits, their very Laws and Religion being sung in Tunes, and so (without Letters) transmitted to posterity; wherein it seems they were so dexterous, that their Neighbours out of Gaul came hither to learn it. How their Successors held it up I know not: But King Henry the Eight did much advance it, especially in the former part of his Reign, when his minde was more intent upon Arts and Sciences, at which time he invited all the greatest Masters out of Italy and other Countries, and Himself gave example by Composing with his own hand two intire Services, which were often sung in his Chappell, as the Lord Herbert of Cherbury (who writ his Life) hath left upon Record. Since whose time it prosper'd much in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and His late Majesty. I confesse the Italian Language may have some advantage by being better smooth'd and vowell'd for Musick, which I found by many Songs which I set to Italian words: and our English seems a little

little over-clogg'd with Conſonants; *but that's much the* Compoſer's *fault, who by judicious ſetting and right tuning the words may make it ſmooth enough. And ſince our palates are ſo much after Novelties, I deſir'd to try the* Greek, *having never ſeen any thing* Set *in that Language by our own Muſicians or Strangers; and (by* Compoſing *ſome of* Anacreon's *Odes) I found the Greek Tongue full as good as any for Muſick, and in ſome particulars ſweeter than the* Latine, *or thoſe Moderne ones that deſcended from* Latine. *I never lov'd to* Set *or* ſing *words which I do not underſtand; and where I cannot, I deſir'd help of others who were able to interpret. But this preſent Generation is ſo ſated with what's Native, that nothing takes their eare but what's ſung in a Language which (commonly) they underſtand as little as they do the Muſick. And to make them a little ſenſible of this ridiculous humour, I took a* Table *or* Index *of old* Italian *Songs (for one, two, and three Voyces) and this* Index *(which read together made a ſtrange medley of Non-ſence) I ſet to a varyed Ayre, and gave out that it came from* Italy, *whereby it hath paſſed for a rare* Italian Song. *This very Song I have now here printed. And if this Firſt Book ſhall find acceptance, I intend yearly to publiſh the like; for I confeſs I have a ſufficient Stock lying by me (and ſhall compoſe more) having had the Honour to* Set *the Verſes of the moſt and chiefeſt Poets of our Times. As for thoſe Copies of Verſes in this Book, I have rendred their Names who made them, from whoſe hands I received them. Theſe Reaſons (with ſome other not here mentioned) drew me forth to this Publication, which if receiv'd with the ſame heart that I offer it, will be further Encouragement for*

H. L.

To Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, who had then newly ſet a Song of mine in the Year, 1635.

VErſe makes Heroick Vertue live,
But you can life to Verſes give:
As when in open aire we blow
The breath (though ſtrain'd) ſounds flat and low,
But if a Trumpet take the blaſt,
It lifts it high, and makes it laſt:
So in your Ayres our Numbers dreſt
Make a ſhrill ſally from the Breſt
Of Nymphs, who ſinging what we pen'd,
Our Paſſions to themſelves commend,
While Love Victorious with thy Art
Governs at once their Voyce and Heart.
You by the help of Tune and Time
Can make that Song which was but Rime.
NOY pleading, no man doubts the Cauſe,
Or queſtions Verſes ſet by LAWES.
For as a window thick with paint
Lets in a light but dim and faint,
So others with Diviſion hide
The Light of Senſe, the Poets Pride,
But you alone may truly boaſt
That not a ſyllable is loſt;
The Writer's and the Setter's skill
At once the raviſh't Eare do fill.
Let thoſe which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a Song,
Content themſelves with Ut, re, mi,
Let words and ſenſe be ſet by Thee.

ED. WALLER, *Eſquire.*

To his Honour'd F. Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, on his *Ayres* and *Dialogues*.

Hoſe happy few who apprehend thy flight,
Ever above the Cloud, yet ſtill in ſight,
Cannot by all their Numbers and Addreſſe
Swell or advance thy praiſes, but confeſſe.
For thou art fix'd beyond the Power of Fate,
Since nothing that is Mortal can Create.
And is it poſſible that thou ſhould'ſt dye
Who can'ſt beſtow ſuch Immortality?
I have not ſought the Rules by which yee try
when a Chord's *broke, or holds in* Harmony;
But I am ſure Thou haſt a Soul within
As if created for a Cherubin;
Brim full of Candour and wiſe Innocence,
And is not Muſick a Reſultance thence?
For ſure the blunt-bill'd Swan's firſt ſame to ſing
Sprung from the motion of her ſpotleſs Wing.
But ſole Integrity winns not the Cauſe,
For then each honeſt man would be a LAWES:
Thou haſt deep Iudgement, Phanſie, and high Sence,
Old and new Wit, ſteady Experience;
A Soul unbrib'd by any thing but Fame,
Greſping to get nought but a good great Name.
Hence all thy Ayres *flow pure and unconfin'd,*
Blown by no Mercenary Lapland *Wind,*
No ſtoln or plunder'd Phanſies, but born free,
And ſo tranſmitted to Poſteritie,
Which never ſhall their well-grown Honor blaſt,
Since they have Thy, that's the beſt, Iudgement paſt.
Yet Some, who forc'd t'admire Thee, muſt repine
That all Theirs are out-done by thy Each Line;
The Sence ſo humour'd, and thoſe Humours hit,
I'll call them acts of Fortune, *not of* Wit;
Hoping their want of Skill may be thy Brand
'Cauſe they have not the Luck to Underſtand;
Cry up the Words *to cry* Thee *down, and ſweare*
Thou ſett'ſt more Sence *then they can meet elſewhere,*
Concluding could themſelves ſuch Verſes *ſhow*
They could produce ſuch Compoſitions *too.*
But is't thy fault if the great Witts whole Quire
Before all Others ſtill prefer Thy Lyre?
They taſted All, and Thine among the reſt,
But then return'd to Thee, 'cauſe Beſt was Beſt.
Bid ſuch attach Thy Old Anacreon's *Greek,*
Where the leaſt Accent *will coſt Them a Week,*
Six Months a Verſe, *and that Verſe tun'd and ſcann'd*
(Though ſhort) twelve Years, an Age to Underſtand:
But thy Lute, like th'laſt Trump, hath rais'd His Head,
Who, ere the Græcian Empire *born, was dead.*
Then let all Poetts bring all Verſe, which They
May on thy Desk as on an Altar lay,
Where kindled by that Touch thy Hand hath given,
'Twill climb (whence Muſick firſt came down) to Heaven.

FRANCIS FINCH, *Eſquire.*

To the much honour'd Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, on his Book of *Ayres*.

THat Princes dye not, they to Poetts owe;
Poetts themſelves do owe their Lives to You;
Whoſe Phanſies ſoon would ſtifle, and declare
They could not breath unleſſe you lent them Ayre.
'Tis that inſpires their Feet, which elſe but crawle
As Judges *walk th' old Meaſures round the* Hall,
Untill the feather'd heels of Youth advance
And raiſe their dull pace up into a Dance:
Your Art ſuch Motion to our Verſes brings
We can but give them Feet, You give them Wings.

WILL. BARKER.

To his much honour'd F. Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, on his Book of *Ayres*.

FAther of Numbers, who haſt ſtill thought fit
To tune thyſelfe, and then Set *others Wit;*
Forgive my Zeale, who with my Sprig of Bayes
Do crowd into the Chorus *of thy Praiſe.*
For Silence were, when LAWES *is nam'd, a wrong,*
The Subject and the Maſter of all Song;
Who ne'r doſt dive for Pebbles, undermine
Mountains to make old ruſty Iron ſhine:
But haſt made Great things Greater, do'ſt diſpenſe
Luſtre to Wit, by adding Sence to Sence.
For Paſſions are not Paſſions, 'till they be
Rais'd to that height, which they expect from Thee;
And all this is thyſelfe; Thy Name's not grown
Broader by putting on a Cap or Gown;
Who like thoſe Jockies that do often ſell
An old worn Jade, becauſe he's ſaddled well:
No; Thou can'ſt humour all that Wit can teach,
Which thoſe that are but Note-men cannot reach:
Thou 'rt all ſo fit, that ſome have paſs'd their Votes,
Thy Notes beget the Words, not Words thy Notes.

T. NORTON.

To my ever honour'd Friend & Father, Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, on his Book of *Ayres* and *Dialogues*.

Father of Muſick *and* Muſitians *too*,
And Father of the Muſes, *All's thy due*:
For not a drop that flows from Helicon
But Ayr'd *by thee grows ſtreight into a Song.*
So as when Light about the World was ſpread,
All kind of Colours, Black, White, Green, and Red,
Soon mixt with Subſtances, and grew to be
Plants, Graſſe, and Flowrs, which All's but Harmony.

Thou mak'ſt the Grave *and* Light *together chime*,
Both joyntly dance, yet keep their own true time;
The winning Dorick, *that beſt loves the Harp*;
The Phrygian, *thats as ſweet, though far more ſharp*;
The brisk Ionick, *ſober* Lydian *Mood*,
which every eare ſucks in, and cryes, 'tis good:
Thou hitt'ſt them all; *their* Spirit, Tone, *and* Pauſe,
Have all conſpir'd to meet and honour LAWES.

No pointing Comma, Colon, *halfe ſo well*
Renders the Breath of Senſe; *they cannot tell*
The juſt Proportion how each word ſhould go,
To riſe and fall, run ſwiftly or march ſlow;
Thou ſhew'ſt 'tis Muſick *only muſt do this*,
which as thou handleſt it can never miſs;
All may be Sung *or* Read, *which thou haſt dreſt*,
Both are the ſame, ſave that the Singing's *beſt*.

Thy Muſe can make this ſad, raiſe that to Life,
Inflaming one, ſmoothing down th' others Strife,
Meer Words, when meaſur'd beſt, are Words alone,
Till quickned by their neareſt Friend a Tone:
And then, when Senſe *and perfect* Concords *meet*,
Though th' Story bitter be, Tunes make it ſweet:
Thy Ariadne's *Grief's ſo fitly ſhown*
As bring's us Pleaſure *from her ſaddeſt* Groan.

And all this is thine own, thy true-born Heir;
Nor ſtoln at home, nor Forrain far-fetcht ware
Made good by Mountebanks, who loud muſt cry
Till ſome believe, and do as dearly buy;
which when they've try'd, not better nor yet more
They find, than what does grow at their own door.
For when ſuch Mountains ſwell with mighty Birth,
Wee find ſome poor ſmall petty thing creep forth.

But I'm too ſhort to ſpeak thee, I've no Praiſe
To give, but what I gather from thy Bayes:
My narrow Hive's ſupply'd from thy full Flow'r,
Nor does thy Ocean Praiſe know Bank or Shoar:
Yet this I dare atteſt, that who ſhall look
And underſtand as well as read thy Book
Muſt ſay that here both Wit *and* Muſick *meet*;
Like the great Giant's Riddle Strong and Sweet.

JOHN COBB,

TO his Honour'd Friend, Mr. *Henry Lawes*, upon his Book of *Ayres*.

Uſick thou Soul of Verſe, gently inſpire
My untun'd Phanſie with ſome ſprightly Ayre,
'Tis fitteſt now that I thy ayd require
While I to ſing thee and thy Lawes *prepare:*
For the high Raptures of a loftyſtrain
Charm equall with the Bowr's Aonian.

'Twere in me rudeneſs, not to blazon forth
(Father in Muſick*) thy deſerved praiſe,*
Who oft have been, to witneſs thy rare worth,
A raviſh't hearer of thy skilfull Lay's.
Thy Lay's that wont to lend a ſoaring wing,
And to my tardy Muſe freſh ardour bring.

While brighteſt Dames, *the ſplendour of the Court,*
Themſelves a ſilent Muſick *to the Eye,*
Would oft to hear thy ſolemn Ayres *reſort,*
Making thereby a double Harmony:
'Tis hard to judge which adds the moſt delight,
To th' Eare thy Charms, or theirs unto the Sight.

But this is ſure, had Strada's *Nightingale*
Heard the ſoft murmurs of thy Ayry Lute,
She doubting leſt her own ſweet voyce ſhould fail
To hear thy ſweeter Ayres, *had quite been mute.*
Such Vertue dwels in Harmony divine
(Admired LAWES*) and above all in thine.*

The Dorick *Sage, and the mild* Lydian,
The ſad Laconick *unto wars exciting,*
Th' Aeolian *Grave, the* Phrygian *mournfull ſtrain,*
The ſmooth Jonick *careleſly delighting,*
There calmly meet, and chearfully agree,
Various themſelves, to make one Symphony.

If we long ſince could boaſt thy pureſt vain,
More then old Greece *the* Rhodopſian *Lyre,*
Or Latian *Bowres of late* Marenzo's *ſtrain,*
How much muſt our applauſe advance thee higher?
When thy yet more harmonious birth ſhall bring
To us new Joyes, new Pleaſures to the Spring.

The Woods wild Songſters, wonder will ſurprize
Hearing the ſweet Art of thy well tun'd Notes,
What new unwonted chime? 'tis that outvies
The Native ſweetneſs of their liquid throats,
Which while in vain they ſtrive to æmulate
Anothers Muſick's *Duell they'l create.*

Whether pure Anthem's fill the ſacred Quire,
Or Lady's Chambers the Lute's trembling voice,
Or Rurall Song's the Country Swains admire,
Thy large Invention ſtill affords us choice;
'Tis to thy Skill, that we indebted are,
What ever Muſick hath of neat and rare.

To thee the choyceſt Witts of England *owe*
The Life of their fam'd Verſe, that ne'r ſhall dye,
For thou haſt made their rich conceits to flow
In ſtreams more rich to laſting memory,
Such Muſick needs muſt ſteal our ſouls away,
Where Voice and Verſe do meet, where Love and Phanſie play.

EDWARD PHILLIPS.

To my Honour'd Friend, Mr. *Henry Lawes*, upon his Book of *Ayres*.

O calm the rugged Ocean, and asswage
The horrid tempests in their highest rage,
To tame the wildest Beasts, to still the Winds,
And quell the fury of distemper'd minds,
Making the Pensive merry, th' over jolly
Composing to a soler Melancholy:
These are th' effects of sacred harmonie;
Which being an Art so well attain'd by thee,
(Most Honour'd Laws*) what can we less then number*
Thy Works with theirs who were the Ancients wonder?
And give thee equall praise; but I forget;
For we do owe thee a far greater debt,
The charming sweetness of whose shorter Lay's,
Not only we do hear with great amaze,
But they have low descended to the deep,
And wak'ned Theseus *Queen from* Stygian *sleep;*
Who slighting Orpheus, *comes to beg of thee*
To ayd her with thy pow'rfull harmonie,
Knowing thy strains more truly can expresse
Her sense of Theseus *strange forgetfulnesse;*
Which makes us here to double thy Renown;
Hereafter thou shalt wear fair Ariadne's *Crown.*

JOHN PHILLIPS.

To my Dear and Honour'd Friend, *Mr.* HENRY LAWES, *upon his Incomparable Book of Songs.*

Am no Poet, yet I will rehearse
My Virgin Muse, though in unpolisht Verse.
Perhaps the immature and lib'rall sence,
(Yet better than those Ignorants commence,
Who boldly dare their scandalous censures throw,
And judge of things (I'le swear) they do not know)
Will be to some unpleasing; but what then?
Must they not know their wild pretensions, when
Unnat'rally they'l raise a Forrain Name,
And blast the Honour of their Native Fame?
But stay; Will this reclaim them? No, th'are mad;
Their Reason is infatuate, and clad
In such a stupified ignorance:
Nothing will please that is not come from *France*
Or *Italy*; but let them have their will,
Whilst we unto thy Noble Art and Skill
Do sacrifice our admirations:
The tribute's just, and other Nations
Cannot but pay it too, when they shall see
Their best of Labours thus outdone by Thee;
Or else amaz'd to see thy *English* Ayre
Past imitation; they will dispaire,
And wonder we can surfeit with such meat,
So rare, so rich, so pleasant, so compleat.
Be happy then; Thou art above all hate;
Thy great abil'ties have out-grown thy Fate.
Thy Fortune soars aloft; thou art renown'd:
Thy Fame's with Judgements approbation crown'd.
And in this Verse, (as I disclaim all Wit)
So 'twas thy worth, oblig'd my fancy t'it.

JO. CARWARDEN

A.	*Ariadne*	*Pag.* 1	– Mr. *William Cartwright* of *Chriſt-Church Oxford.*
	Am *I* diſpis'd becauſe you ſay	19	– Mr. *Robert Herick.*
	Amarantha ſweet and fair	15	– Col. *Richard Lovelace.*
	Ask me why I ſend you here	24	– Mr. *Herick.*
B.	Be gone, be gone thou perjur'd man	35	– *Henry Lawes.*
C.	Careleſs of Love, and free from Fears	11	– *Carew Raleigh*, Eſquire.
	Chloris your ſelf you ſo excell	14	– *Edmond Waller*, Eſquire.
	Celia thy bright Angel's Face	17	– *Thomas* Earle of *Winchilſea.*
	Canſt thou love me, and yet doubt	23	– *William* Earle of *Pembrooke.*
	Come my *Lucaſta*	25	– Sir *Charles Lucas.*
	Come heavy Souls	28	– Dr. *William Stroud*, Oratour of the Univerſity of *Oxford.*
	Come, come thou glorious Object	30	– Sir *William Killigrew.*
	Come my Sweet whilſt every ſtrain	32	– Mr. *Cartwright.*
D.	Deareſt do not now delay me	20	– Mr. *Henry Harington*, Son to Sir *Henry Harington.*
F.	Farewell fair Saint	10	– Mr, *Tho. Cary*, Son to the Earle of Monmouth, and of the Bedchamber to his late Majeſty.
G.	Gaze not on Swann's	15	– Mr. *Henry Noel*, Son to the L. Viſcount *Camden.*
	Give me more Love or more Diſdain	21	– Mr. *Tho. Carew*, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer to his late Majeſty.
H.	He that love's a Roſie Cheek	12	– Mr. *Carew.*
I.	I long to ſing the Scidge of *Troy*	27	– Mr. *John Berkenhead.*
	If when the Sun at Noon	18	– Mr. *Carew.*
	It is not that I love you leſſe	22	– Mr. *Waller.*
	Imbre lachrymarum largo	36	– Mr. *Thomas Fuller*, Batch. Divinity.
L.	Ladies who gild the glitt'ring Noon	35	– Mr. *Francis Lenton.*
	Lately on yonder ſwelling Buſh	24	– Mr. *Waller.*
	Lovely *Chloris* though thine eyes	20	– Mr. *Henry Reynolds.*
	The Day's return'd	33	– Mr. *Berkenhead.*
T.	Till now I never did believe	16	– Sir *Thomas Nevill.*
	Till I beheld fair *Celia's* Face	25	– *Francis Finch*, Eſquire.
	'Tis true fair *Celia*	29	– Mr. *Henry Bathurſt.*
	Thou art ſo Fair and Yong	31	– Mr. *Aurelian Townsend.*
	'Tis Wine that inſpir's	32	– Lord *Brougball.*
	Two hundred minutes are run down	34	– Mr. *Berkenhead.*
V.	*Venus* redreſs a wrong	7	– Mr. *Cartwright.*
W.	When thou poor Excommunicate	8	– Mr. *Carew*
	When on the Altar of my hand	9	– Mr. *Carew.*
	While I liſten to thy Voyce	13	– Mr. *Waller*,
	Θέλω, λέγειν 'Ατρείδας	26	– *Anacreon's* Ode, call'd the Lute.
	Inquel gelato core (*TAVOLA*)	Laſt Pag. in the Book	– By divers and ſundry Authors.

Dialogues and Songs for two Voyces.

Diſtreſſed Pilgrim, A Dialogue betwixt *Cordanus* and an *Amoreſt*	*Pag.* 1	– Col. *Francis Lovelace.*
Aged man that mowes theſe Fields, A Dialogue betwixt *Time* and a *Pilgrim*	3	– Mr. *Aurelian Townsend.*
As *Celia* reſted in the ſhade, A Dialogue betwixt *Cleon* and *Celia*	5	– Mr. *Tho. Carew.*
Bacchus I'*acchus* fill our brains	9	– Mr. *Townsend.*
Go thou Emblem of my heart	10	– Mr *Harington.*
O the Fickle ſtate of *Lovers*	12	– Mr. *Francis Quarles.*
Muſick thou Queen of Souls	14	– Mr. *Tho. Randolph* of Trinity College *Cambridge.*

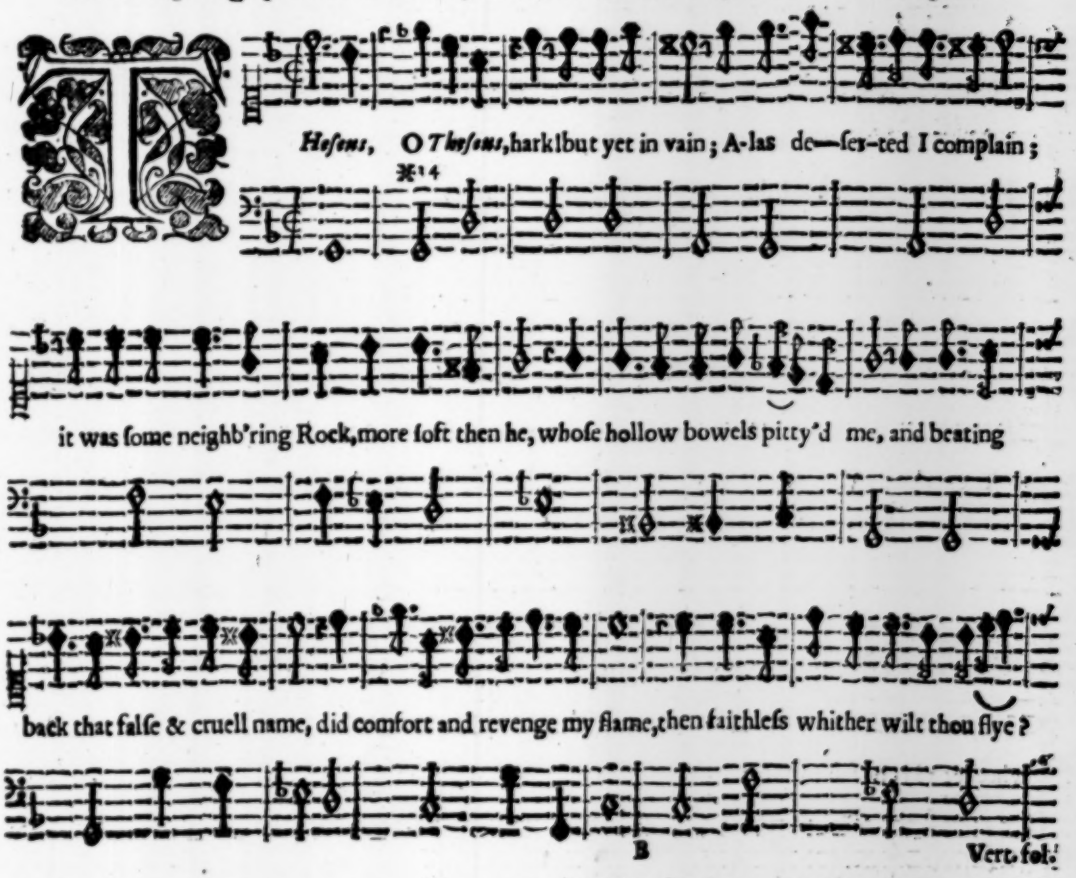
Ayres and Songs for three Voyces.

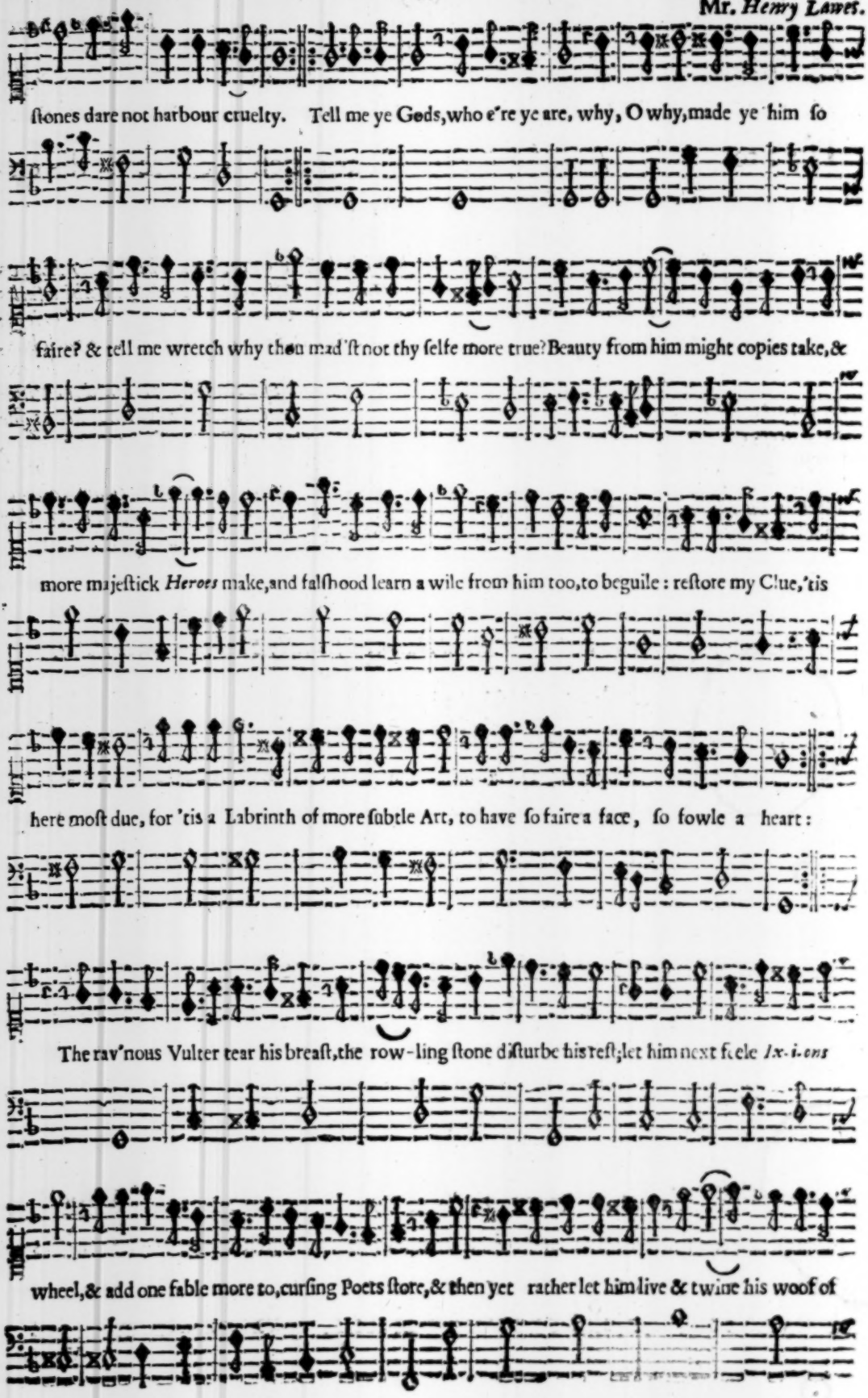
COme *Chloris*, hie we to the Bower	16	– Mr. *Henry Reynolds.*
Though my Torment far exceeds	17	– Mr. *Harington.*
If my Miſtreſs fix her Eye	18	– Mr. *Harington.*
Keep on your Vaile	19	– Dr. *Stroud.*
Thou Shepheard whoſe intentive eye	20	– Mr. *Townsbend.*
O now the certain Cauſe I know	21	– Mr. *Cartwright.*
Sing Fair *Clorinda*	22	– Sr. *William Davenant.*
Grieve not Dear Love	24	– *John* Earle of *Briſtoll.*
Ladyes whoſe ſmooth and Dainty Skin.	26	– Mr. *Harington.*

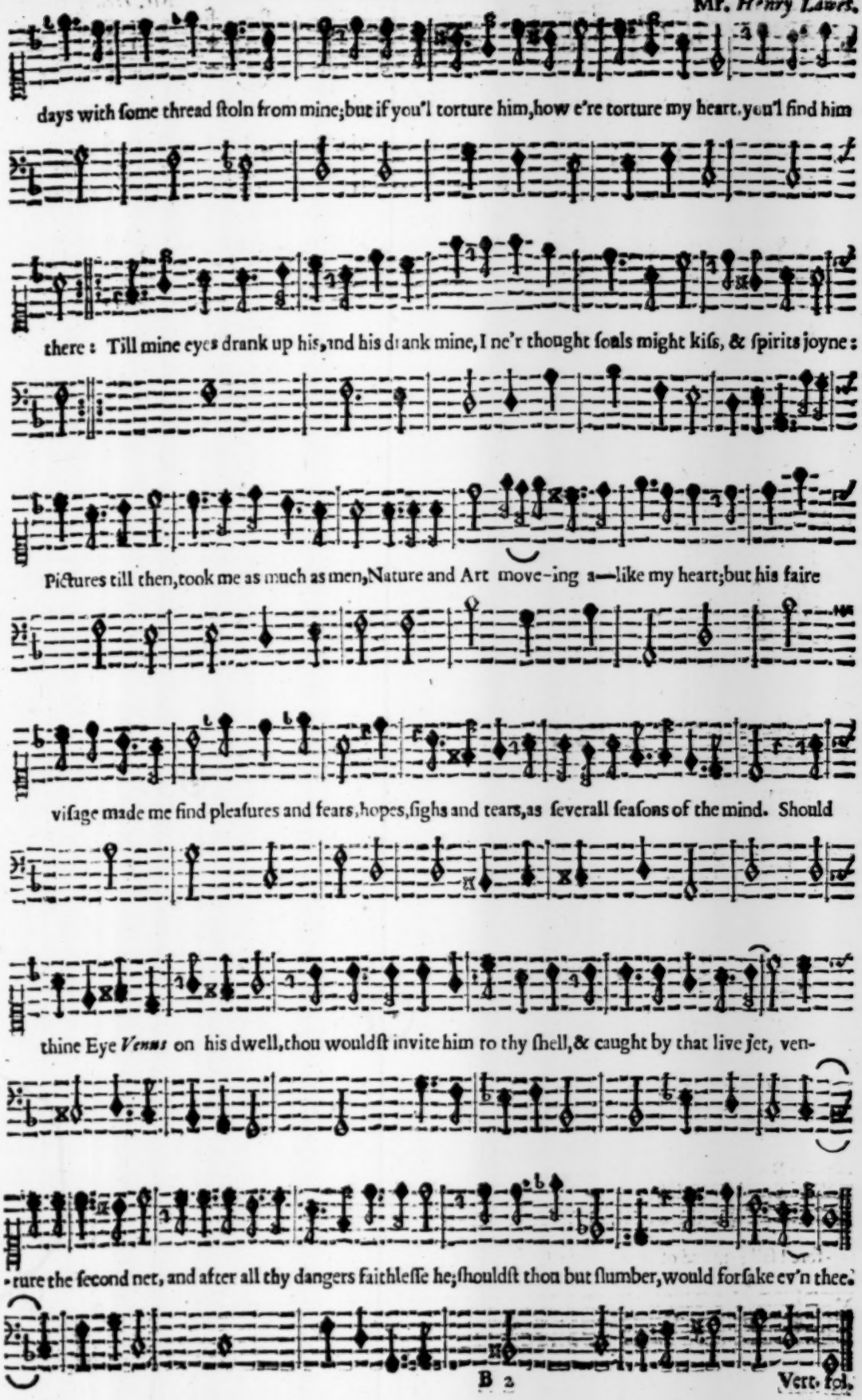
The Story of *Theſeus* and *Ariadne*, as much as concerns the enſuing Relation, is this.

THeſeus *going over into* Creet *to fight with the* Minotaure, *made his Father* Ægeus *this promiſe, that if he came off with Life and Victory, he would ſet up white ſailes at his comming back, the Ship as he went out having black ſailes in token of griefe: being come into* Creet, Ariadne *the Kings Daughter there fell in love with him, and gave him a Clew of thread, by which after he had ſlain the* Minotaure *he extricated himſelfe out of that perplexed Labyrinth: having thus obtained the Victory, he carryed her along with him into the Iſland* Naxos, *where he tooke occaſion to leave her as ſhe was a ſleep, and ſo haſting homeward, forgot to hoiſt the white ſails; his Father* Ægeus, *therefore, who ſtood upon a Rock, expecting his return, as ſoon as he perceived the black ſailes, caſt himſelfe headlong into the Sea, from whom it was called the* Ægean *Sea. In this while,* Ariadne *complaining of* Theſeus *his Infidelity, reſolving to deſtroy her ſelfe, having made her own Epitaph, was comforted by* Bacchus, *who comming thither was enamoured of her Beauty, and took her to his protection.*

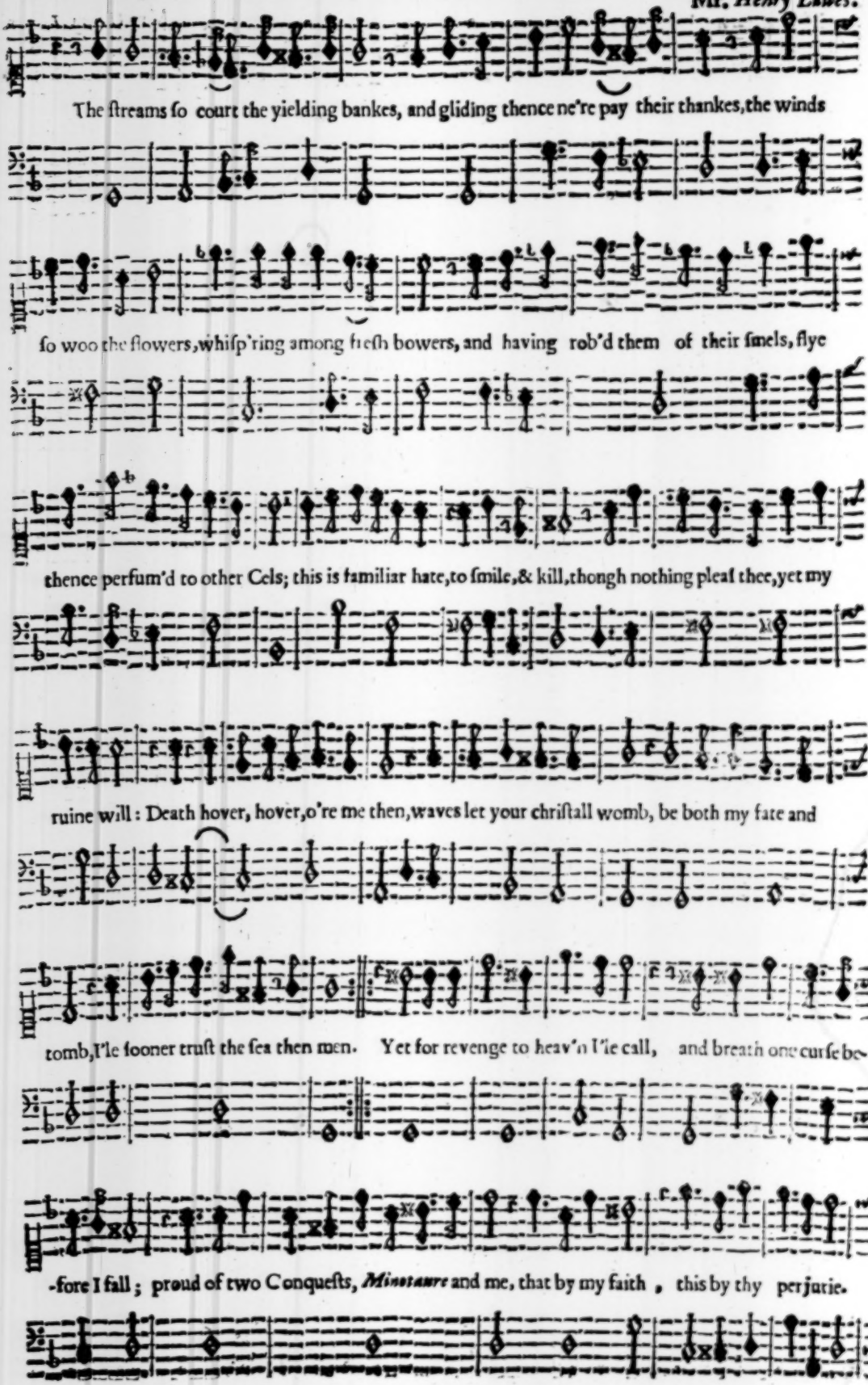
Ariadne *ſitting upon a Rock in the Iſland* Naxos, *deſerted by* Theſeus, *thus complains.*

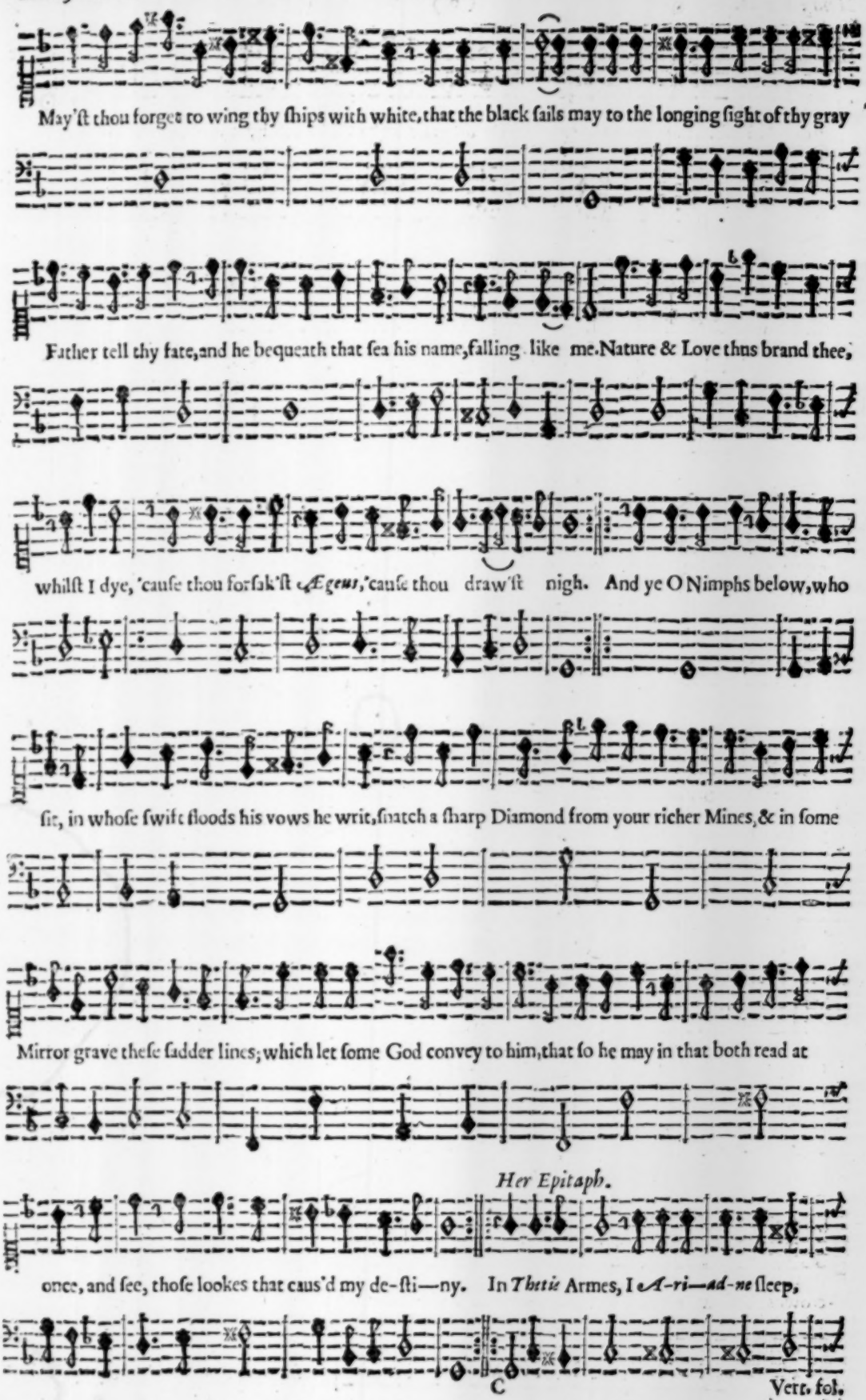


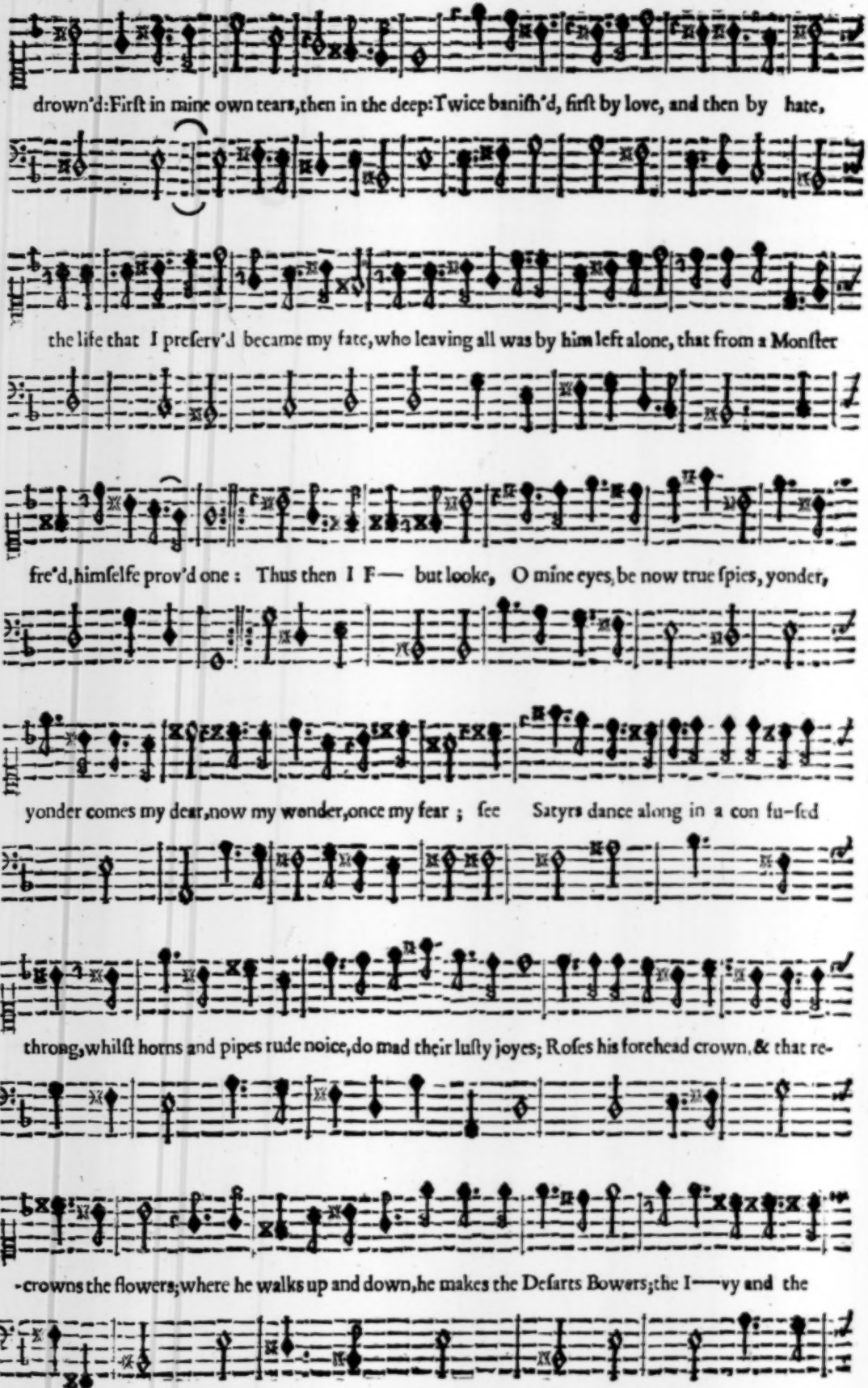

ſtones dare not harbour cruelty. Tell me ye Gods, who e're ye are, why, O why, made ye him ſo
faire? & tell me wretch why thou mad'ſt not thy ſelfe more true? Beauty from him might copies take, &
more majeſtick *Heroes* make, and falſhood learn a wile from him too, to beguile: reſtore my Clue, 'tis
here moſt due, for 'tis a Labrinth of more ſubtle Art, to have ſo faire a face, ſo fowle a heart:
The rav'nous Vulter tear his breaſt, the row-ling ſtone diſturbe his reſt; let him next feele *Ix-i-ons*
wheel, & add one fable more to, curſing Poets ſtore, & then yet rather let him live & twine his woof of

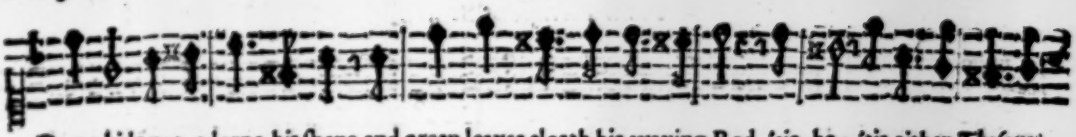

days with ſome thread ſtoln from mine; but if you'l torture him, how e're torture my heart, you'l find him
there: Till mine eyes drank up his, and his drank mine, I ne'r thought ſoals might kiſs, & ſpirits joyne:
Pictures till then, took me as much as men, Nature and Art move-ing a—like my heart; but his faire
viſage made me find pleaſures and fears, hopes, ſighs and tears, as ſeverall ſeaſons of the mind. Should
thine Eye *Venus* on his dwell, thou wouldſt invite him to thy ſhell, & caught by that live jet, ven-
ture the ſecond net, and after all thy dangers faithleſſe he; ſhouldſt thou but ſlumber, would forſake ev'n thee.

Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



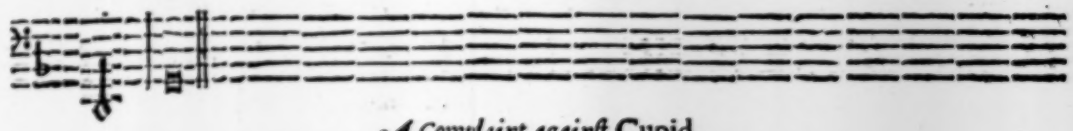

May'ſt thou forget to wing thy ſhips with white, that the black ſails may to the longing ſight of thy gray
Father tell thy fate, and he bequeath that ſea his name, falling like me. Nature & Love thus brand thee,
whilſt I dye, 'cauſe thou forſak'ſt *Ægeus*, 'cauſe thou draw'ſt nigh. And ye O Nimphs below, who
ſit, in whoſe ſwift floods his vows he writ, ſnatch a ſharp Diamond from your richer Mines, & in ſome
Mirror grave theſe ſadder lines; which let ſome God convey to him, that ſo he may in that both read at
Her Epitaph.
once, and ſee, thoſe lookes that caus'd my de-ſti—ny. In *Thetis* Armes, I *A-ri—ad-ne* ſleep,


drown'd: First in mine own tears, then in the deep: Twice baniſh'd, firſt by love, and then by hate,
the life that I preſerv'd became my fate, who leaving all was by him left alone, that from a Monſter
fre'd, himſelfe prov'd one: Thus then I F— but looke, O mine eyes, be now true ſpies, yonder,
yonder comes my dear, now my wonder, once my fear; ſee Satyrs dance along in a con fu-ſed
throng, whilſt horns and pipes rude noice, do mad their luſty joyes; Roſes his forehead crown, & that re-
-crowns the flowers; where he walks up and down, he makes the Deſarts Bowers; the I—vy and the

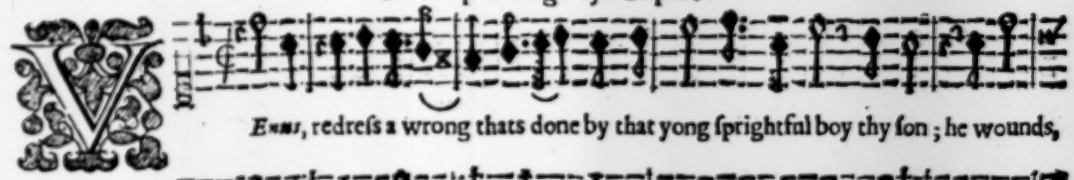


Grape hide not, adorne his ſhape, and green leaves cloath his waving Rod, 'tis he; 'tis either *Theſeus*,

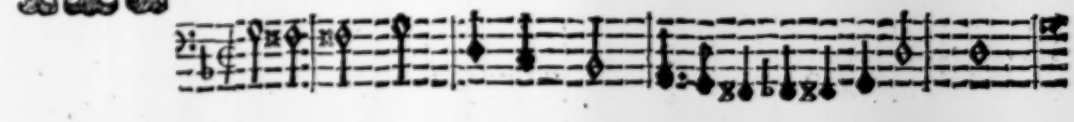
or ſome God.

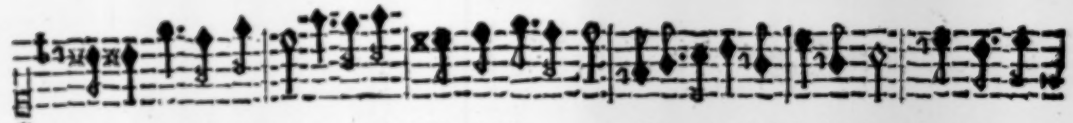


A Complaint againſt Cupid.

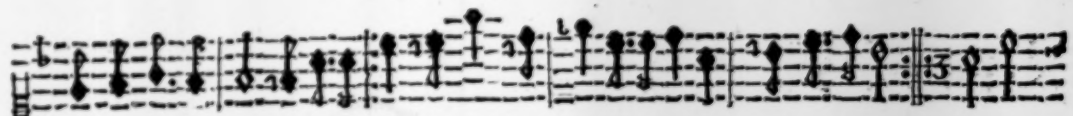


Venus, redreſs a wrong thats done by that yong ſprightful boy thy ſon; he wounds,

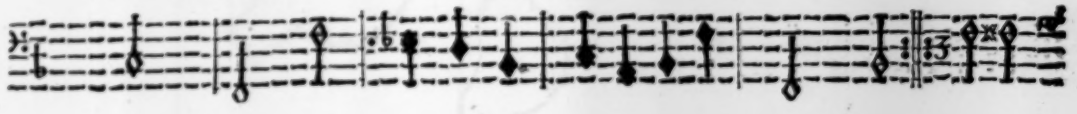


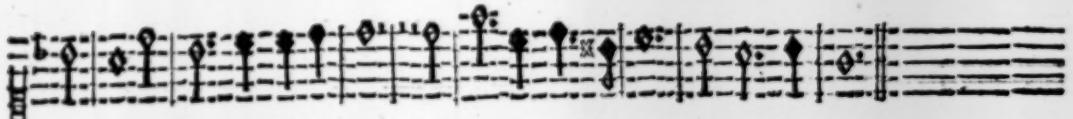


and then laughs at the ſore, hatred it ſelf could do no more; if I purſue, he's ſmal & light, both ſeen at

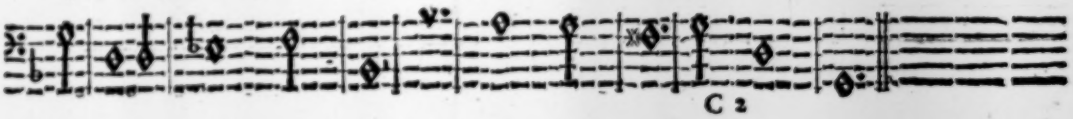


once, and out of ſight; if I do flye, he's wing'd, & then at the firſt ſtep I'm caught again. Leſt one

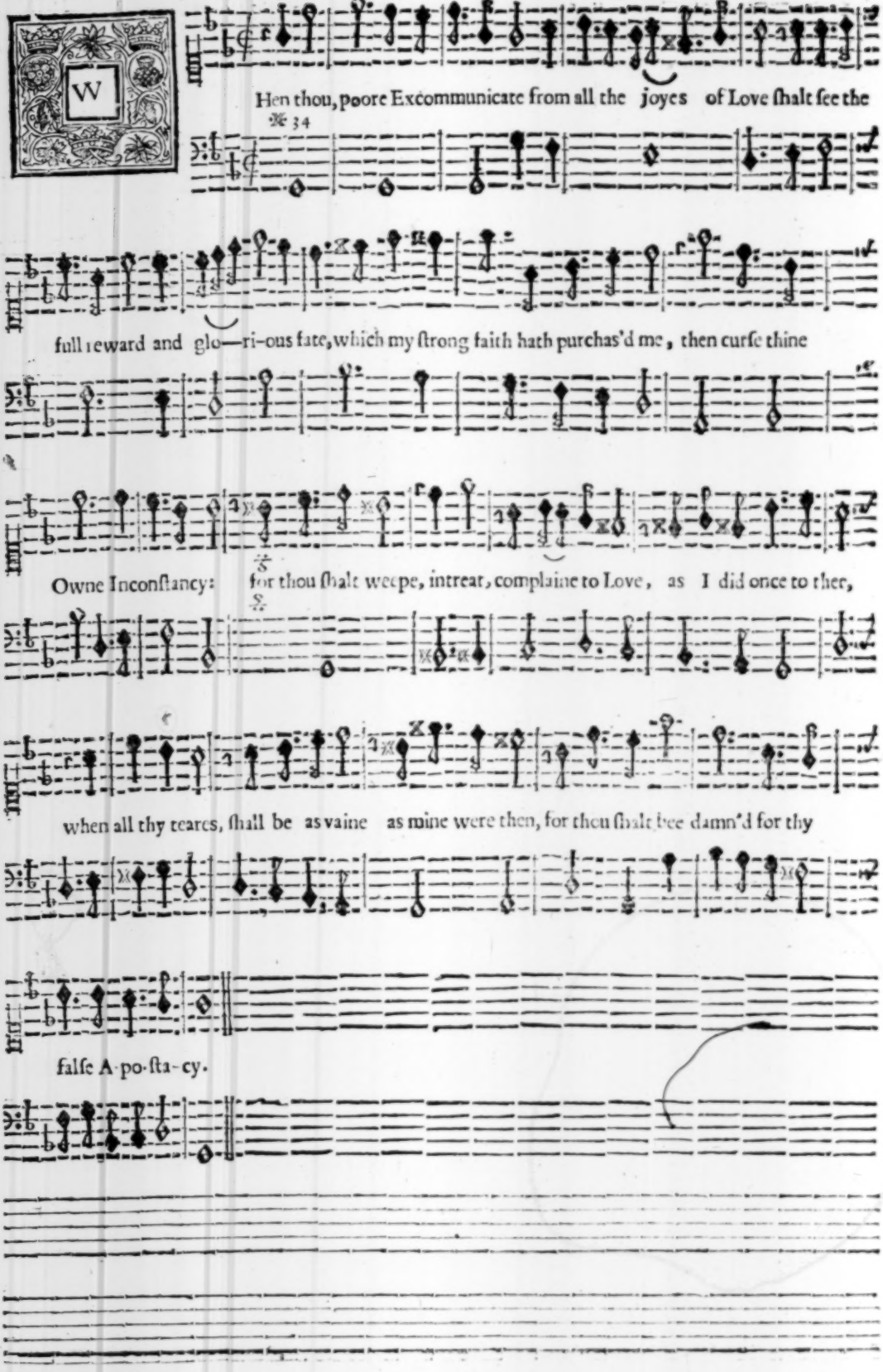




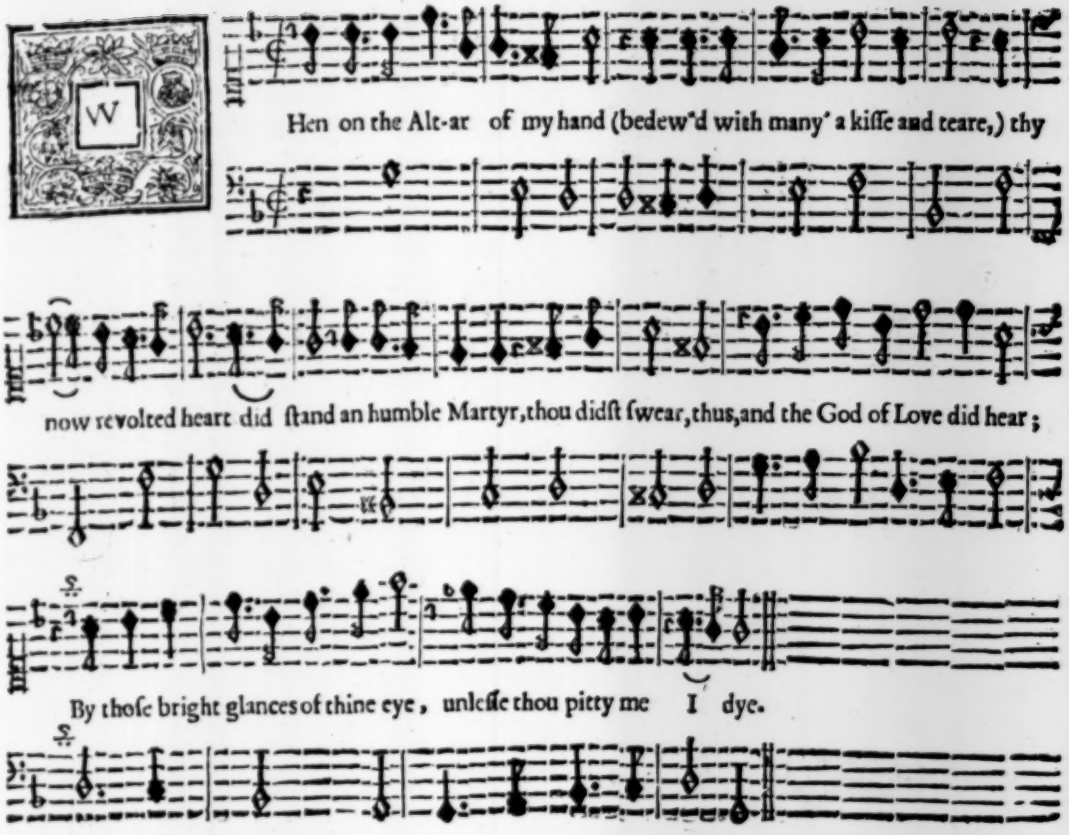
day thou thy ſelfe may'ſt ſuffer ſo, or clip the wantons wings, or break his Bow.



To his Inconſtant Miſtris.



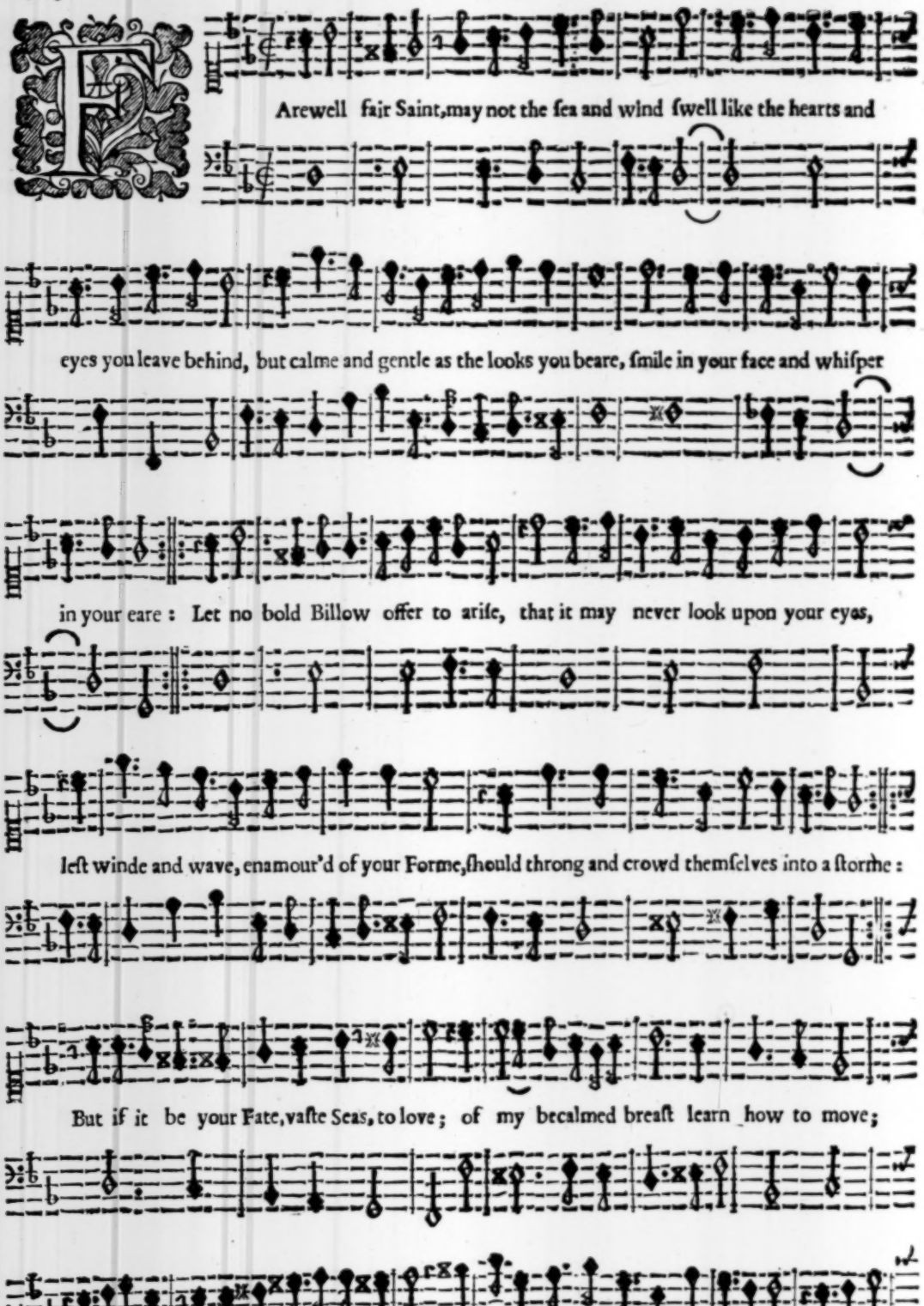
In the Perſon of a Lady to her inconſtant ſervant.

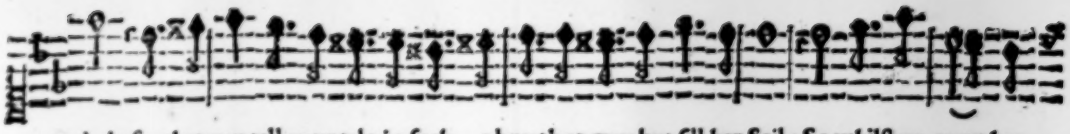


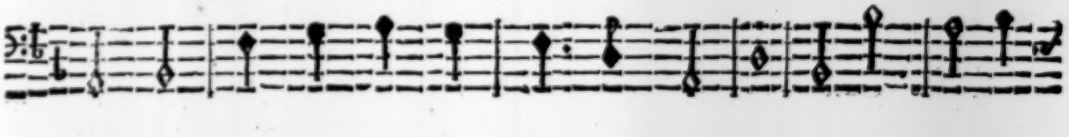
When firſt thoſe perjur'd lips of thine,
Bepal'd with blaſting ſighs, did ſeale
Their violated faith on mine,
From the boſome, that did heale
Thee, thou my melting heart didſt ſteale:
My ſoule enflam'd with thy falſe breath,
Poyſon'd with kiſſes, ſuck't in death.

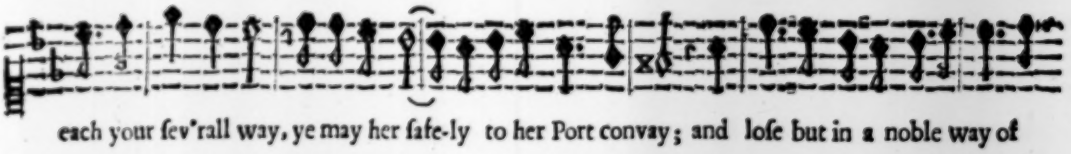
Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,
Revenge or Mercy to procure
From the offended God of Love,
My curſe is fatall, and my pure
Love ſhall beyond thy ſcorn endure;
If I implore the Godds, they'l find
Thee too ingratefull, me too kind.

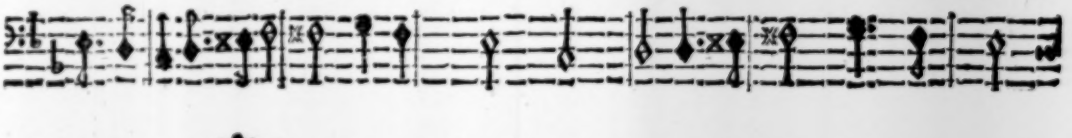
Henry Lawes. *To his Miſtreſs going to Sea.*

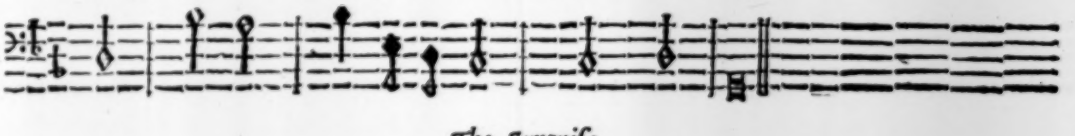




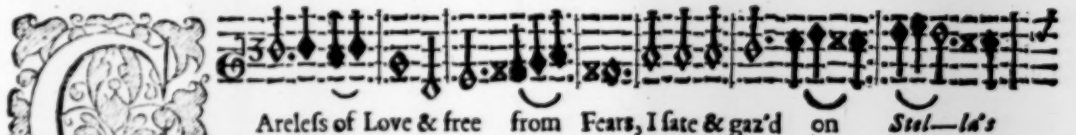


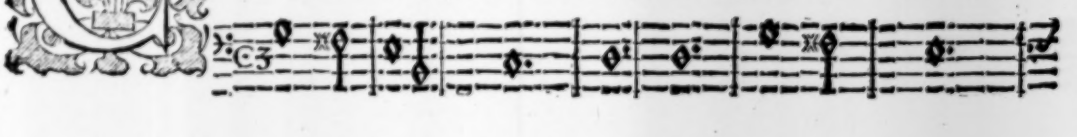


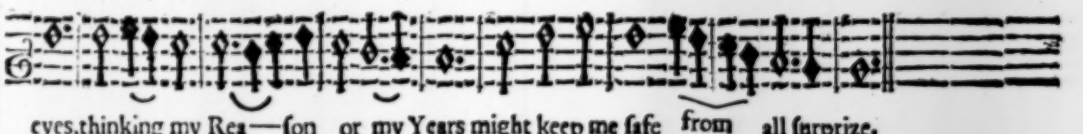


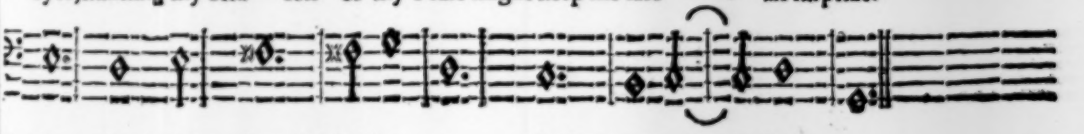


The Surpriſe.









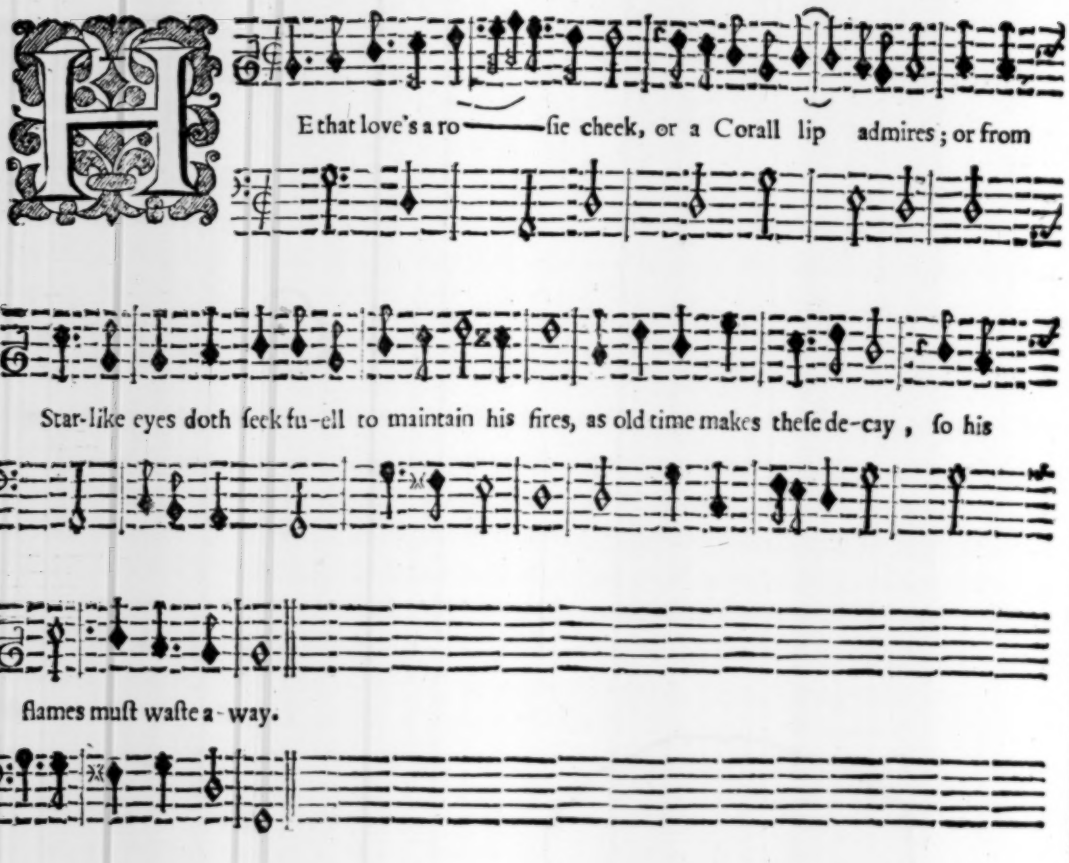
But Love, that hath been long deſpis'd,
And made the Baud to others truſt,
Finding his Deity ſurpriz'd,
And chang'd into degenerate Luſt,

Summon'd up all his ſtrength and power,
Making her face his Magazine,
Where Virtue's grace, and Beauty's flowre
He plac'd his Godhead to redeem.

So that too late (alas) I finde
No ſteeled Armour is of proof,
Nor can the beſt reſolved minde
Reſiſt her Beauty and her Youth.

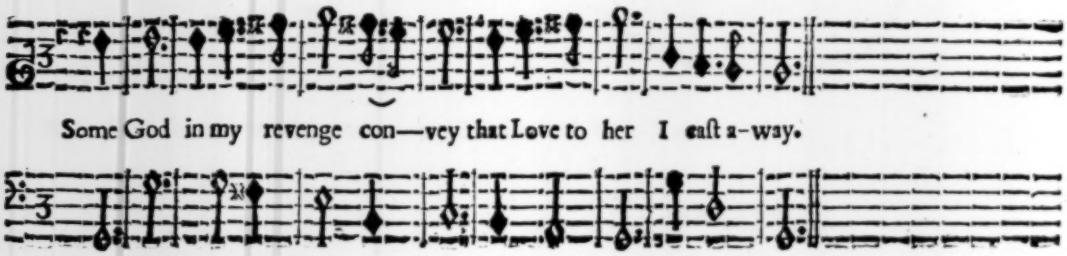
But yet the folly to untwiſt,
That loving I deſerve no blame;
Were it not Atheiſme to reſiſt
Where Godds themſelves conſpire her flame.

Diſdaine returned.

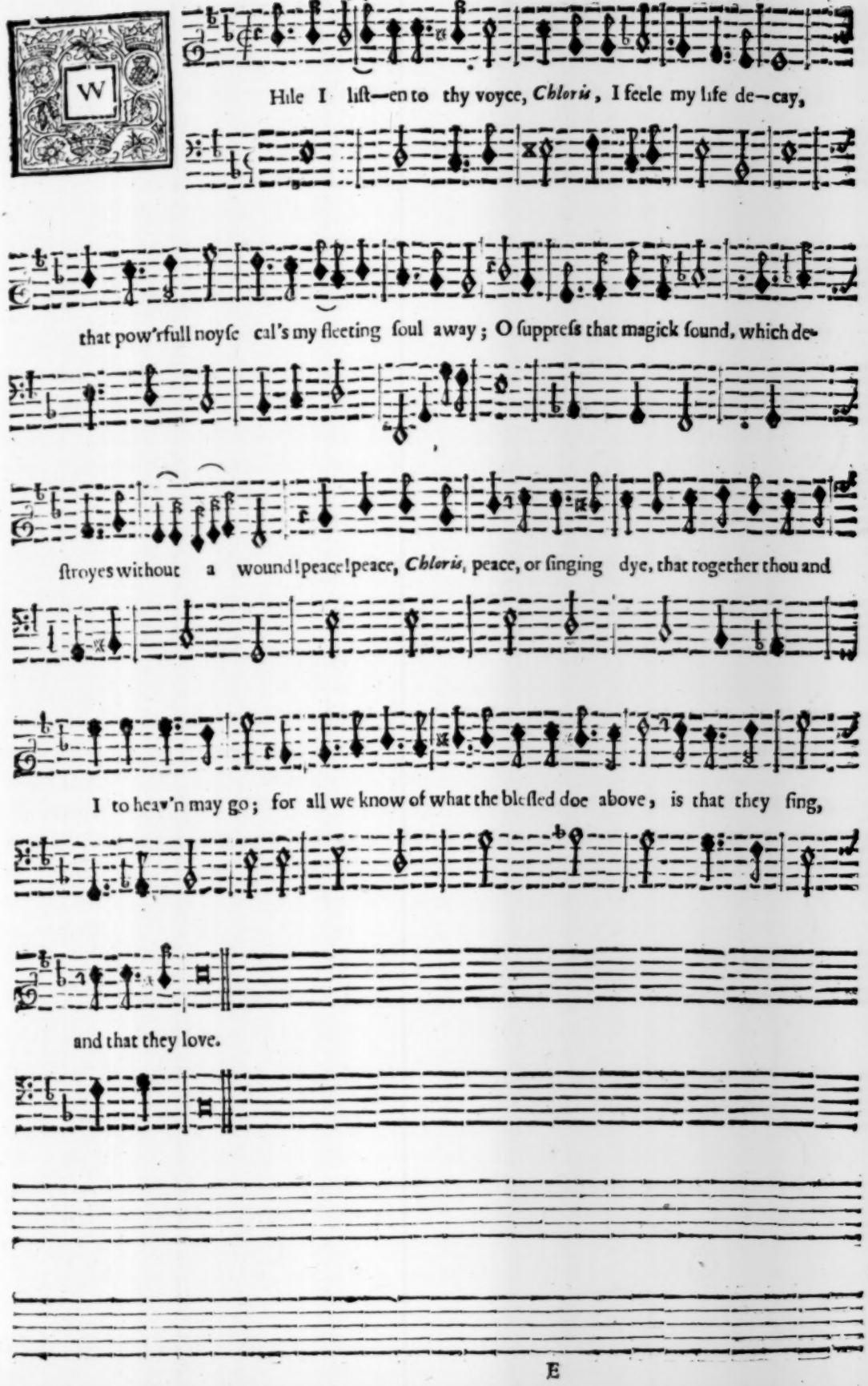


But a ſmooth and ſteadfaſt minde,
Gentle thoughts, and calme deſires,
Hearts with equall love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where theſe are not, I diſpiſe
Lovely Cheekes, or Lips, or Eyes.

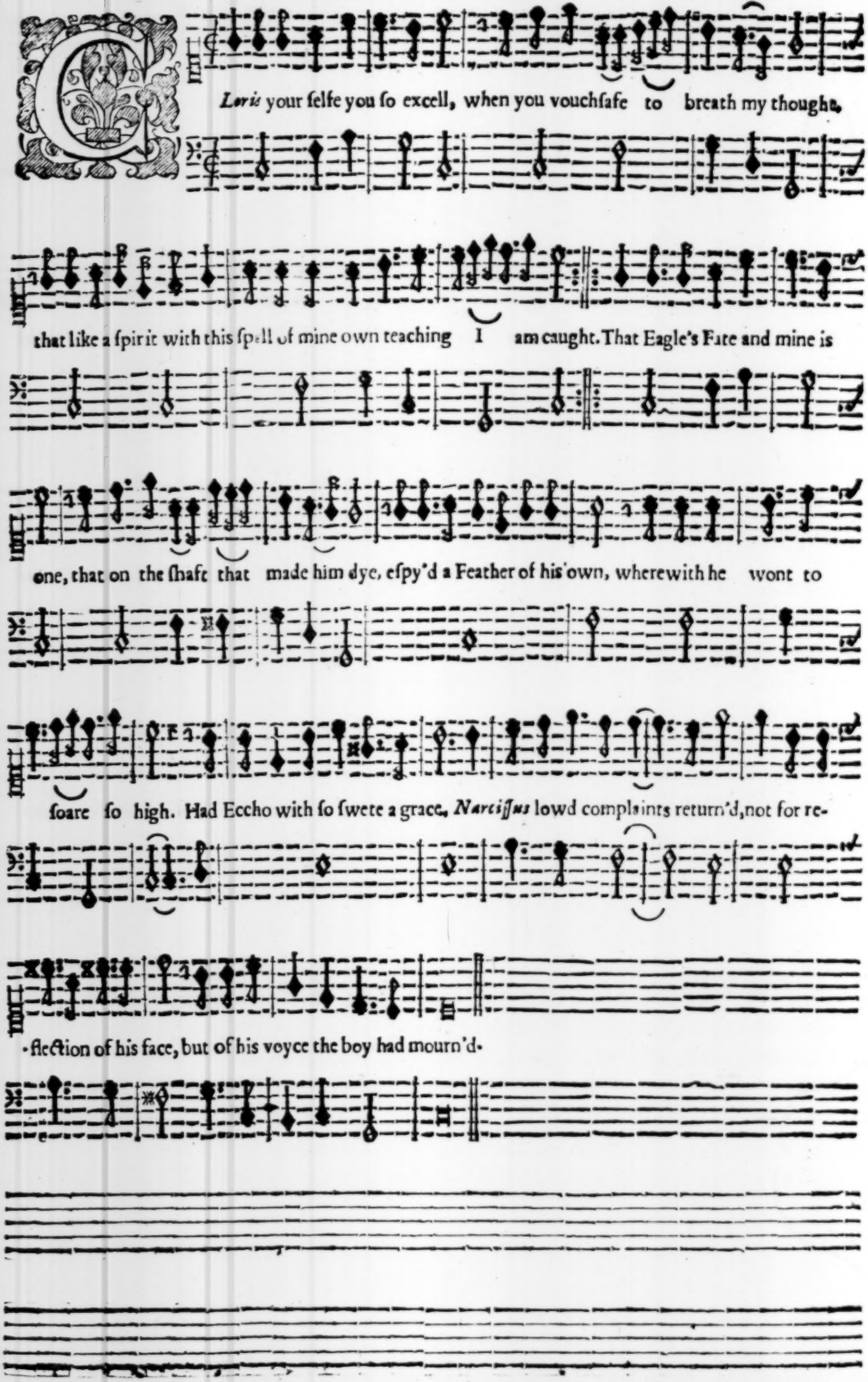
Celia, now no tears can win
My reſolv'd heart to return;
I have ſearch'd thy ſoul within,
And find nought but pride and ſcorn:
I have learn'd thoſe Arts, and now
Can diſdaine as much as thou.



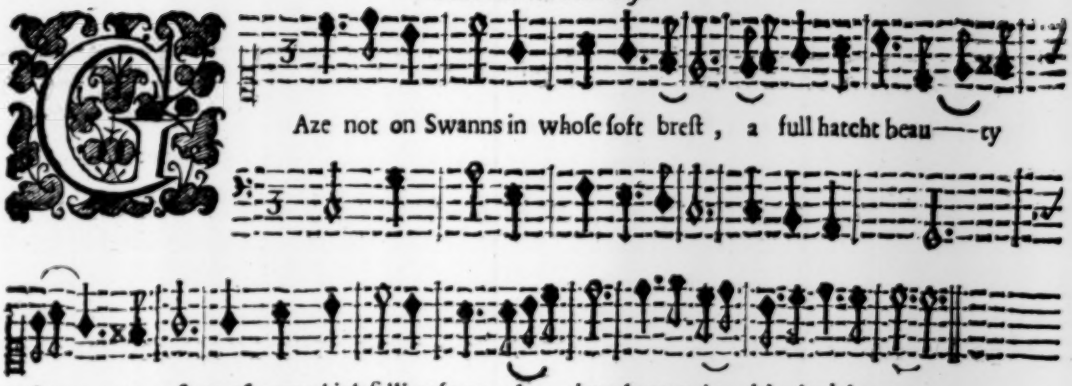
To a Lady ſinging.



To the ſame Lady, ſinging the former Song.



Beauties Excellency.



Gaze not on Roſes, though new blown,
Grac'd with a freſh complexion,
Nor Lillies which no ſubtle Bee
Hath rob'd by kiſſing Chymiſtry.

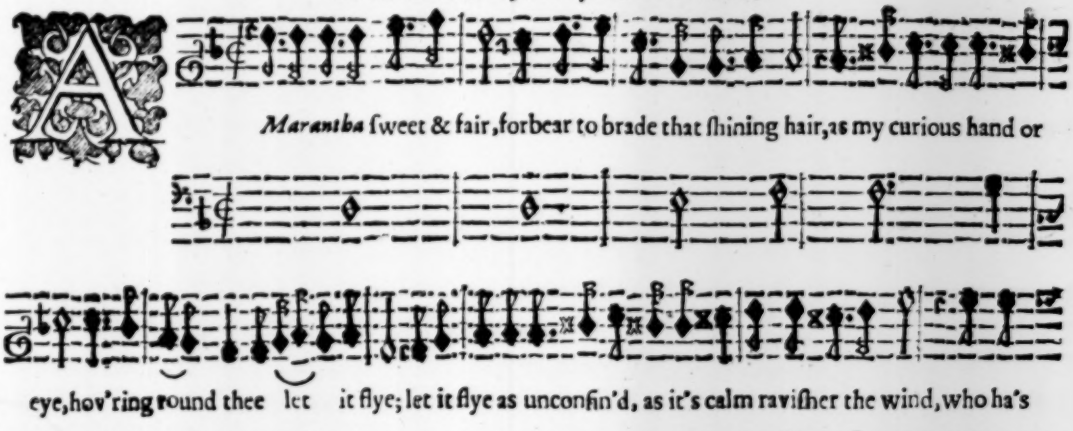
Gaze not on that pure milky way
Where night uſes ſplendor with the day,
Nor Pearle whoſe ſilver walls confine
The Riches of an Indian Mine.

For if my Emp'reſs appears,
Swanns moulting dye, ſnow melts to tears,
Roſes do bluſh and hang their heads,
Pale Lillies ſhrink into their beds.

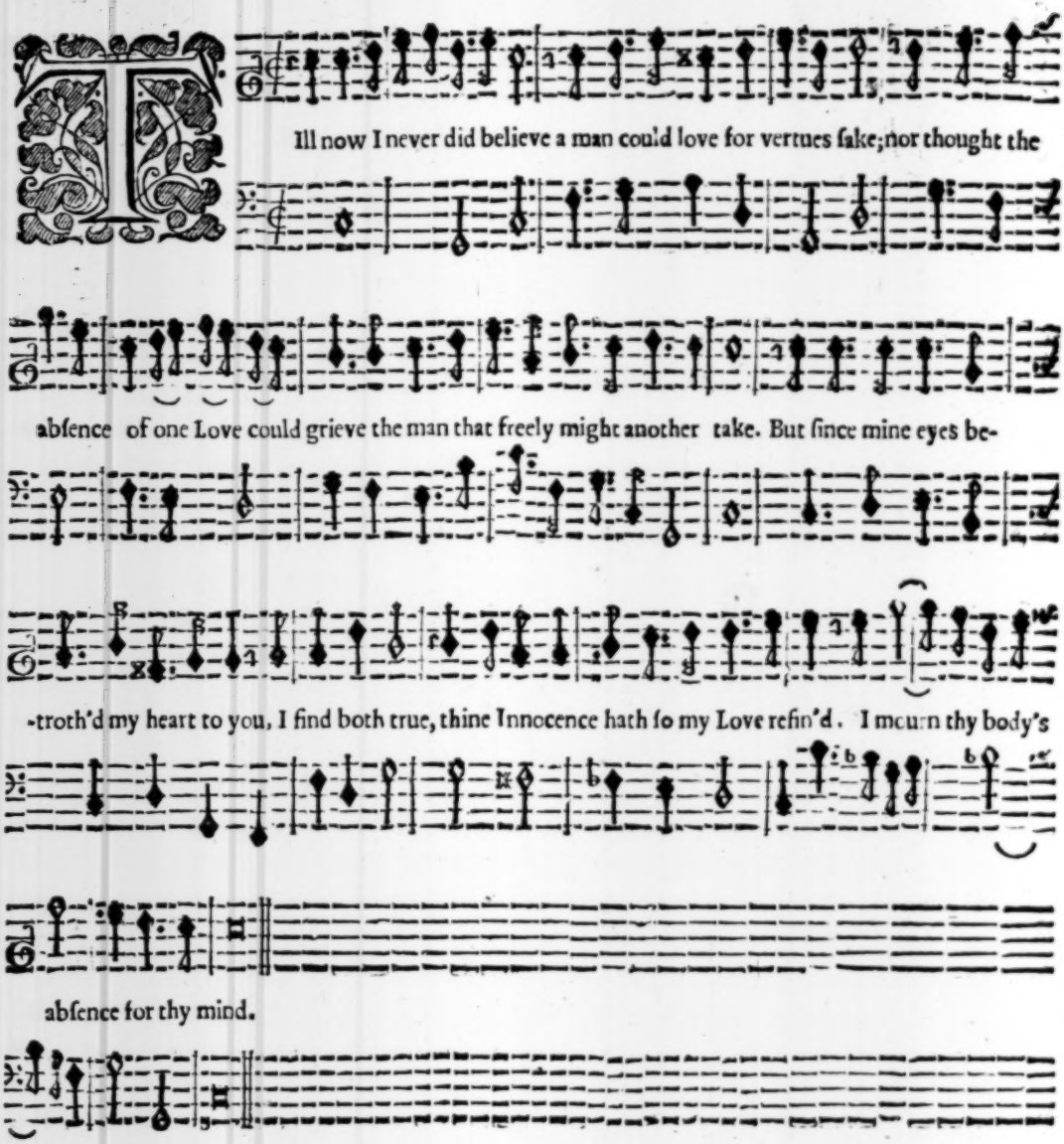
The milky way Rides poſt, to ſhroud
It's baffled glory in a Cloud,
And Pearls do climb into her eare,
To hang themſelves for Envy there.

So have I ſeen Stars bigg with light
Preve Lanthorns to the Moon-ey'd night,
Which when *Sol's* Rayes were once diſplay'd,
Sink in their Sockets, and decay'd.

To Amarantha, *To diſhevell her haire.*

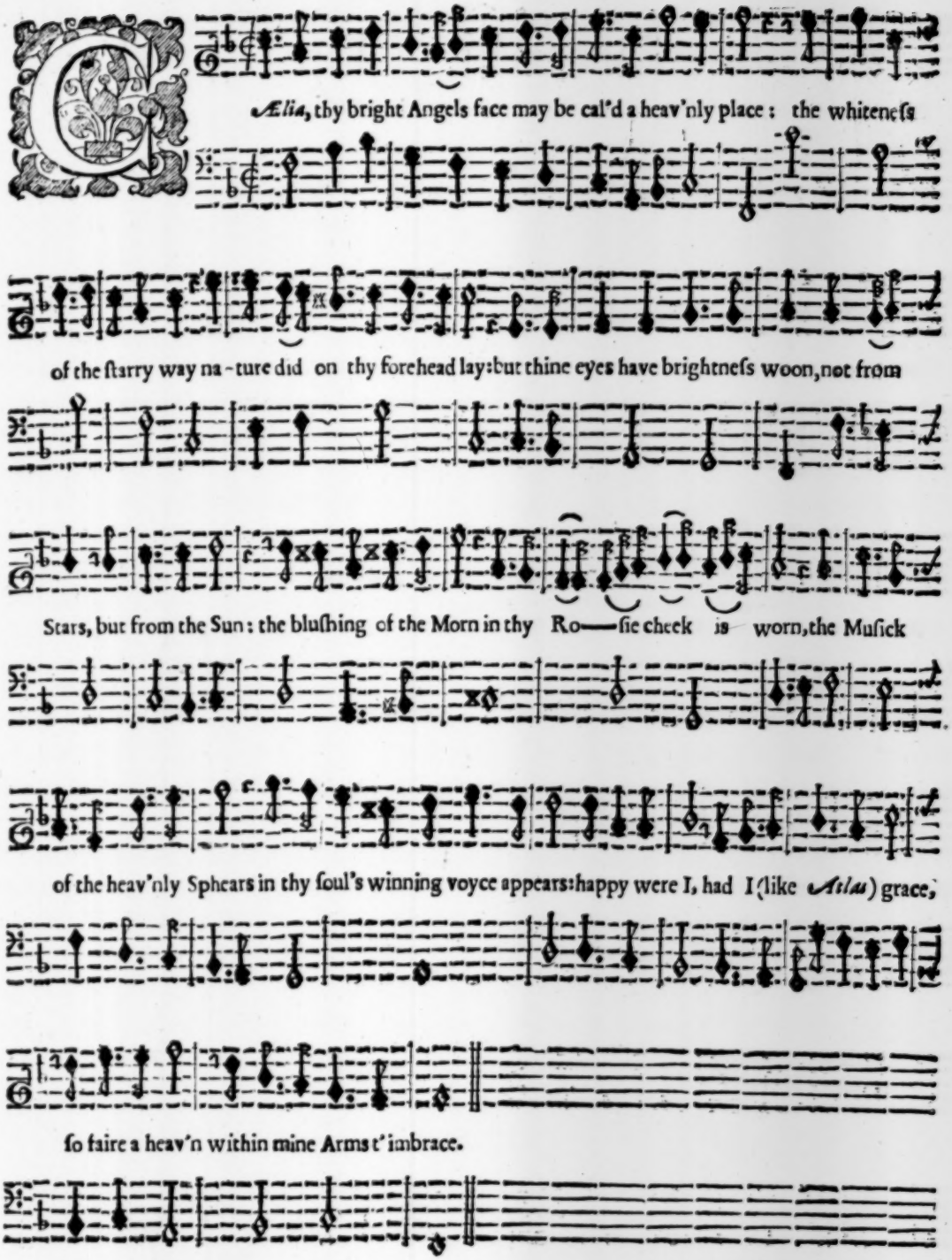


Ev'ry Treſs muſt be confeſt,
But neatly tangled at beſt,
Like a clew of golden thread
Moſt excellently ravelled;
Do not then wind up that light
In Ribbands, and o're-cloud in Night,
Like the Sun in's early Ray,
But ſhake your head and ſcatter Day;

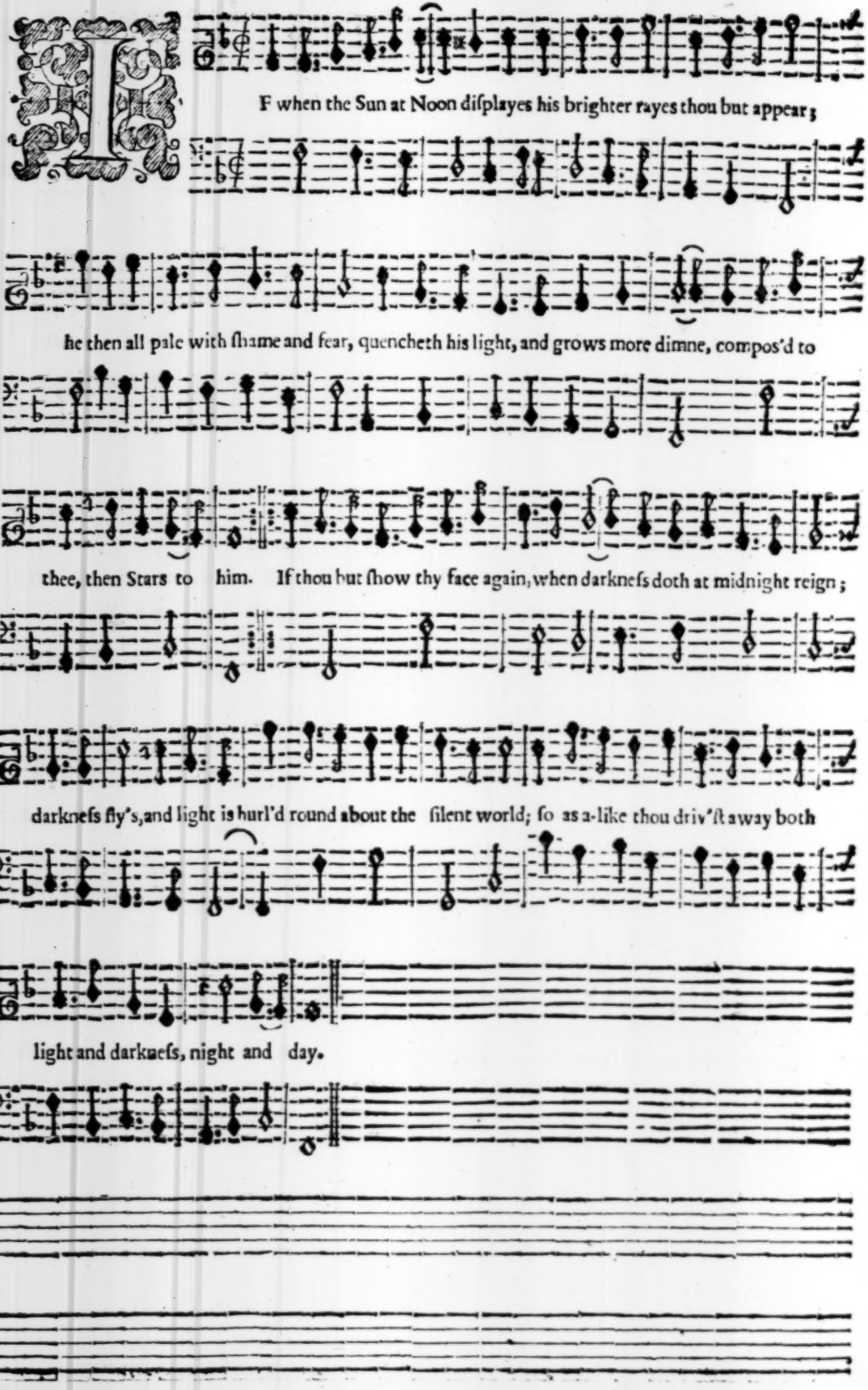


Tell now I never made an Oath
But with a purpoſe to forſwear,
For to be fix'd upon one face were ſloath,
When every Ladyes eye is Cupids ſphear;
But if ſhe merits faith from every breſt
Who is the beſt
Of woman-kind? how then can I be free
To love another, having once lov'd thee?

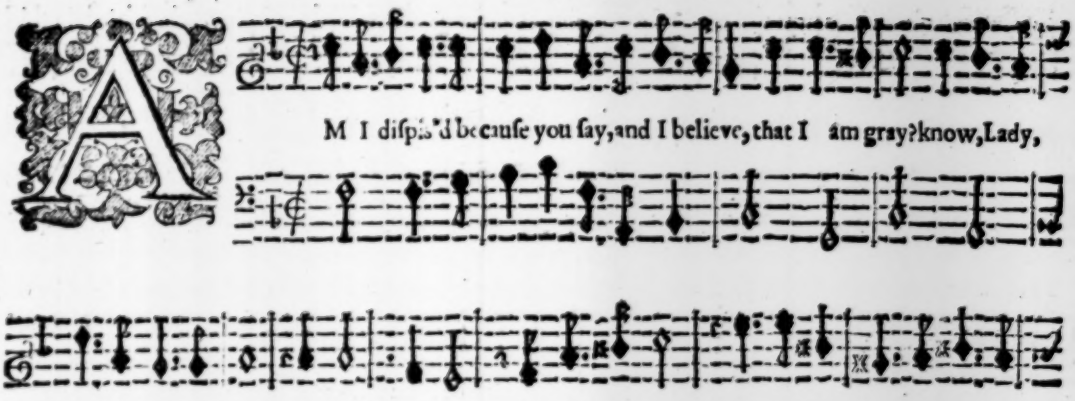
Such is the rare and happy pow'r
Of Goodneſs, that it can dilate
It ſelfe to make one vertuous in an houre,
Who liv'd before, perhaps a reprobate;
Then ſince on me this wonder thou haſt done,
Prithee work on
Upon thy ſelfe, thy Sex doth want that grace
My truth to love more then a better face.


Celia, thy bright Angels face may be cal'd a heav'nly place : the whiteneſs
of the ſtarry way na-ture did on thy forehead lay: but thine eyes have brightneſs woon, not from
Stars, but from the Sun: the bluſhing of the Morn in thy Ro—ſie cheek is worn, the Muſick
of the heav'nly Sphears in thy ſoul's winning voyce appears: happy were I, had I (like Atlas) grace,
ſo faire a heav'n within mine Arms t'imbrace.

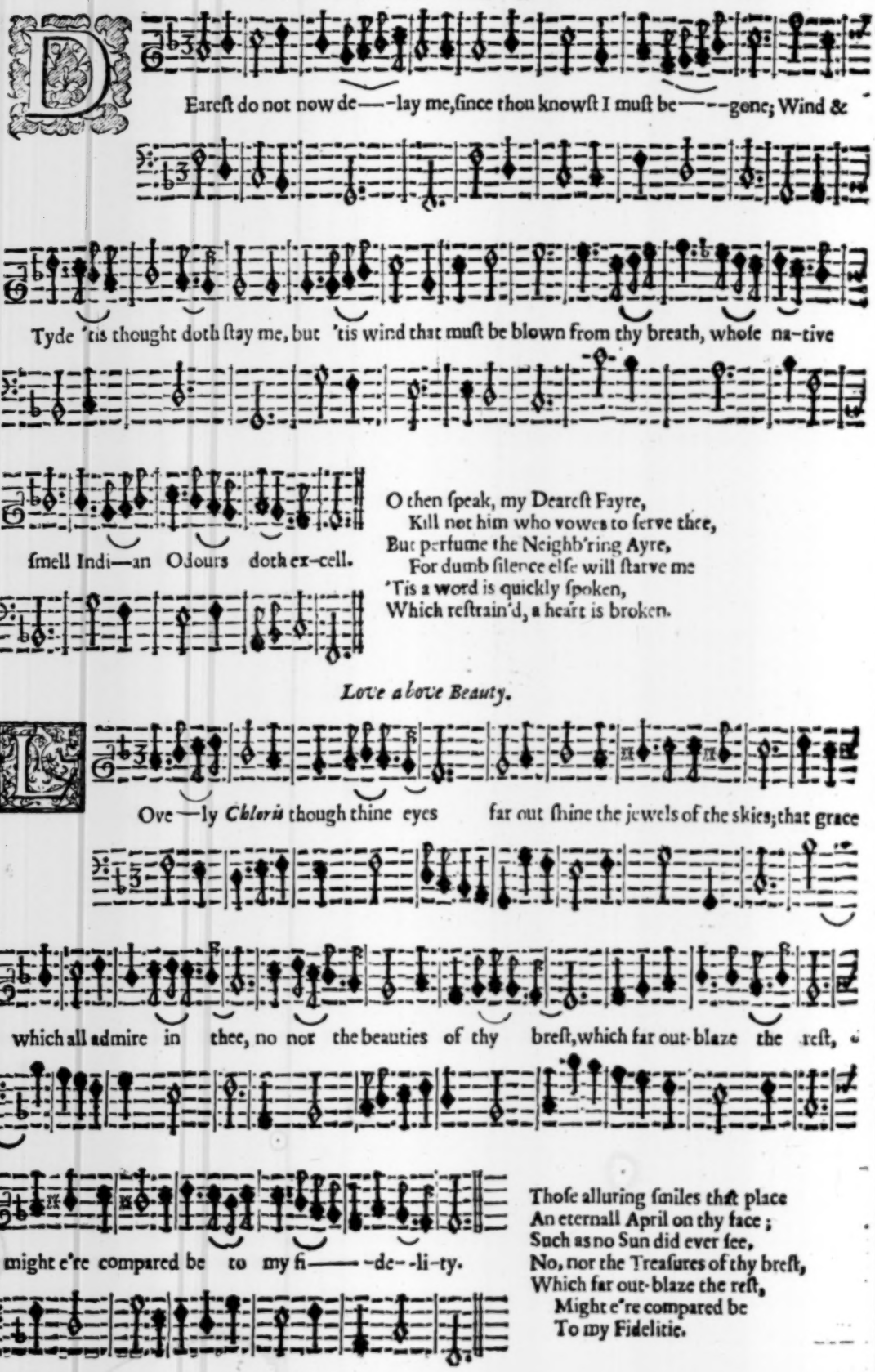
Night and Day to his Miſtreſs.



To his Miſtreſs objecting his Age.



To his Miſtreſs upon his going to travell.

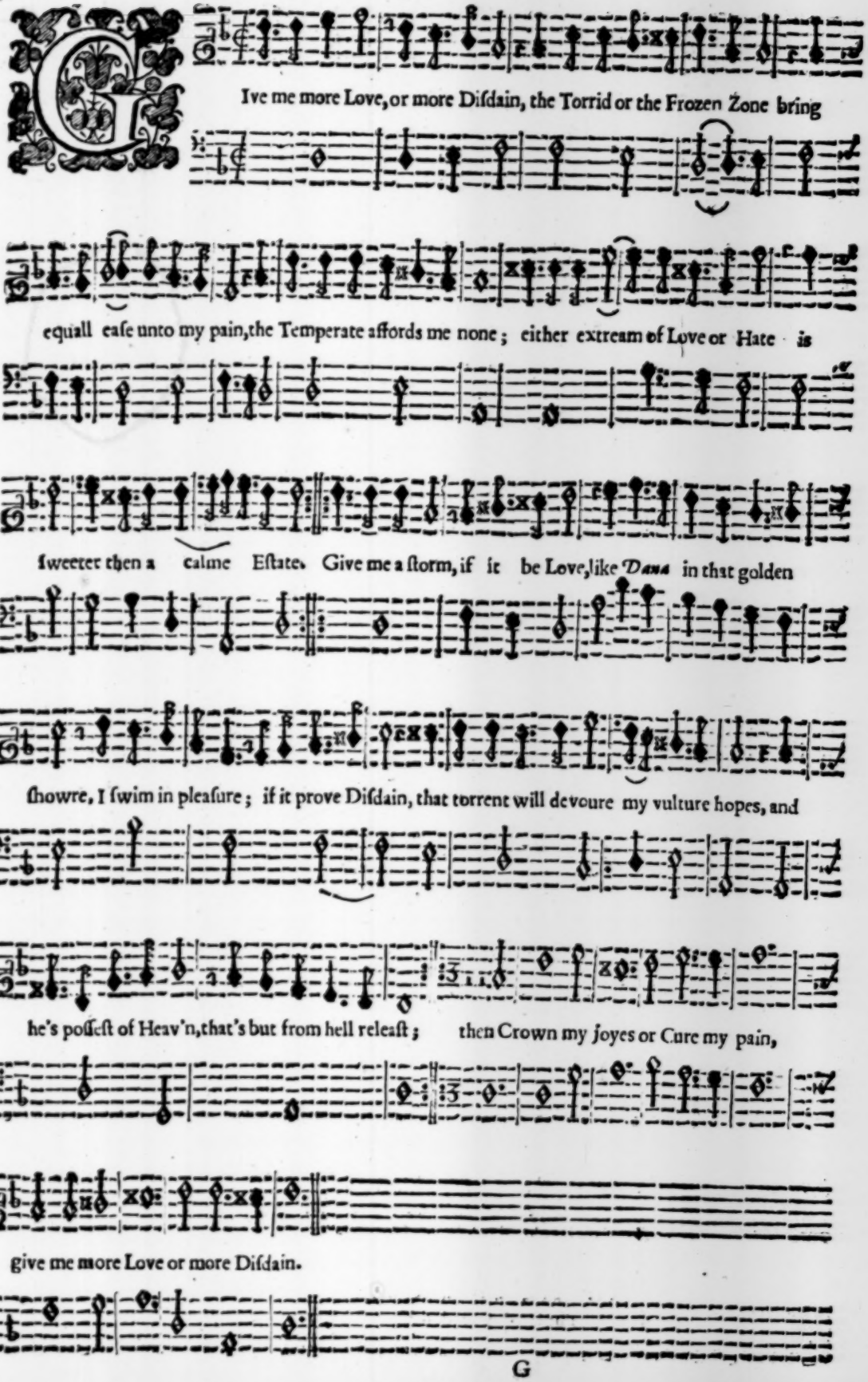


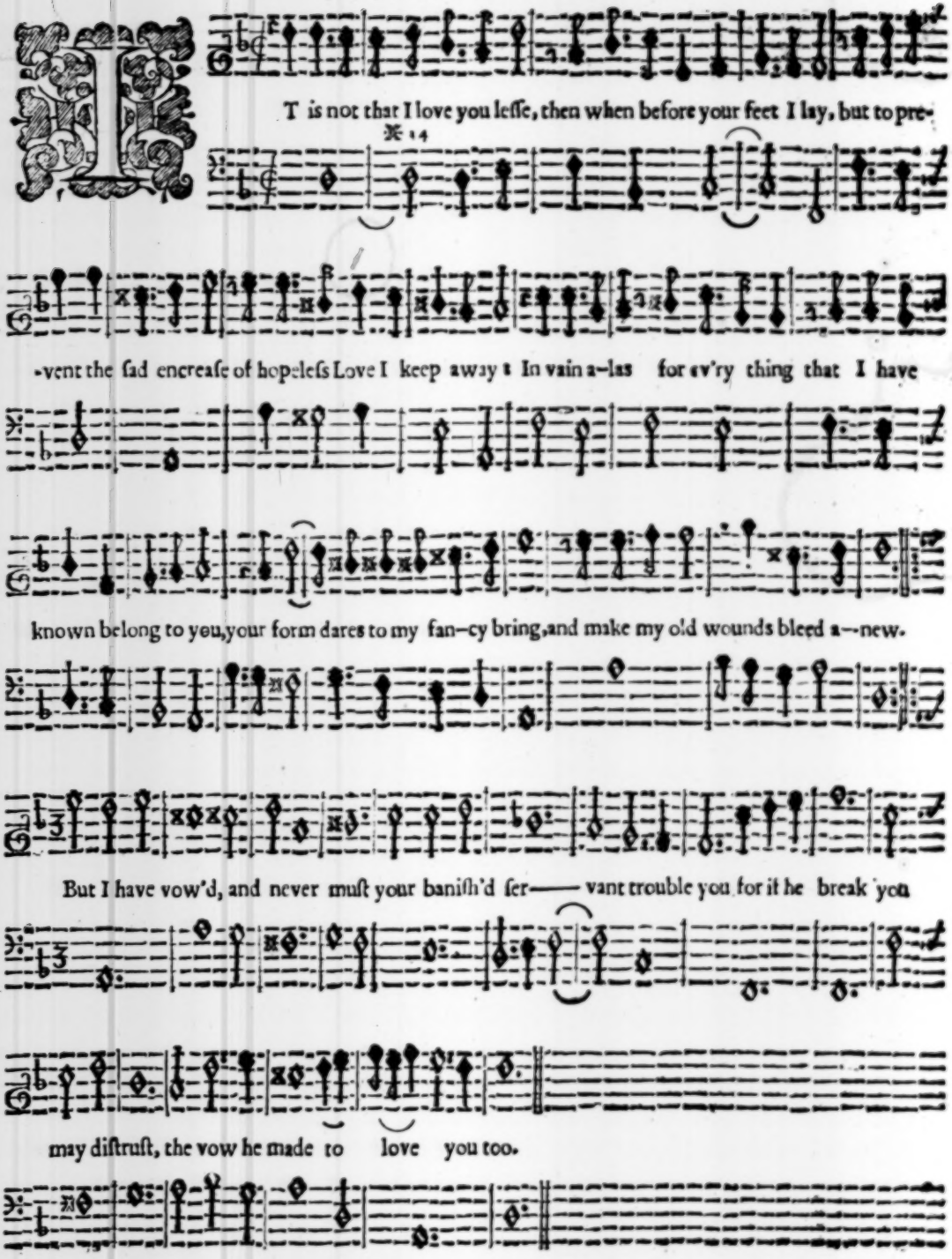
O then ſpeak, my Dareſt Fayre,
Kill not him who vowes to ſerve thee,
But perfume the Neighb'ring Ayre,
For dumb ſilence elſe will ſtarve me
'Tis a word is quickly ſpoken,
Which reſtrain'd, a heart is broken.

Love above Beauty.

Thoſe alluring ſmiles that place
An eternall April on thy face;
Such as no Sun did ever ſee,
No, nor the Treaſures of thy breſt,
Which far out-blaze the reſt,
Might e're compared be
To my Fidelitie.

Mediocrity in Love rejected.





Who in the Spring from the new Sun
Already hath a Feaver got;
Too late begins thoſe ſhafts to ſhun
Which *Phabus* through his veines hath ſhot,
Too late he would the pains aſwage,
And to thick ſhadows does retire,
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted bloud the fire.
But I have vow'd, &c.

The Heart entire.

Anſt thou love me and yet doubt ſo much Falſhood in my heart, that a way I ſhould find out to impart fragments of a broken Love to you, more then all b'ing leſſe then due: O, no! Love muſt clear Diſtruſt, or be eaten with that Ruſt; ſhort Love liking may find Jarrs, the Love that laſteth knows no Warrs.

There, Beliefe begets Delight,
And ſo ſatisfies Deſire,
That in them it ſhines as Light
No more Fire;
All the burning Qualities appeas'd,
Each in others joying pleas'd,
Not a whiſper, not a thought
But 'twixt Both in comon's brought,
Even to ſeem Two they are loath,
Love being only Soul to both.

The Bud.

Ately on yonder ſwell-ing Buſh, big with many a comming Roſe, this early

Bud began to bluſh, and did but halfe it ſelfe diſcloſe: I pluckt it though no bet-ter Grow'n,

yet now you ſee how full 'tis blow'n.

Still as I did the Leaves Inſpire
With ſuch a purple Light they ſhone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo would flame anon,
All that was meant by Ayre, or Sun,
To this yong Flow'r, my breath ha's done.

If our looſe Breath ſo much can do,
What may the ſame in forms of Love?
Of pureſt Love and Muſick too,
When *Flavia* it aſpires to move:
When that which liveleſs Buds perſwades
To wax more ſoft, her youth invades.

The Primroſe.

Aske me why I ſend you here, this firſt-ling of the Infant yeere; aske me why

I ſend to you, this Primroſe all be-pearl'd with dew, I muſt whiſper to your Eares, the

ſweets of Love are waſh'd with teares.

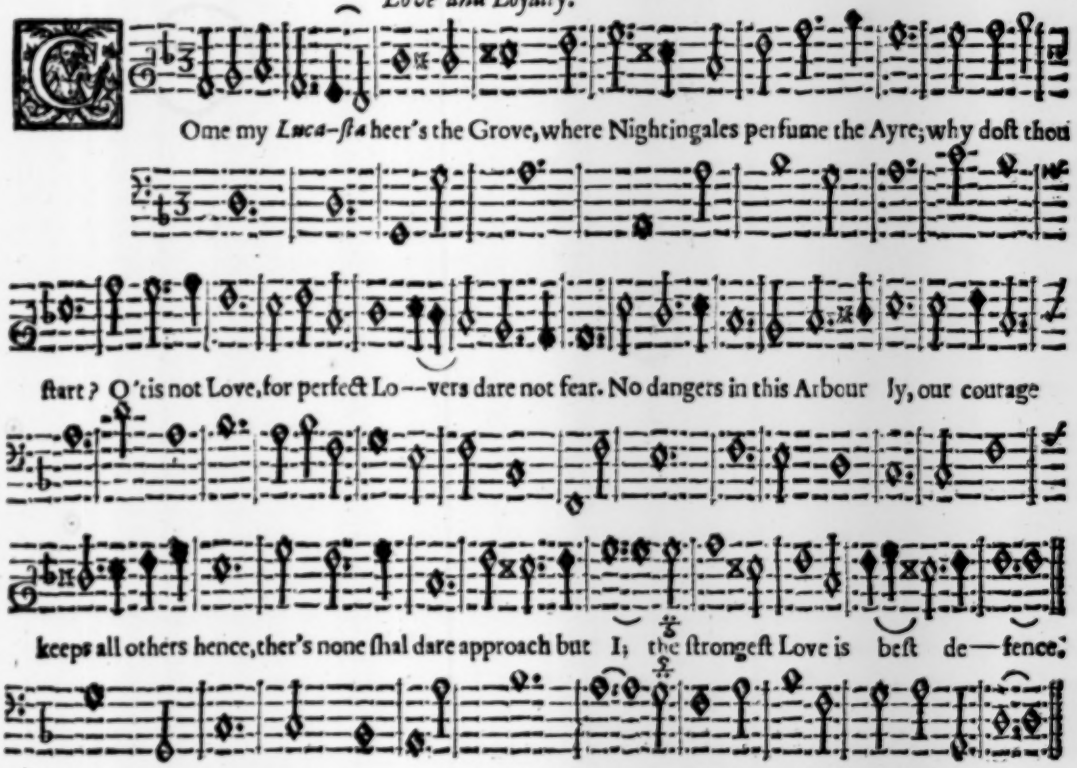
Aske me why this Roſe doth ſhow
All yellow, green, and ſickly too?
Aske me why the ſtalk is weak,
And yielding each way, yet not break?
I muſt tell you, theſe diſcover
What doubts and fears, are in a Lover.

Cœlia *ſinging.*

Wounded by her I now adore
Thoſe pow'rs of Love I have deſi'd,
I court the flames I ſcorn'd before,
And am repayd with Scorn and Pride:
In ſuch unpitty'd Flames to dwell,
Is not a Martyrdome, but Hell.

Cupid can't help me, nor wound her,
He'l rather prove my Rivall hence,
Though blind he'l turn Idolater,
For ſhe hath Charms for ev'ry ſence;
Should he her voyce's muſick heare,
Soft Love would enter Love's own Eare.

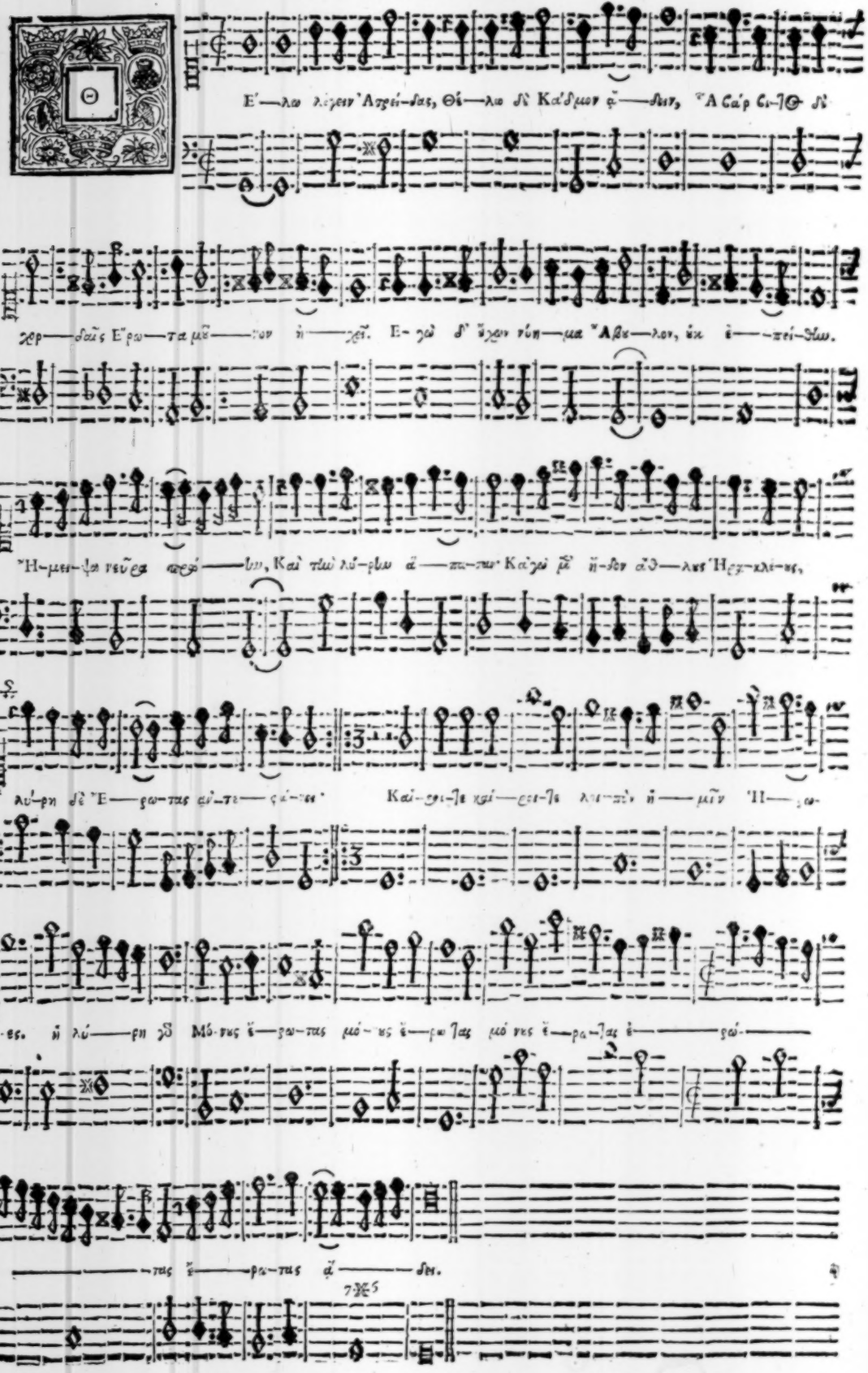
Love and Loyalty.



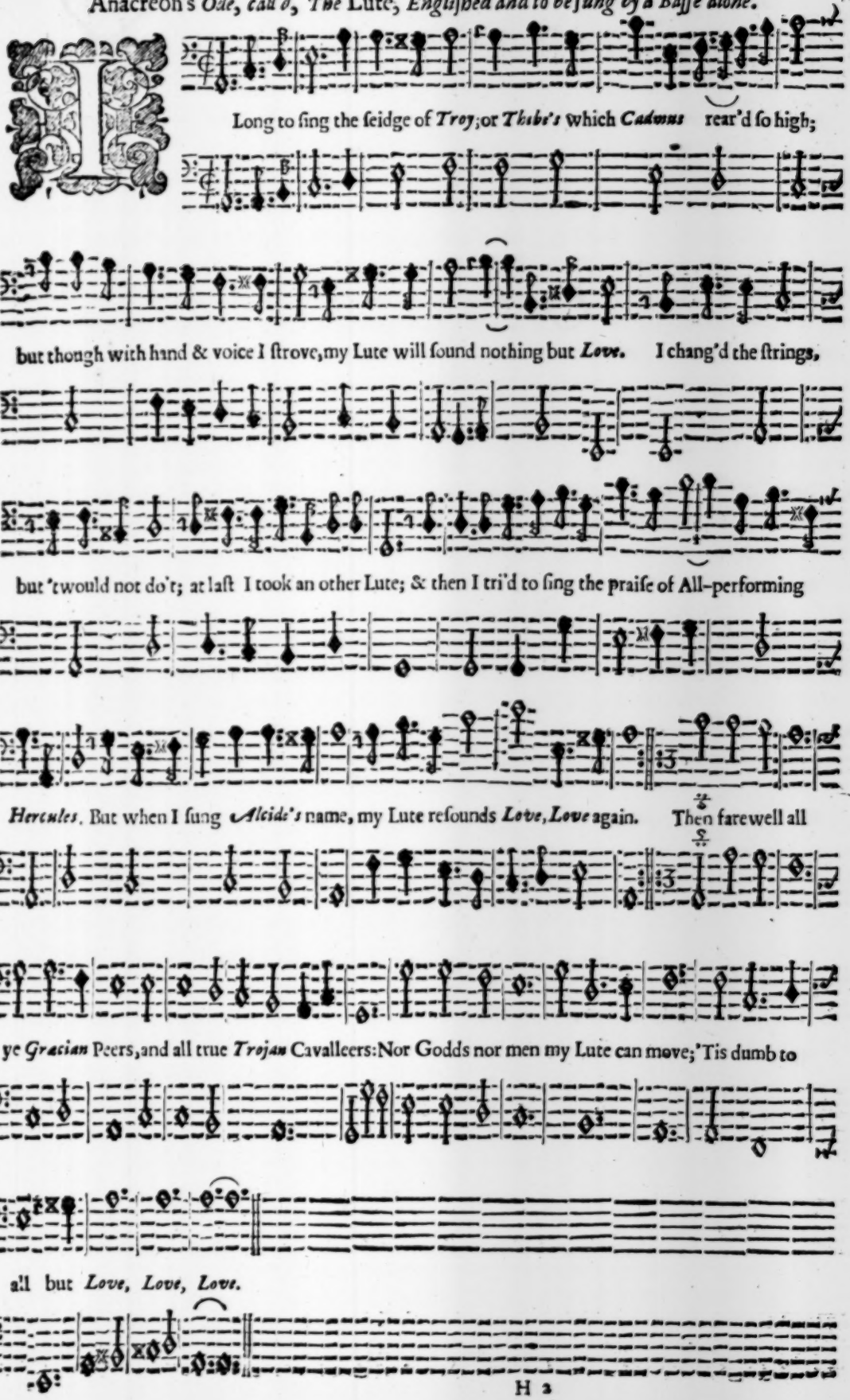
Here we'l diſcourſe, and think, and ſmile,
Let guilty men ſeek how to ſcape;
He cannot love that can beguile,
And none but Foes commit a Rape.

This Evening's worth Ten Thouſand yeere,
Then let's reſolve ſince thou muſt go,
We'l meet again to morrow here,
Would Kings and Queens might do ſo too.

Τῶν ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ εἰς Λύρην. ά.



Anacreon's *Ode, call'd, The* Lute, *Engliſhed and to be ſung by a Baſſe alone.*

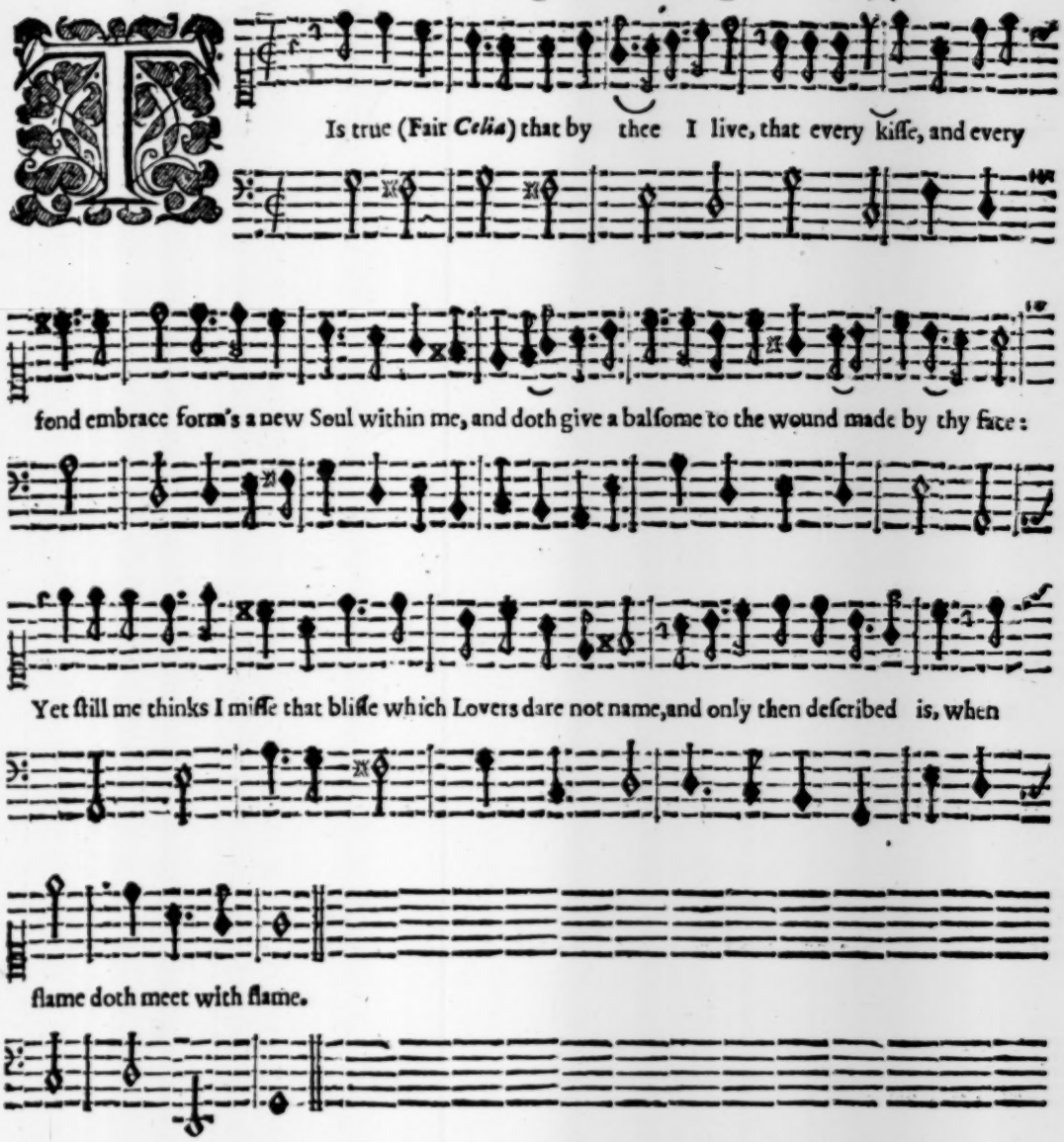


Deſperato's *Banquet.*

For a Baſſe Lute.

Come hea—vy Souls, oppreſſed with the weight of crimes, and pangs, or want of your delight; come drown in *Lethes* ſleepy Lake, what ever makes you ake; drink healths from poys'ned bowls, breath out your cares together with your Souls; cool death's a ſalve that all may have, ther's no diſtinction in the Grave. Lay down your loads before death's Iron door; ſigh, and ſigh out, groan once, and groan no more.

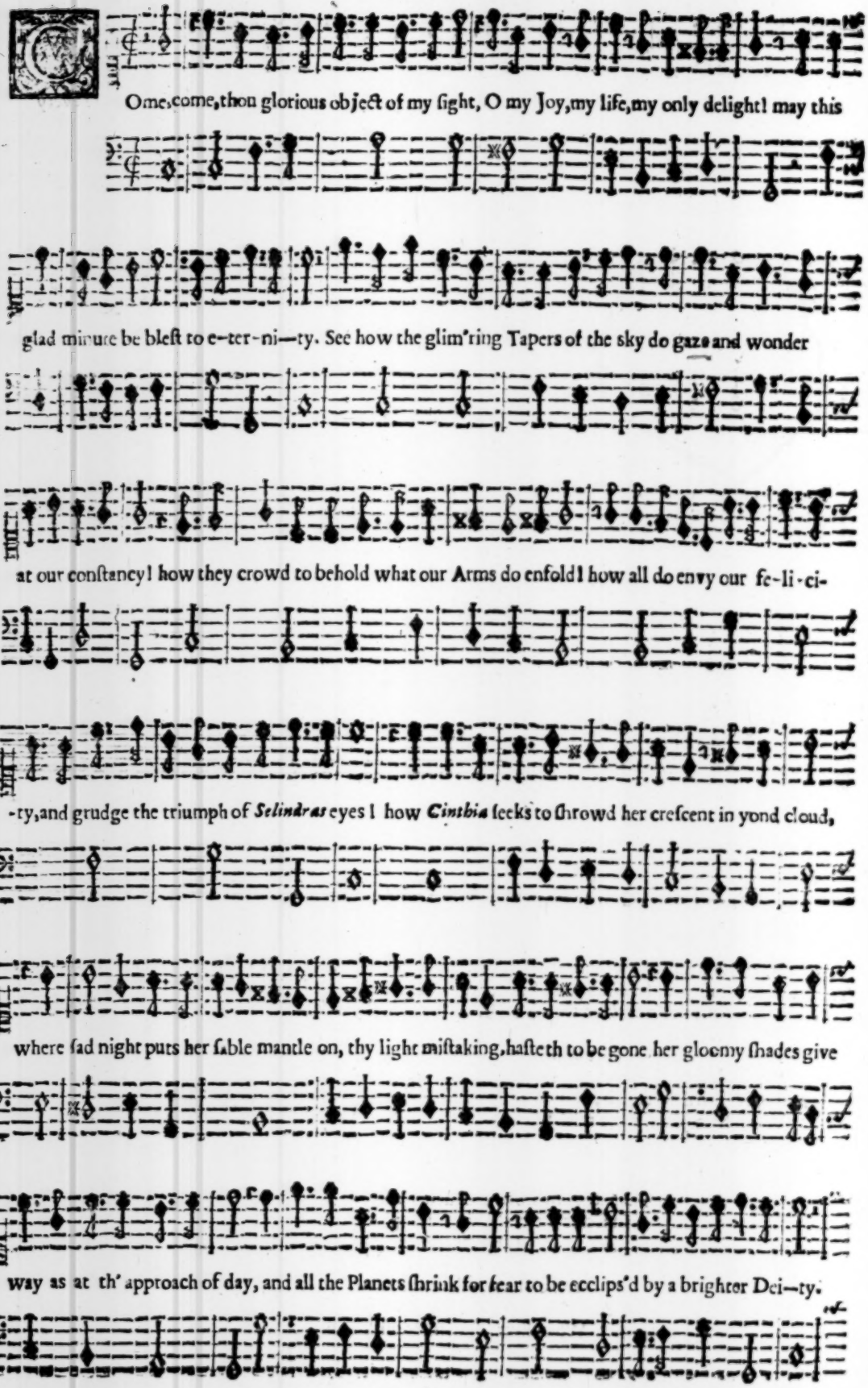
To Cælia, *inviting her to Marriage.*

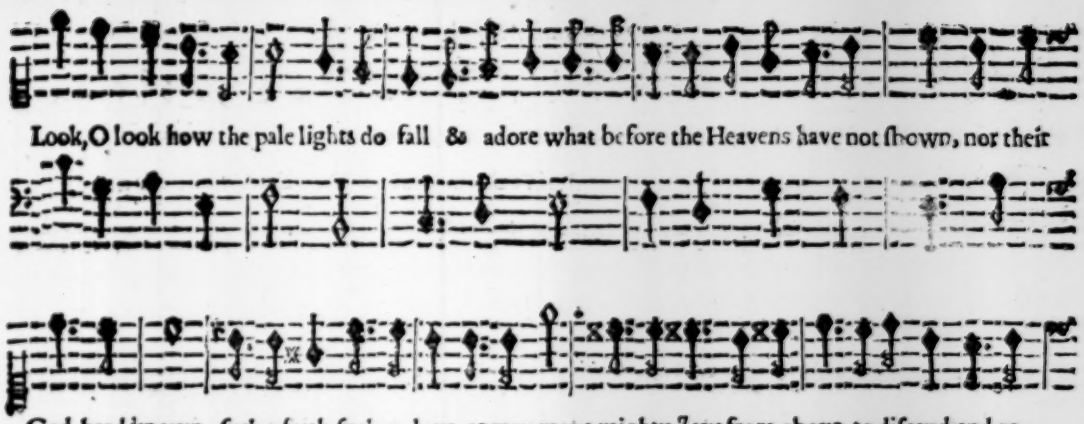


Thoſe favours which do bleſſe me every day,
Are yet but Empty, and Platonicall.
Think not to pleaſe your ſervants with halfe pay,
Good Gameſters never ſtick to throw at all.
Who can endure to miſſe
That bliſſe
Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then deſcribed is,
When flame doth meet with flame?

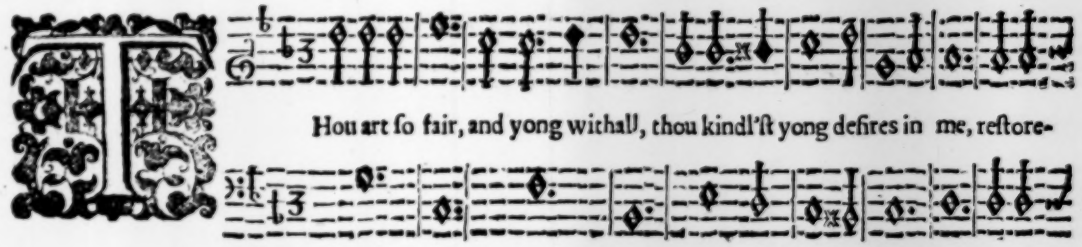
If all thoſe ſweets within you muſt remaine
Unknown, and ne'r enjoy'd, like hidden treaſure,
Nature, as well as I, will loſe her name;
And you, as well as I, your youthfull pleaſure.
We wrong our ſelves to miſſe
That bliſſe
Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then deſcribed is,
When flame doth meet with flame.

Our Souls, which long have peep'd at one another
Out of the narrow Caſements of our Eyes,
Shall now, by Love conducted, meet together
In ſecret Cavern's, where all pleaſure lyes.
There, there we ſhall not miſſe
That bliſſe
Which Lovers dare not name,
And only then deſcribed is,
When flame doth meet with flame.


Come, come, thou glorious object of my sight, O my Joy, my life, my only delight! may this
glad minute be blest to e-ter-ni—ty. See how the glim'ring Tapers of the sky do gaze and wonder
at our constancy! how they crowd to behold what our Arms do enfold! how all do envy our fe-li-ci-
-ty, and grudge the triumph of *Selindras* eyes! how *Cinthia* seeks to shrowd her crescent in yond cloud,
where sad night puts her sable mantle on, thy light mistaking, hasteth to be gone her gloomy shades give
way as at th' approach of day, and all the Planets shrink for fear to be eclips'd by a brighter Dei—ty.



Youth and Beauty.



Thoſe under ſev'rall Hearbs and Flowr's
Diſguis'd, were all *Medea* gave,
When ſhe reviv'd Times flying howrs,
And aged *Æſon* from his grave,
For Beauty can both kill and ſave.

Youth it enflames, but age it cheers,
I would go back, but not return,
To twenty but to twice thoſe yeers;
Not blaze, but ever conſtant burn,
For fear my Cradle prove my Urn.

Love and Muſick.

Come my Sweet, whilſt ev'ry ſtrain cals our ſouls in-to the Eare, where the greedy

liſtning fain would turn into the ſound they heare; leſt in deſire to fill the quire themſelves they tye to

harmo-ny, let's kiſs & call them back a-gain.

Now let's orderly convey
Our Souls into each other's Breſt,
Where enterchanged let them ſtay
Slumb'ring in a melting reſt:
Then with new fire
Let them retire,
And fill preſent
Sweet freſh content
Youthfull as the early day.

Then let us a Tumult make,
Shuffling ſo our ſouls, that we
Careleſs who did give or take,
May not know in whom they be,
Then let each ſmother
And kiſſe the other,
Till we expire
In gentle fire,
Scorning the forgetfull Lake.

The Excellency of Wine.

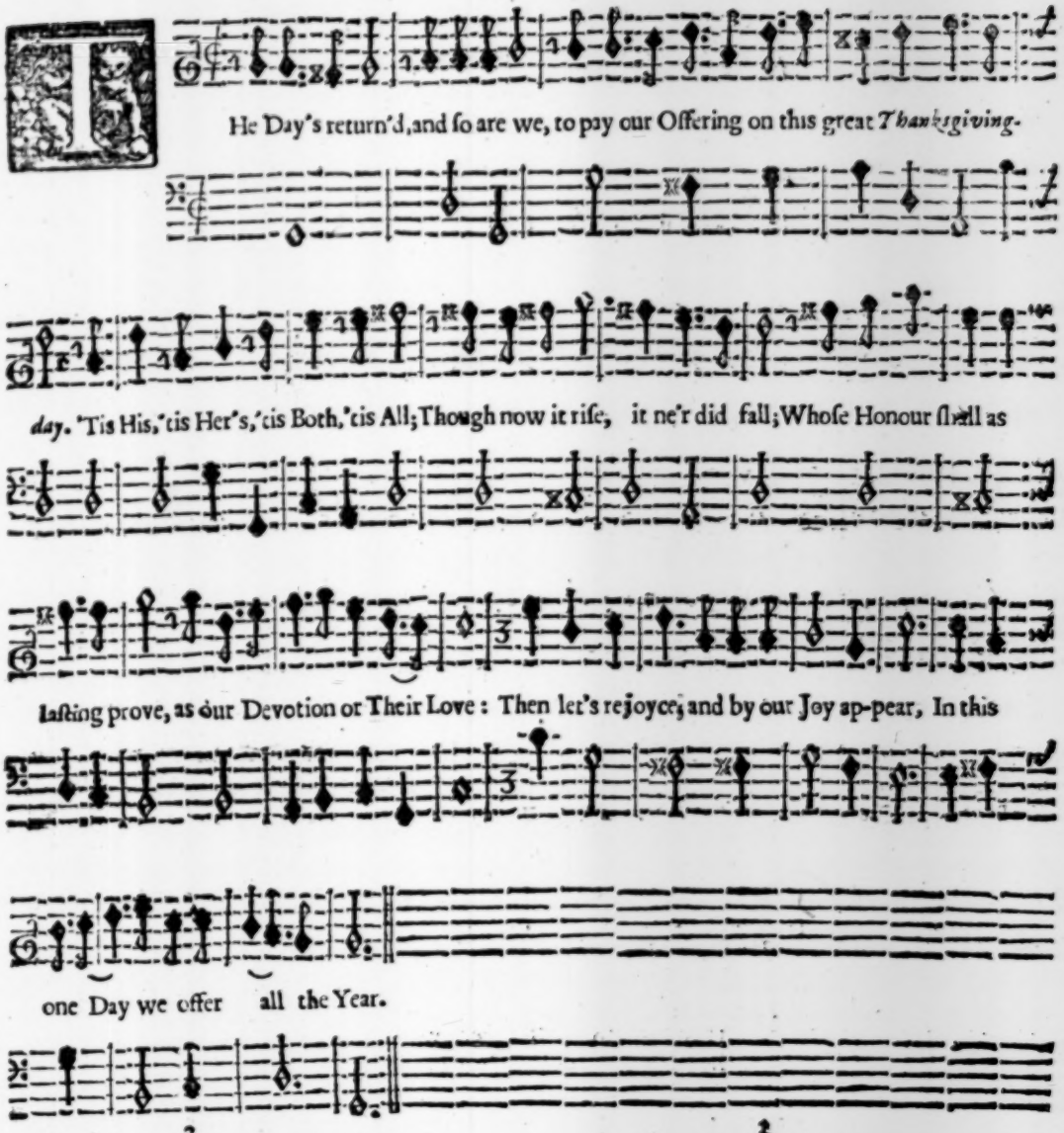
Is Wine that inſpires, and quencheth Lov's fires, teaches fools how to rule a State,

Moyds ne'r did approve it, becauſe thoſe that love it diſpiſe and laugh at their hate.

The Drinkers of Beer
Did ne'r yet appear
In matters of any weight;
'Tis he whoſe deſigne
Is quickn'd by Wine
That raiſes things to their height.

We then ſhould it prize,
For never black eyes
Made wounds which this could not heale;
Who then doth refuſe
To drink of this Juice,
Is a Foe to the Common-weale.

FINIS.



2

See the bright Pair, how amiably kind,
As if their Souls were but this Morning joyn'd:
As the ſame Heart in Pulſes cleft,
This for the Right Arme, that the Left;
So His and Her's in ſever'd parts
Are but two Pulſes, not two Hearts:
Then Let's, &c.

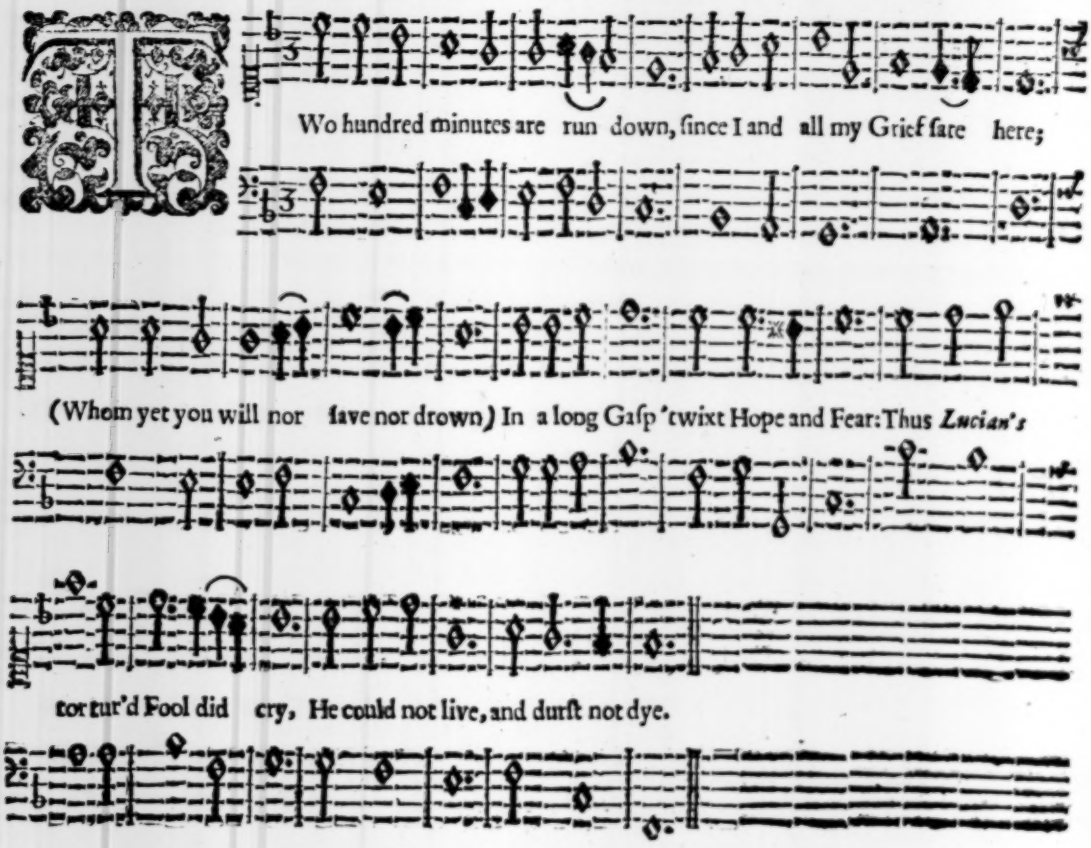
3

Let no bold Forraign noiſe their Peace remove,
Since nothing's ſtrong enough to ſhake their Love;
Bleſſe Him in Her's, Her in His Arms,
From ſuddain (true or falſ) Alarms;
Let ev'ry Year fill up a ſcore,
Born to be One, but to Make more:
Then let's, &c.

4

This Day Ten years to Him and Her did grant
What Angels joy, and Joyes which Angels want:
Our Lady-Day, and our Lord's too,
'Twere ſin to rob it of its due,
'Tis of both Genders, Her's and His,
We ſtay'd twelve Months to welcome this.
Then let's rejoyce, and by our Joy appear
In this one Day we offer all the Year.

Staying in London *after the Act for Baniſhment, and going to meet a Friend who fail'd the hour appoynted.*



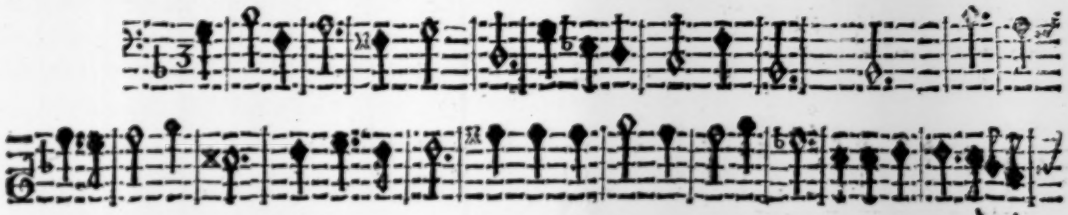
How full of Miſchief is this Coaſt!
Villains and Fooles peep every way;
If once theſe *Seekers* find, I'm loſt;
I dare not go, I dare not ſtay:
Here I am Rooted 'till the Sky
Be hung as full of Clouds as I,

All Iſlanders are priſoners Born,
We, Slaves to Slaves, in Five-mile Chaines;
Theirs, and Yours, but moſt forlorn
Where Purgatory Hell out-pain's:
I'm in a new third Dungeon here,
Shackles on Shackles who can wear?

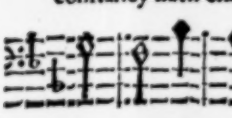
Sad and unſeen I view the Rowt
Which through this Street do ebb and flow;
Some few have Buſineſs, moſt without;
Their Pace this trundling Rithm does go:
O tear me hence, for I am grow'n
As empty-baſe as all this Town!

No Constancy in Man.

BE gone, be gone thou perjur'd man, and never more re——turn, For know that thy In-



constancy hath chang'd my Love to Scorn: Thou hast awak'd me, and I can see cleerly ther's no



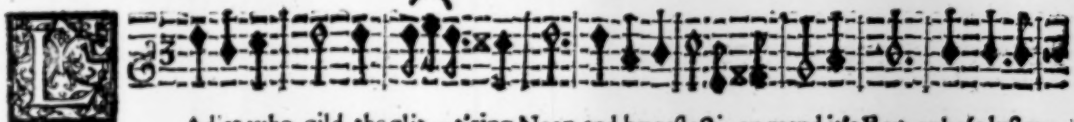
Truth in Man.

My Love to thee was chast and pure,
As is the Morning dew,
And 'twas alone like to endure,
Hadst thou not prov'd untrue;
But I'm awak'd, and now I can
See cleerly ther's no Truth in Man.

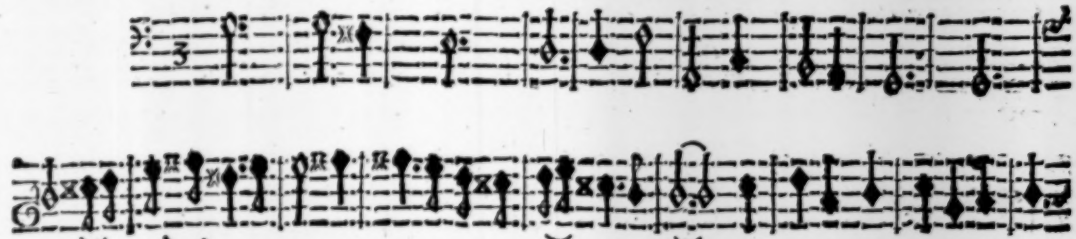
Thou mayst perhaps prevaile upon
Some other to believe thee,
And since thou canst love more then one,
Ne'r think that it shall grieve me;
For th' hast awak'd me, and I can
See cleerly ther's no Truth in Man.

By thy Apostasie I find
That Love is plac'd amiss,
And can't continue in the mind
Where Vertue wanting is:
I'm now resolv'd, and know there can
No constant Thought remain in Man.

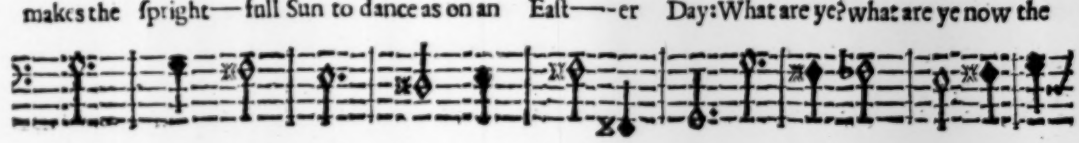
Beauties Eclyps'd.



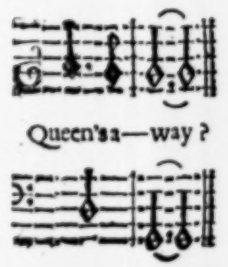
LAdies who gild the glit—t'ring Noon, and by reflecti-on mend it's Ray, whose lustre



makes the spright—full Sun to dance as on an East——er Day: What are ye? what are ye now the



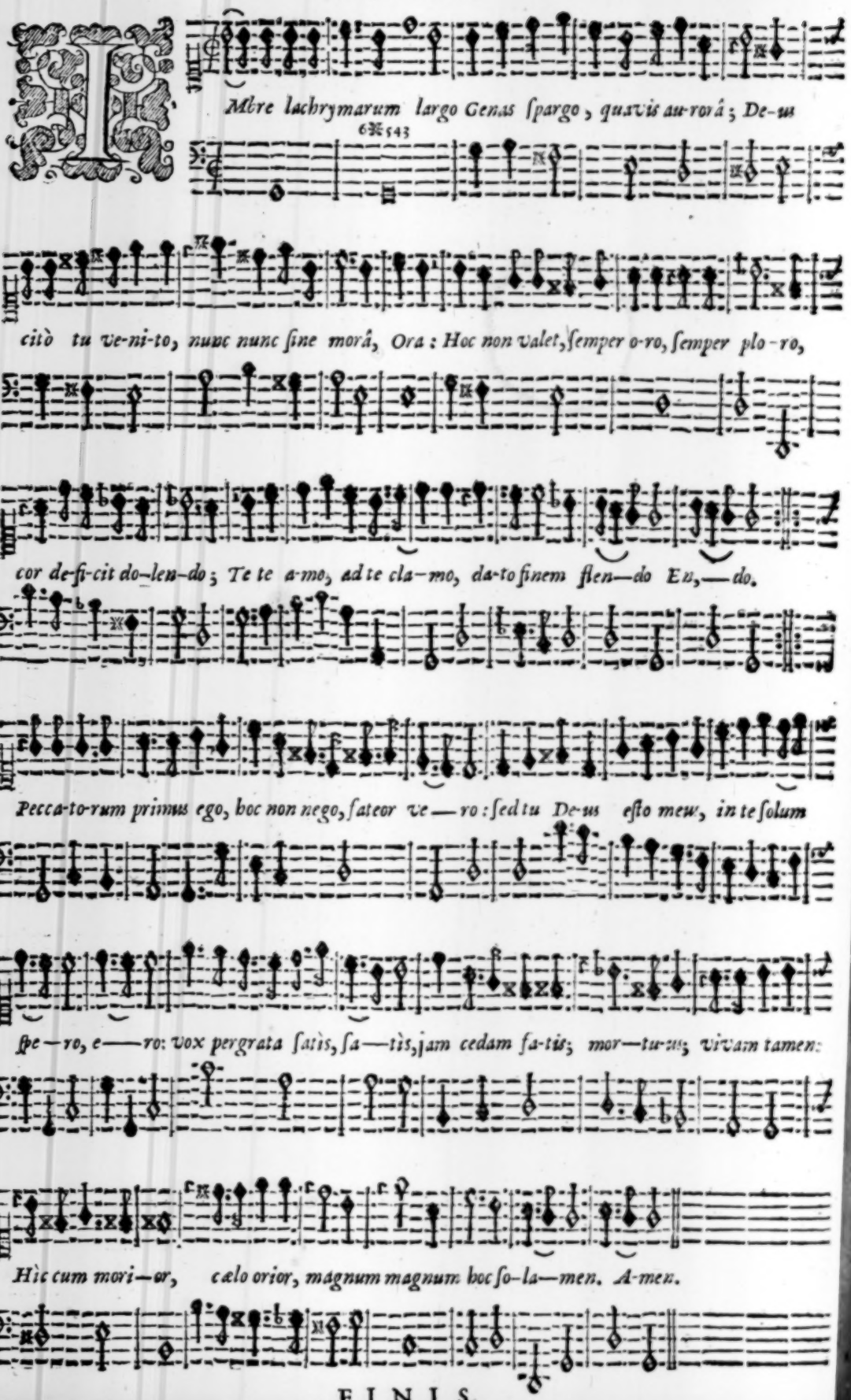
Queen's a—way?



Couragious Eagles which have whet
Your Eyes upon Majestick light,
And thence deriv'd such martiall heat
As still your Looks maintain'd the fight,
What are ye since the King's good night.

As an obstructed Fountain's head
Cut's the Intaile off from the streams,
All Brooks are Disinherited,
Honour and Beauty are but Dreams,
Since *Charles* & *Mary* lost their Beams.

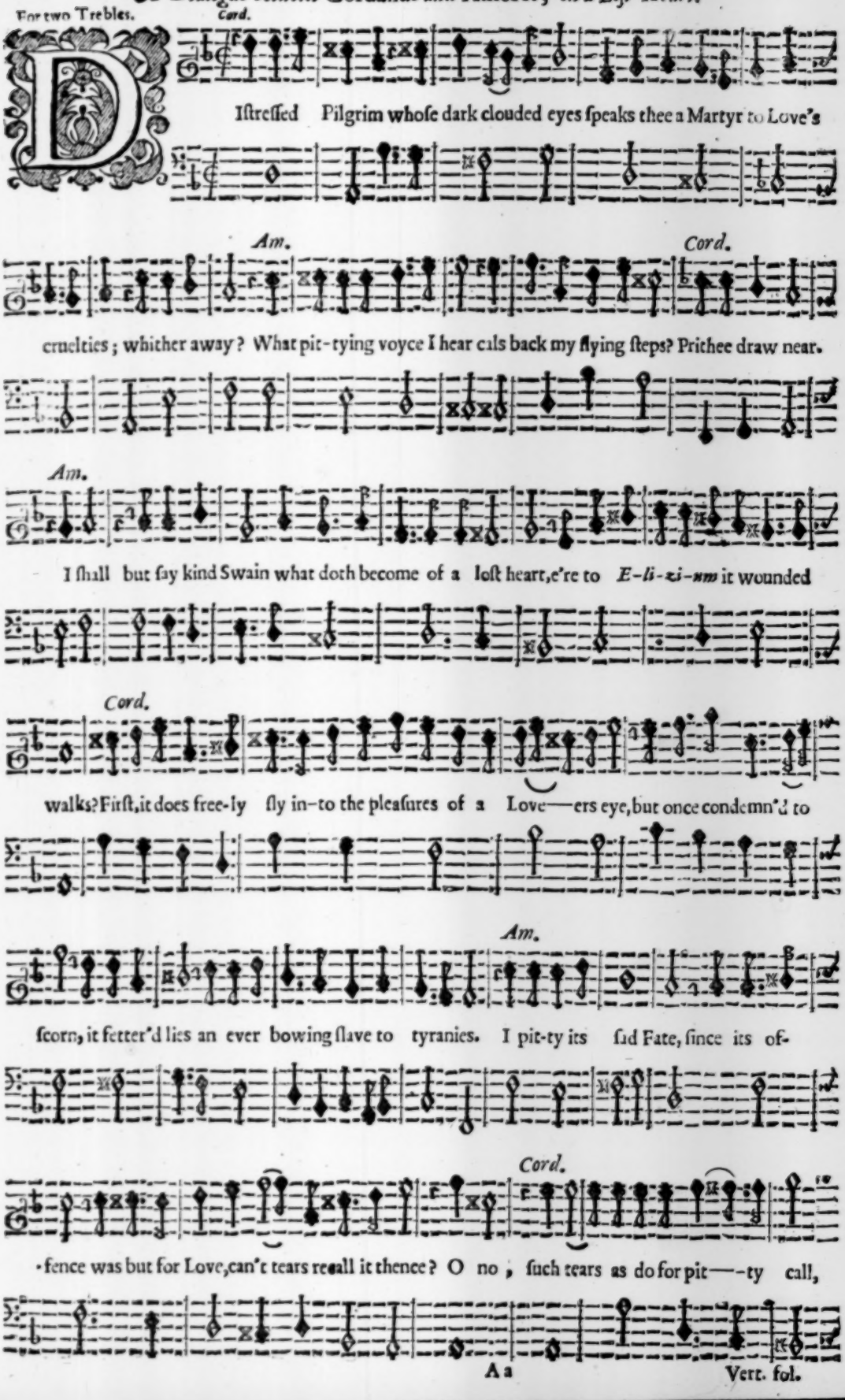
An Eccho.

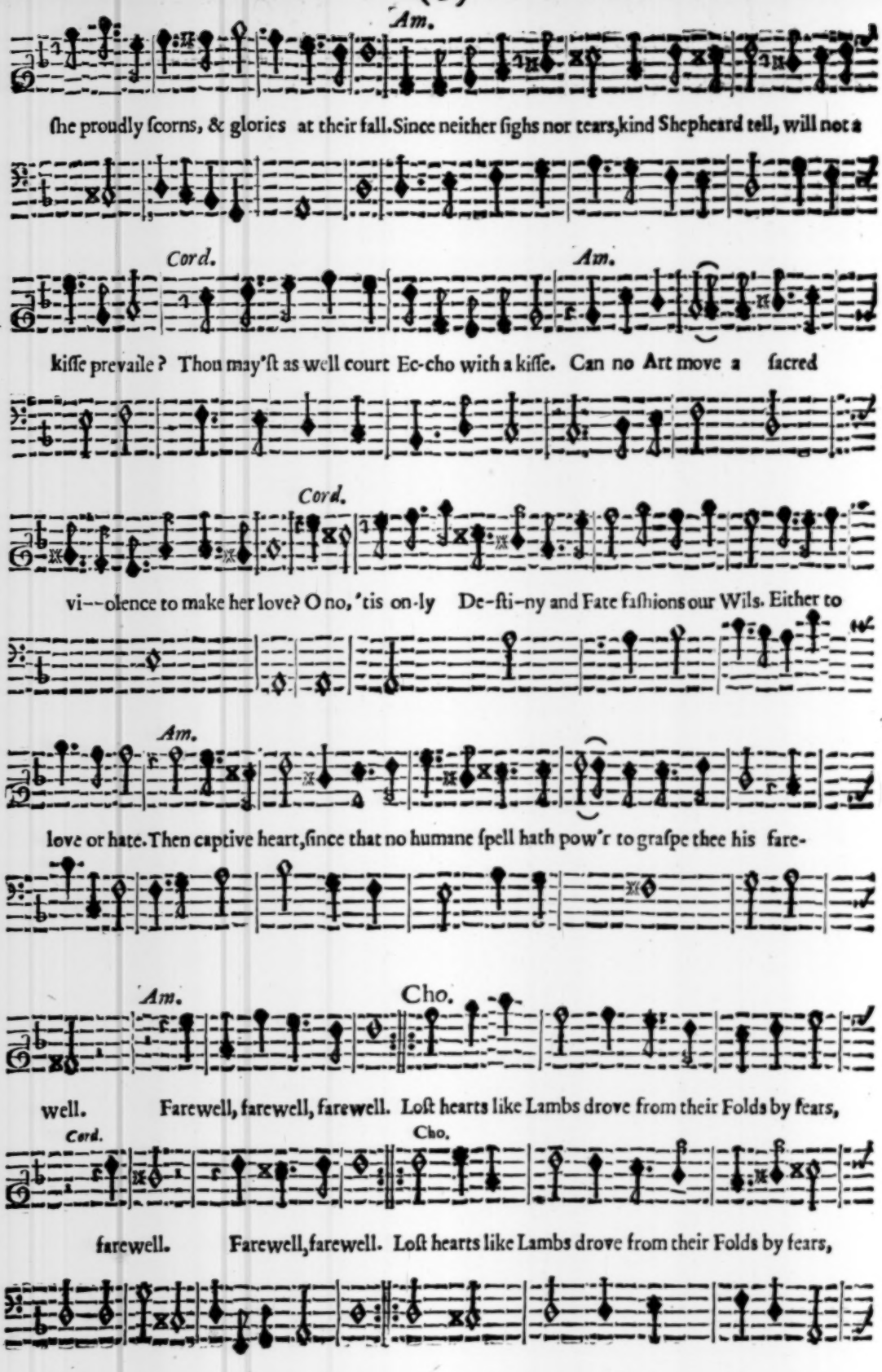


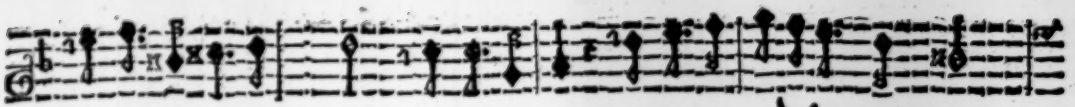
FINIS.

A Dialogue betwixt Cordanus *and* Amoret, *on a Loſt Heart.*

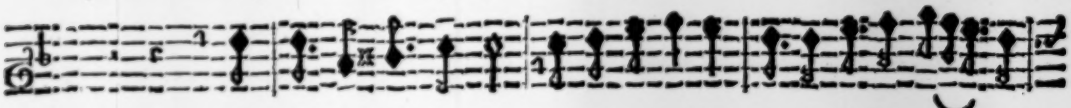
For two Trebles.



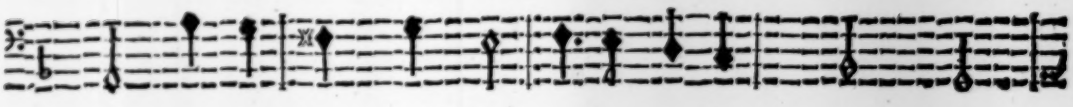

Am.
ſhe proudly ſcorns, & glories at their fall. Since neither ſighs nor tears, kind Shepheard tell, will not a
Cord.
Am.
kiſſe prevaile? Thou may'ſt as well court Ec-cho with a kiſſe. Can no Art move a ſacred
Cord.
vi--olence to make her love? O no, 'tis on-ly De-ſti-ny and Fate faſhions our Wils. Either to
Am.
love or hate. Then captive heart, ſince that no humane ſpell hath pow'r to graſpe thee his fare-
Am.
Cho.
well. Farewell, farewell, farewell. Loſt hearts like Lambs drove from their Folds by fears,
Cord.
Cho.
farewell. Farewell, farewell. Loſt hearts like Lambs drove from their Folds by fears,

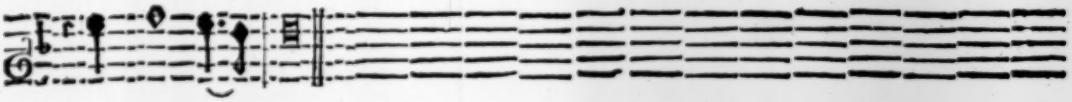


may back returne by chance, may back returne, may back re—turne by chance



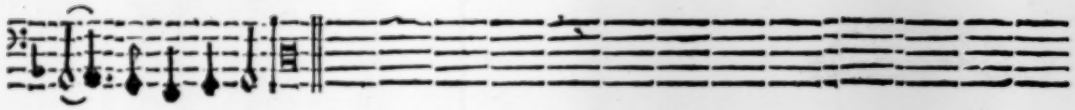
may back returne by chance, may back return by chance, may back returne by



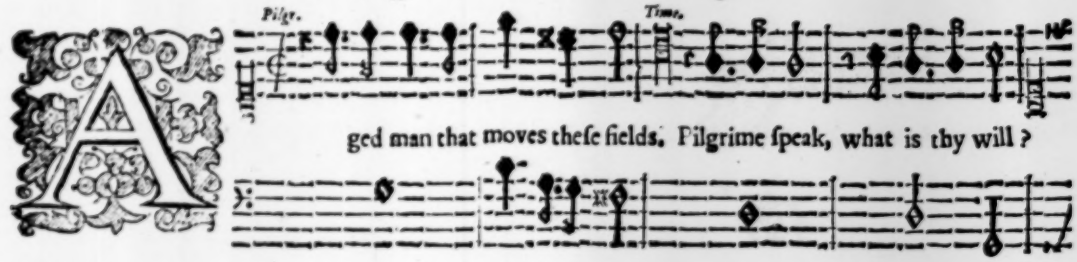


but ne'r by tears.

chance, but ne'r by tears.

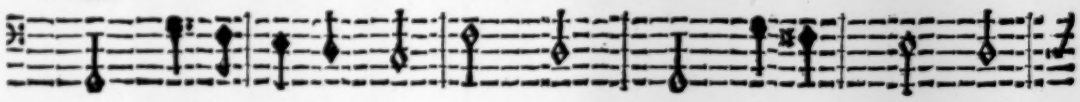


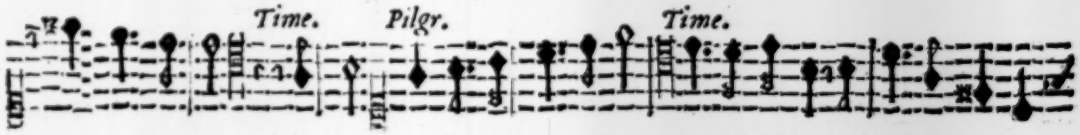
A Dialogue betwixt Time *and a* Pilgrime.



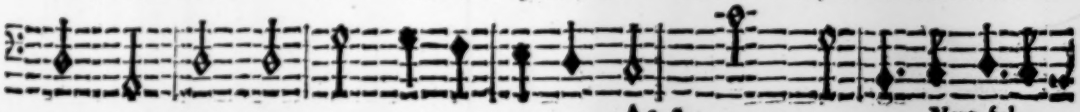
Aged man that moves theſe fields. Pilgrime ſpeak, what is thy will?

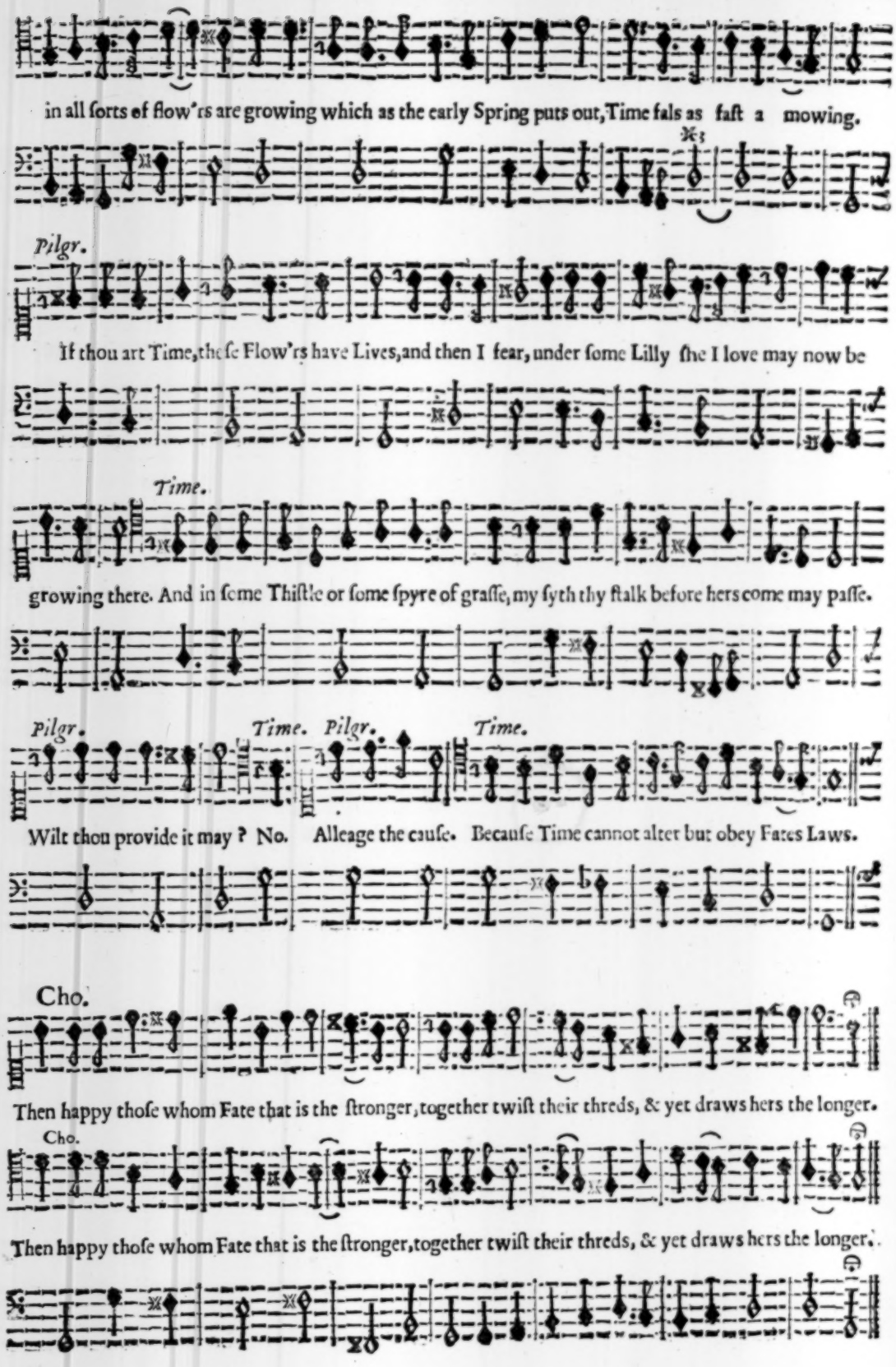
Whoſe ſoile is this that ſuch ſweet Paſture yields? or who art thou whoſe Foot ſtands ne—ver ſtill?





or where am I? In love. His Lordſhip lies above. Yes and below, and round about where




in all ſorts of flow'rs are growing which as the early Spring puts out, Time fals as faſt a mowing.
Pilgr.
If thou art Time, theſe Flow'rs have Lives, and then I fear, under ſome Lilly ſhe I love may now be
Time.
growing there. And in ſome Thiſtle or ſome ſpyre of graſſe, my ſyth thy ſtalk before hers come may paſſe.
Pilgr.
Time.
Pilgr.
Time.
Wilt thou provide it may ? No. Alleage the cauſe. Becauſe Time cannot alter but obey Fates Laws.
Cho.
Then happy thoſe whom Fate that is the ſtronger, together twiſt their threds, & yet draws hers the longer.
Cho.
Then happy thoſe whom Fate that is the ſtronger, together twiſt their threds, & yet draws hers the longer.

A Paſtorall Dialogue betwixt Cleon *and* Cælia.

Cho. *Celia.*

AS *Celia* reſted in the ſhade with *Cleon* by her ſide, the Swain thus courted the

Cho. *Cleon.*

AS *Celia* reſted in the ſhade with *Cleon* by her ſide, the Swain thus courted the

yong Mayd, and thus the Nimph reply'd.

Cleon.

yong Mayd, and thus the Nimph reply'd. Sweet let thy captive fetters wear made by thine

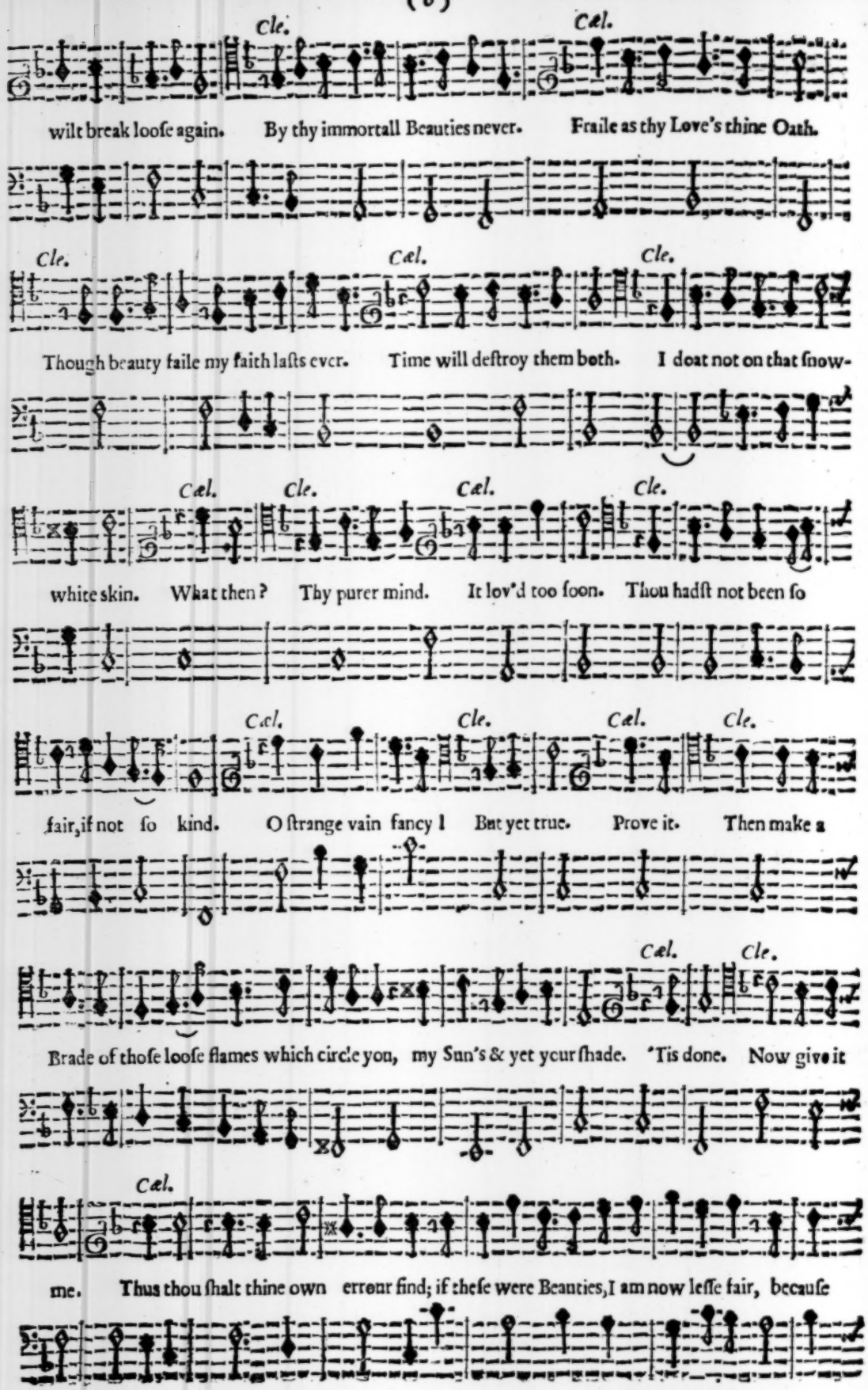
Cælia.

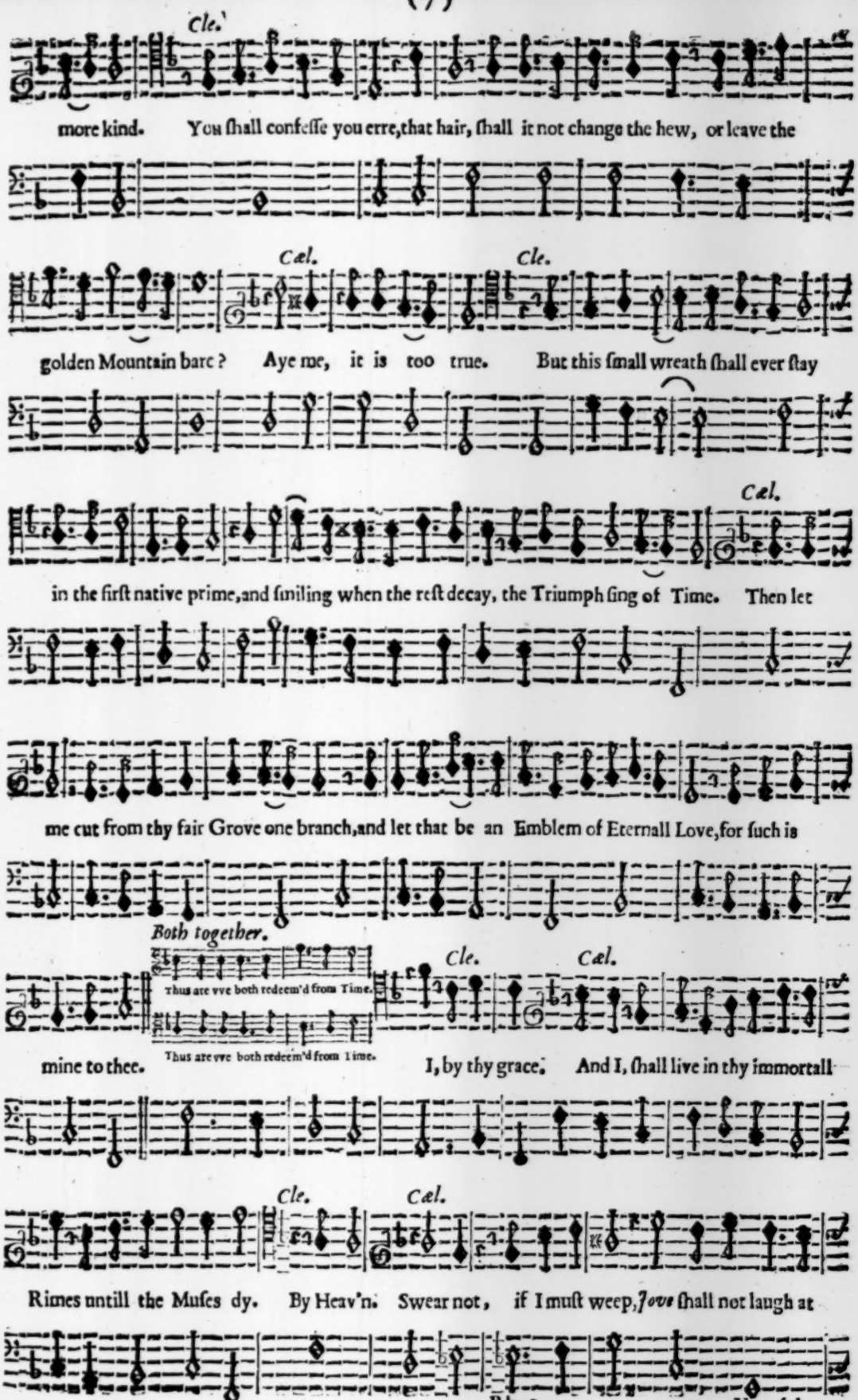
arms & hands, 'till ſuch as thraldome ſcorn, or fear, envy thoſe happy bands. Then thus my willing

arms I wind about thee, and am ſo thy pris'ner, for my ſelfe I bind untill I let thee go.

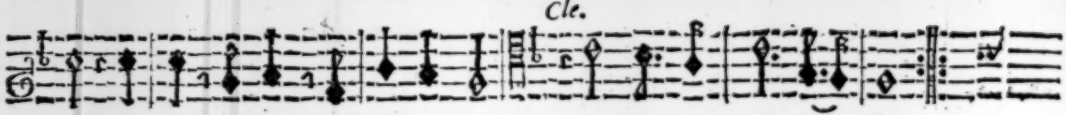
Cle. *Cæl.*

Happy that ſlave whom the fair foe ties in ſo ſoft a chain. Far happier I, but that I know thou

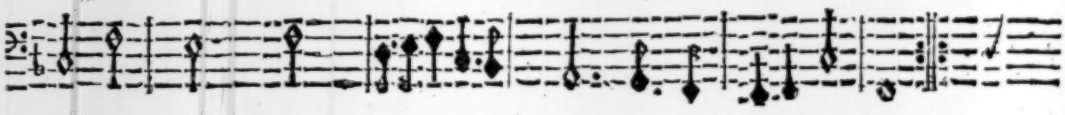

Cle.
Cæl.
wilt break looſe again. By thy immortall Beauties never. Fraile as thy Love's thine Oath.
Cle.
Cæl.
Cle.
Though beauty faile my faith laſts ever. Time will deſtroy them both. I doat not on that ſnow-
Cæl.
Cle.
Cæl.
Cle.
white skin. What then? Thy purer mind. It lov'd too ſoon. Thou hadſt not been ſo
Cæl.
Cle.
Cæl.
Cle.
fair, if not ſo kind. O ſtrange vain fancy! But yet true. Prove it. Then make a
Cæl.
Cle.
Brade of thoſe looſe flames which circle you, my Sun's & yet your ſhade. 'Tis done. Now give it
Cæl.
me. Thus thou ſhalt thine own errour find; if theſe were Beauties, I am now leſſe fair, becauſe


Cle.
more kind. You ſhall confeſſe you erre, that hair, ſhall it not change the hew, or leave the
Cæl.
Cle.
golden Mountain bare? Aye me, it is too true. But this ſmall wreath ſhall ever ſtay
Cæl.
in the firſt native prime, and ſmiling when the reſt decay, the Triumph ſing of Time. Then let
me cut from thy fair Grove one branch, and let that be an Emblem of Eternall Love, for ſuch is
Both together.
Thus are we both redeem'd from Time.
Thus are we both redeem'd from Time.
Cle.
Cæl.
mine to thee. I, by thy grace. And I, ſhall live in thy immortall
Cle.
Cæl.
Rimes untill the Muſes dy. By Heav'n. Swear not, if I muſt weep, Jove ſhall not laugh at

Cle.



me, this kiſſe, my heart, and thy faith keep. This breath's my ſoule to thee.

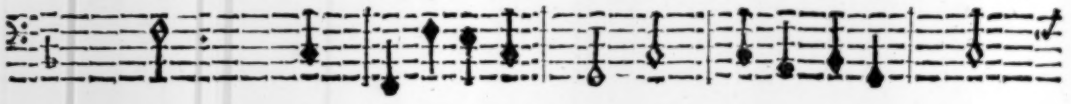


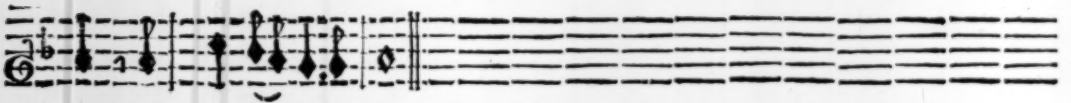
Cho.

Then forth the thicket *Thirſis* ruſht, where he ſaw all the play, the Swain ſtood ſtill, and ſmil'd, and

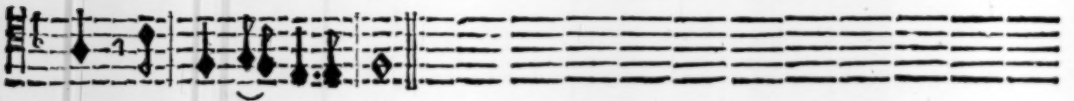
Cho.

Then forth the thicket *Thirſis* ruſht, where he ſaw all the play, the Swain ſtood ſtill, and ſmil'd, and

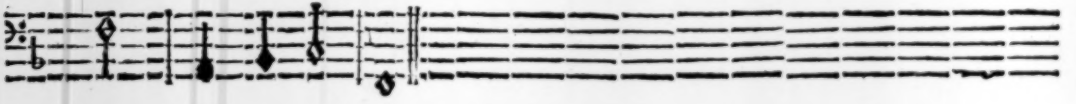


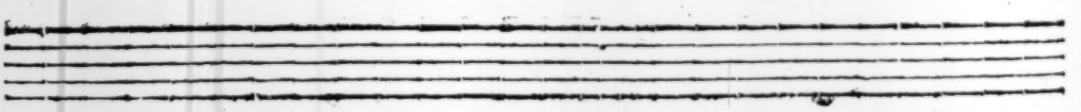


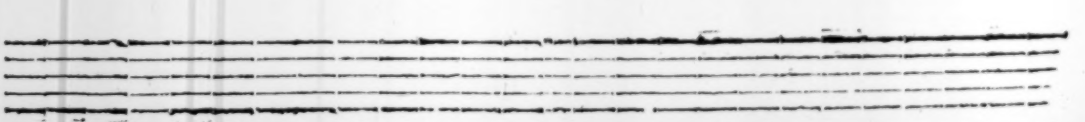
bluſh'd, the Nimph fled faſt a-way.



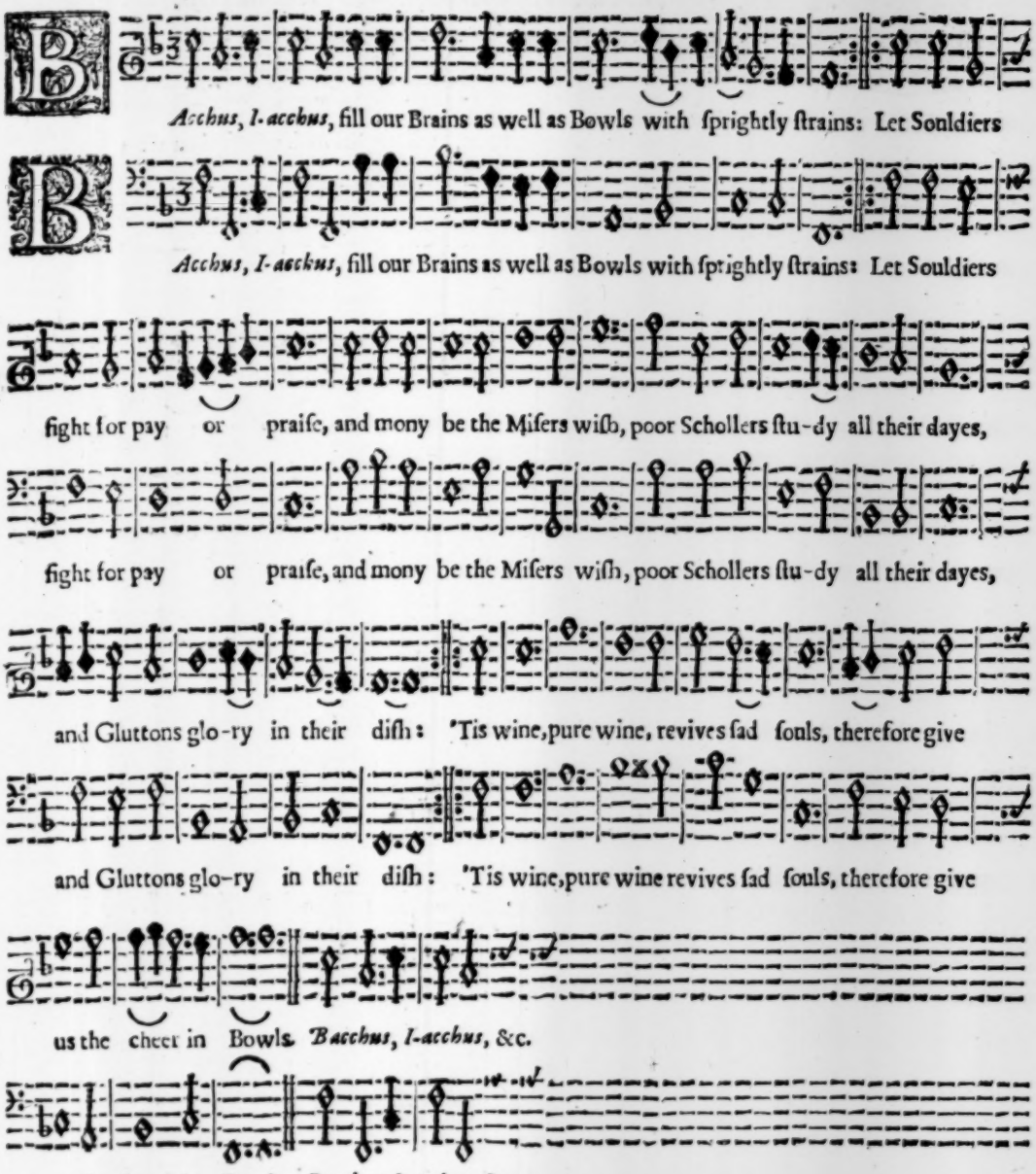
bluſh'd, the Nimph fled faſt a-way.







For one or two Voyces. *A Bacchanall.*



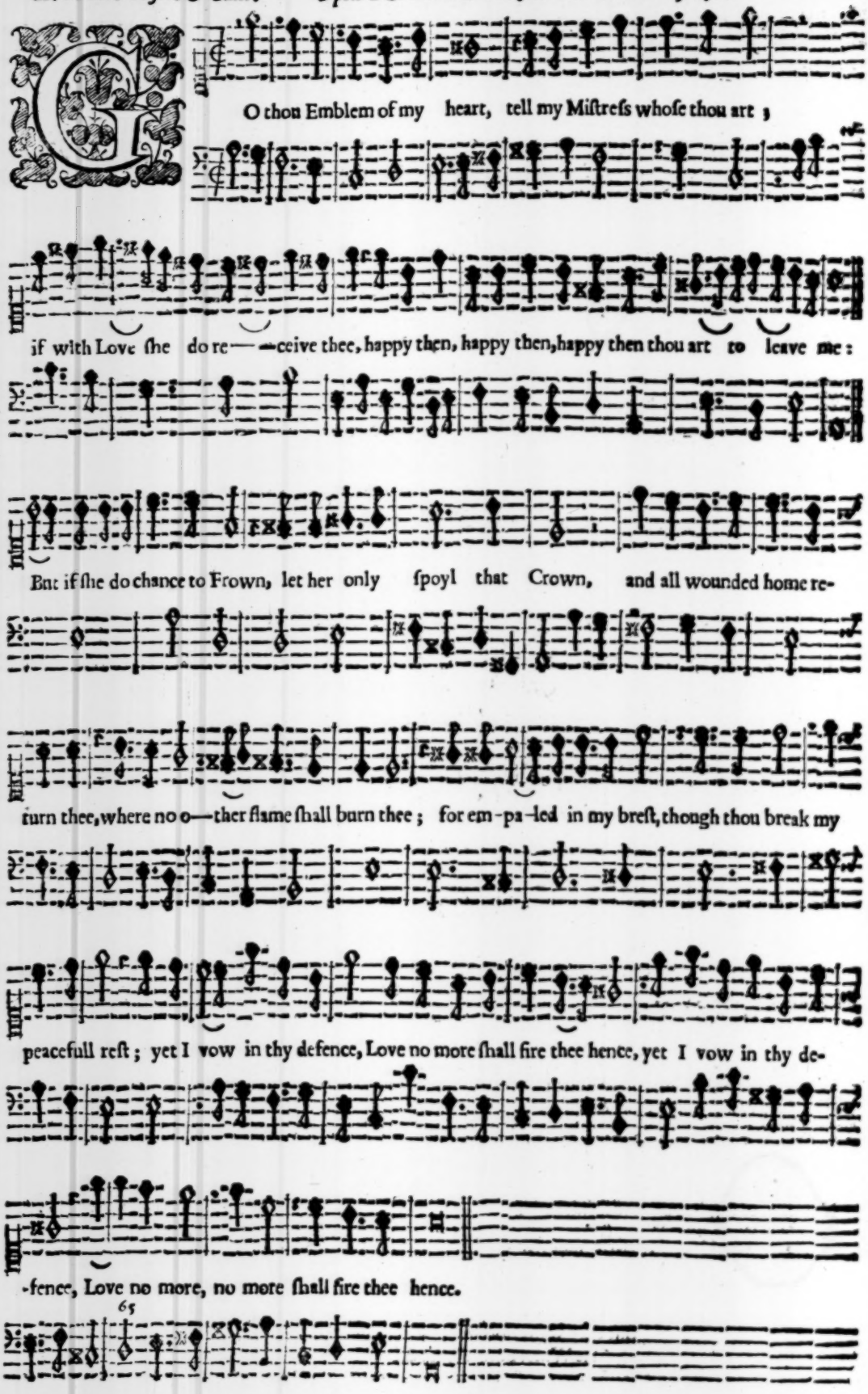
Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.
Let Minions Marſhall ev'ry hair,
Or in a Lovers lock delight,
And Artificiall colours wear,
We have the Native Red and White:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.
Take Pheſant Poults, and calved Sammon,
Or how to pleaſe your pallats think,
Give us a ſalt Weſt-phalia Gammon,
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.
Some have the Ptiſick, ſome the Rhume,
Some have Palſie, ſome the Gout,
Some ſwell with fat, and ſome conſume,
But they are found that drink all out:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.
The backward ſpirit it makes brave,
That forward which before was dull;
Thoſe grow good fellows that were grave,
And kindneſs flows from cups brim full:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.
Some men want Youth, and ſome want health,
Some want a Wife, and ſome a Punke,
Some men want wit, and ſome want wealth,
But they want nothing that are drunke:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.


O thou Emblem of my heart, tell my Miſtreſs whoſe thou art ;
if with Love ſhe do re——ceive thee, happy then, happy then, happy then thou art to leave me :
But if ſhe do chance to Frown, let her only ſpoyl that Crown, and all wounded home re-
turn thee, where no o—ther flame ſhall burn thee ; for em-pa-led in my breſt, though thou break my
peacefull reſt ; yet I vow in thy defence, Love no more ſhall fire thee hence, yet I vow in thy de-
-fence, Love no more, no more ſhall fire thee hence.

BASSUS.

A. 2. Vc. Baſſe & Cant.

O thou Emblem of my heart, tell my Miſtreſs whoſe thou art, if with Love ſhe

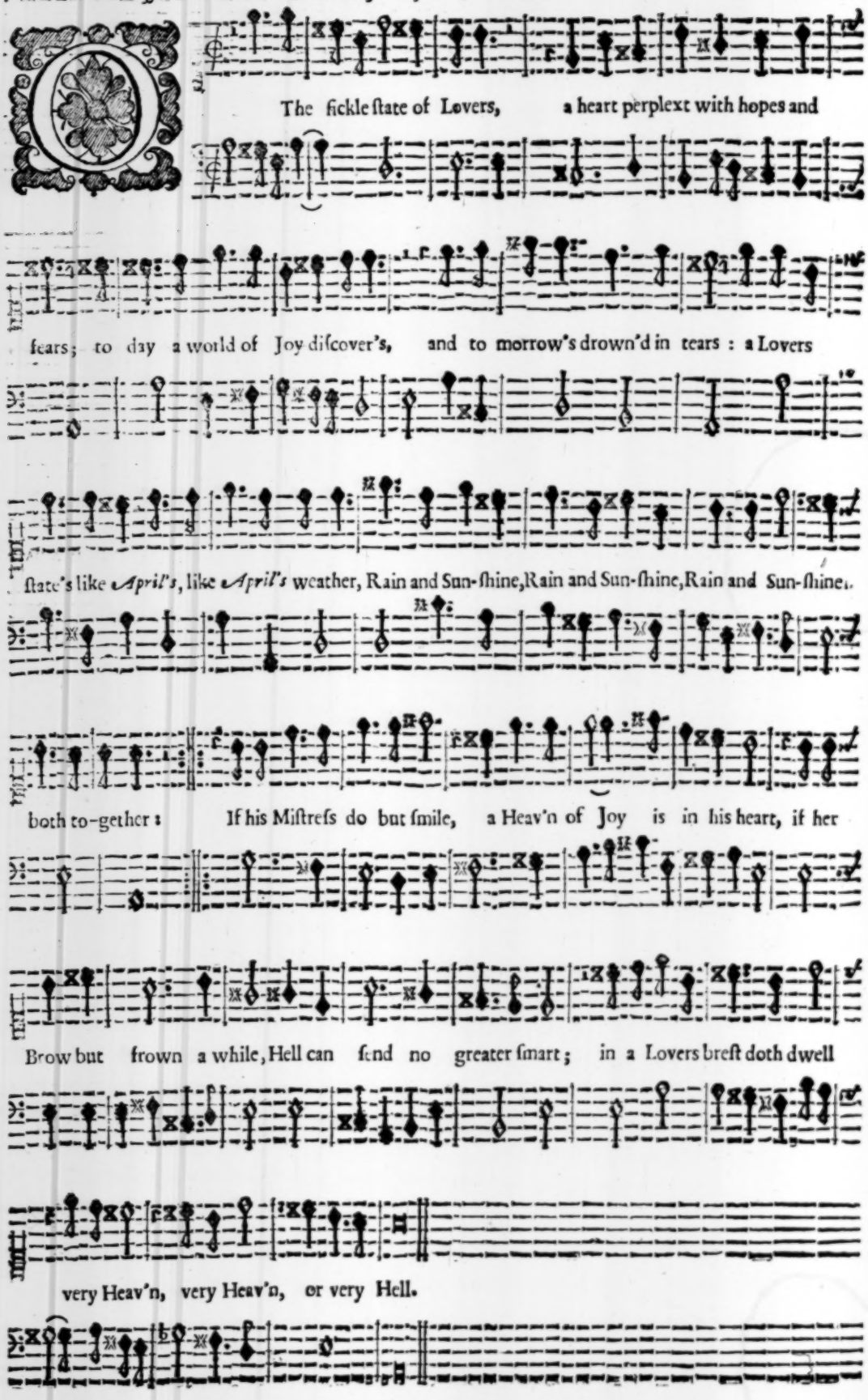
do receive thee, happy then, happy then, happy then thou art to leave me:

But if ſhe do chance to Frown, let her on-ly ſpoil that Crown, and all wounded, and all wounded

home return thee, where no other flame ſhall burn thee; for em-pa-led in my breſt, though thou

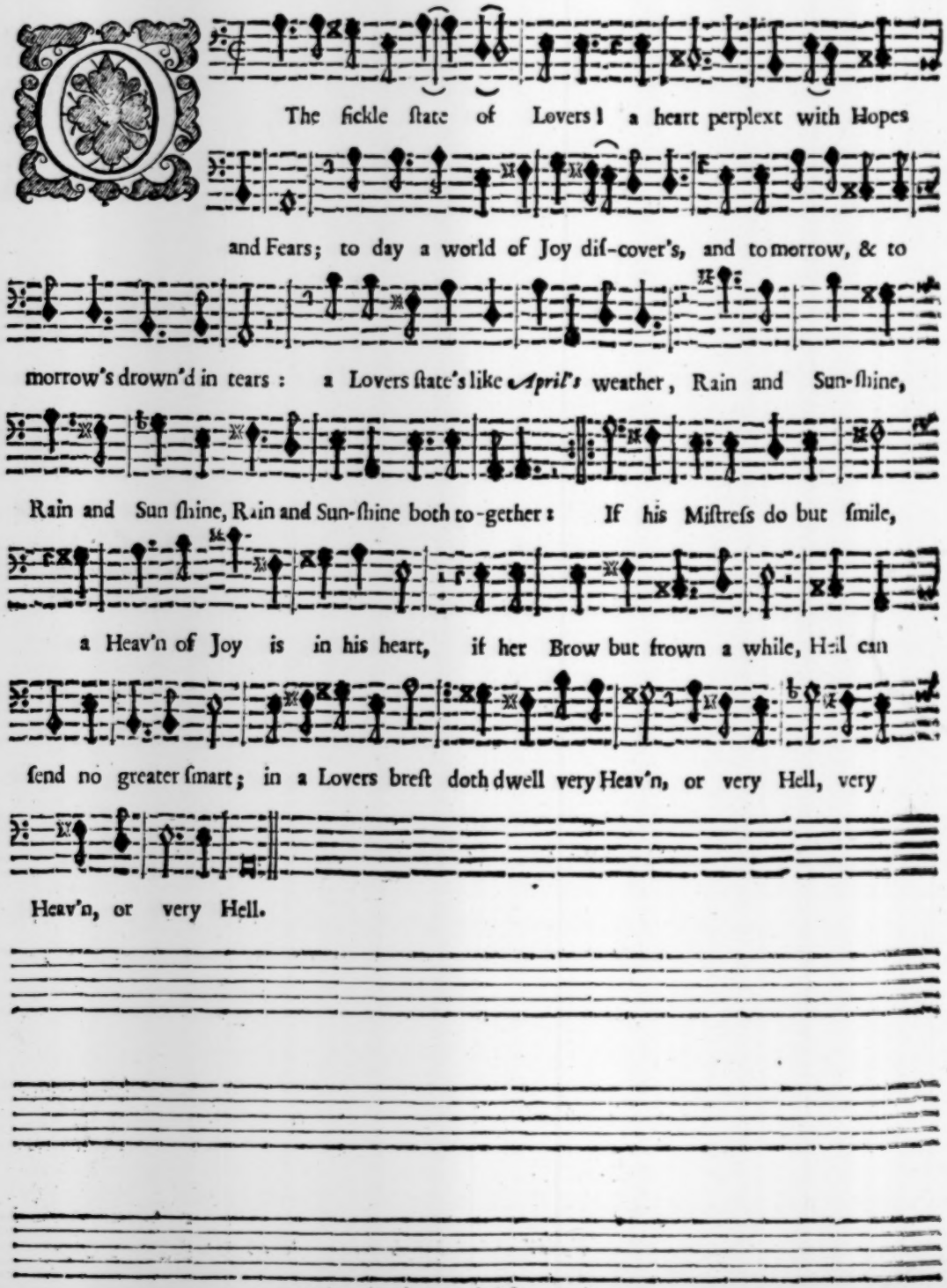
break my peacefull reſt; yet I vow in thy defence, Love no more ſhall fire thee hence, yet I

vow in thy defence, Love no more, no more ſhall fire thee hence.

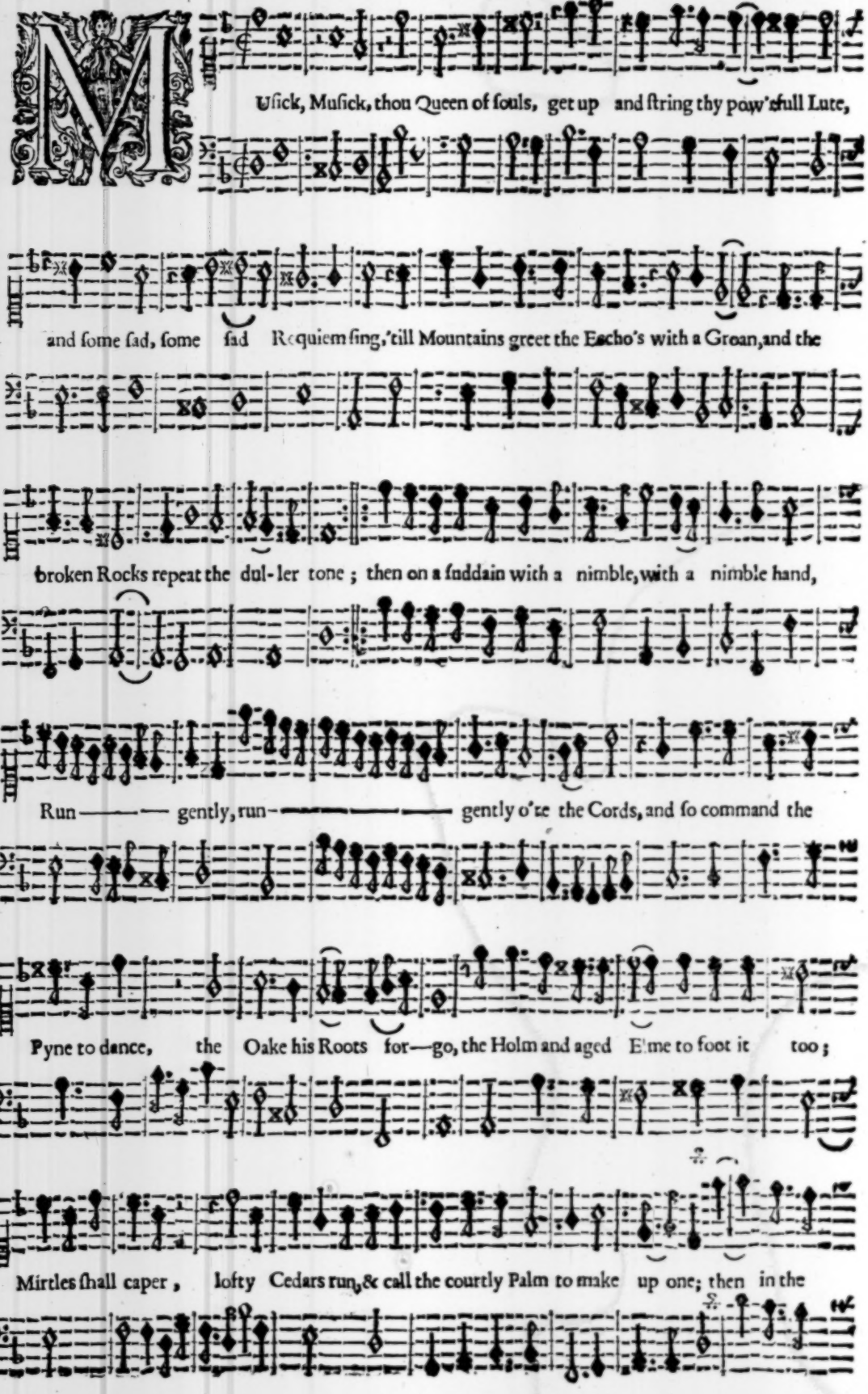

The fickle ſtate of Lovers, a heart perplext with hopes and
fears; to day a world of Joy diſcover's, and to morrow's drown'd in tears : a Lovers
ſtate's like *April's*, like *April's* weather, Rain and Sun-ſhine, Rain and Sun-ſhine, Rain and Sun-ſhine,
both to-gether : If his Miſtreſs do but ſmile, a Heav'n of Joy is in his heart, if her
Brow but frown a while, Hell can ſend no greater ſmart; in a Lovers breſt doth dwell
very Heav'n, very Heav'n, or very Hell.

BASSUS.

A. 2. voc. Baſſe & Cant. *The fickle ſtate of Lovers.*

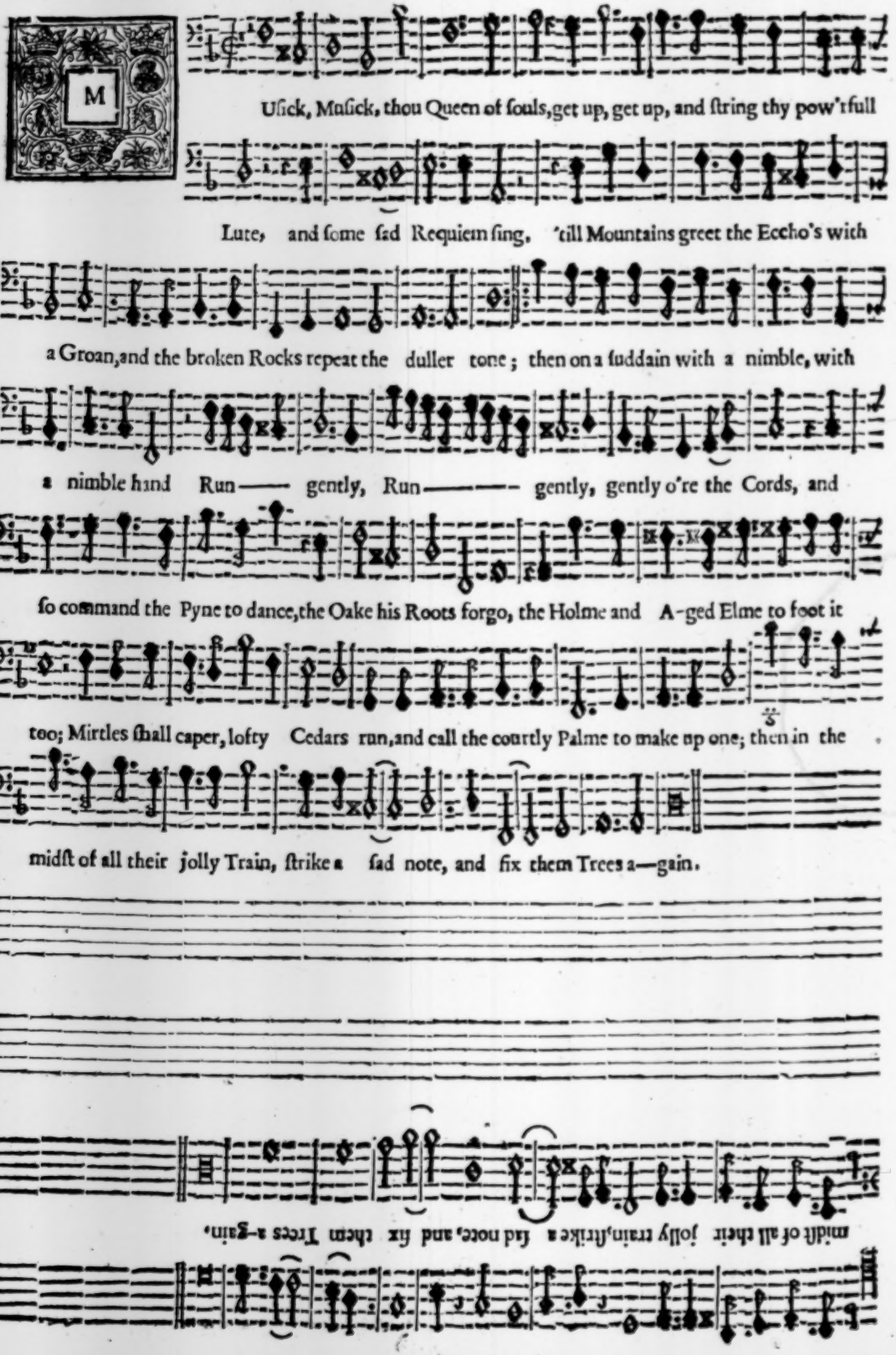


A. 2. Voc. Baſſe. & Cant. *The Power of Muſick.*



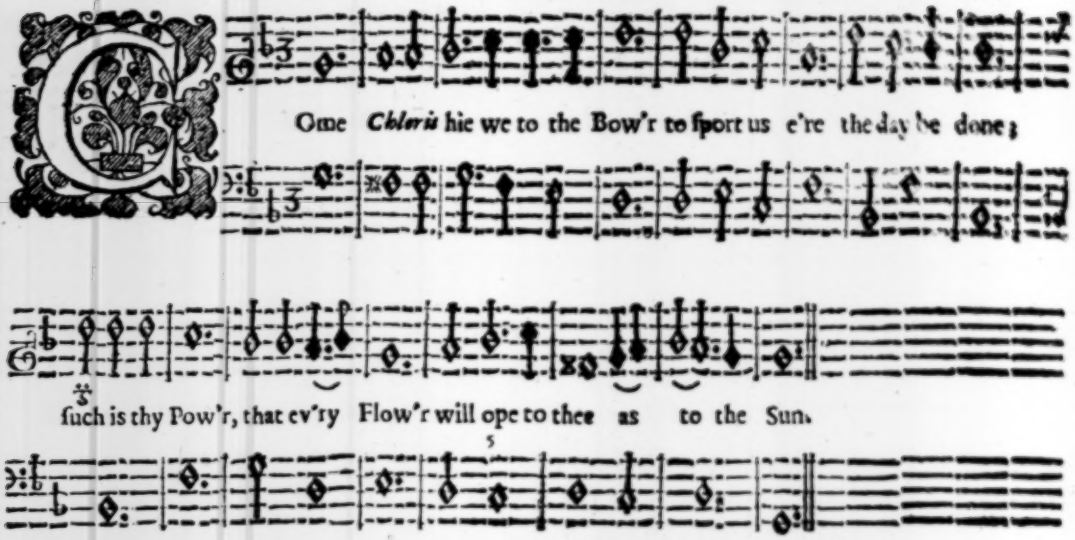
BASSUS.

A. 2. Vbc. Baſſe & Cant.



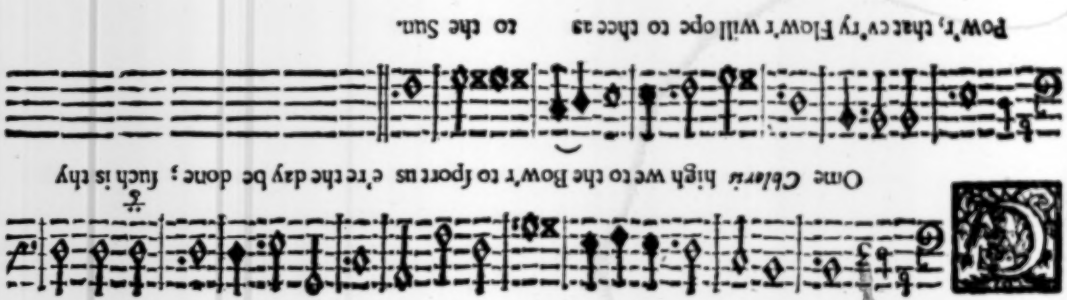
Heere beginneth ſhort Ayres for one, two or three voyces.

Chloris taking the Ayre.



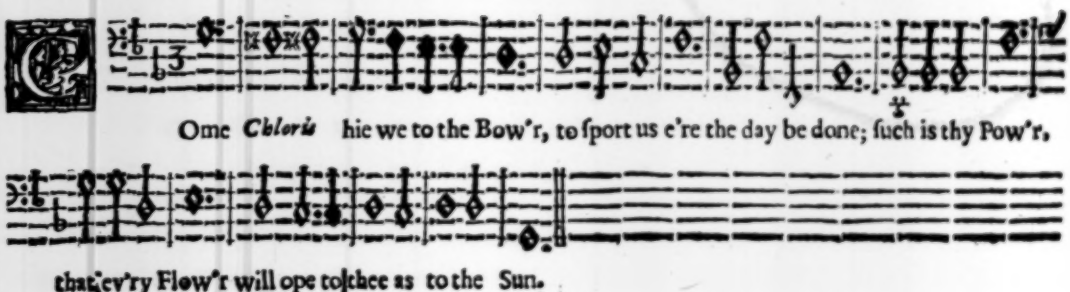
And if a Flow'r but chance to dye
With my ſighs blaſts, or mine eyes raine,
Thou can'ſt revive it with thine Eye,
And with thy breath mak't ſweet again.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine
Will ſtrive for th' honour, who firſt may
With their green Arms incircle thine
To keep the burning Sun away.

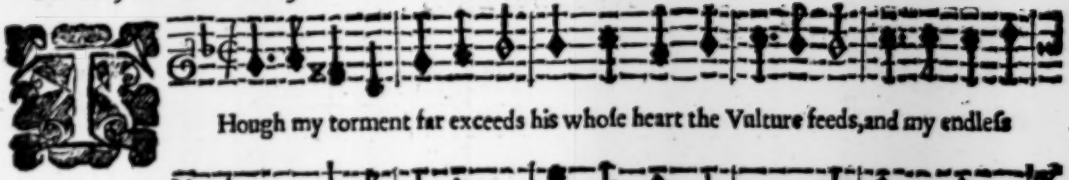


a. 3. voc. Cantus Secundus.

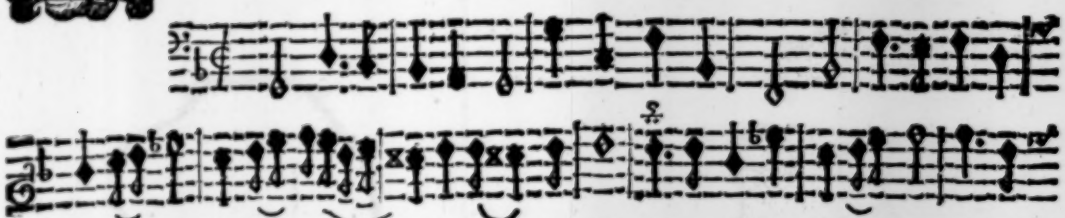
a. 3. voc. Baſſus.



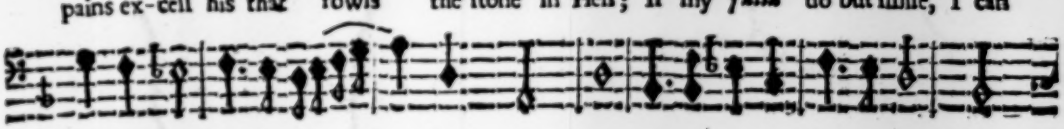
For one, two or three voyces. *A Smile, or Frown.*

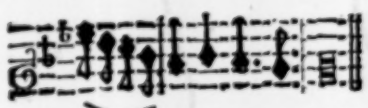


Though my torment far exceeds his whose heart the Vulture feeds, and my endless



pains ex-cell his that rowls the stone in Hell; If my *Julia* do but smile, I can

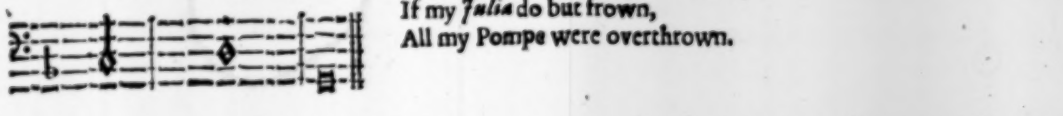




laugh and sing the while.

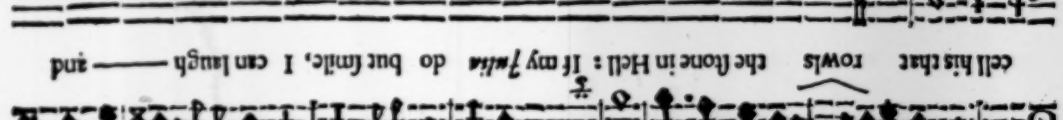
Though my Fortunes greater were
Then the *Macedonians* Heire:
Could I boast of greater glory
Then the *Scithians* Shepheards story?
If my *Julia* do but frown,
All my Pompe were overthrown.

sing the while.

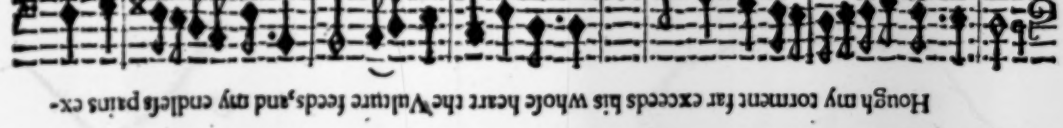


cell his that rowls the stone in Hell: If my *Julia* do but smile, I can laugh —— and

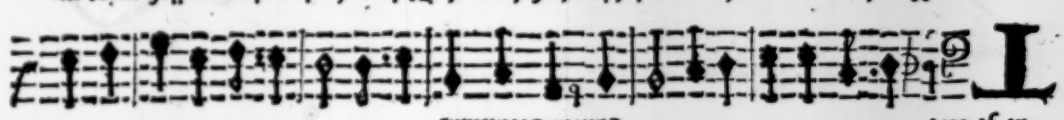
Though my torment far exceeds his whose heart the Vulture feeds, and my endless pains ex-



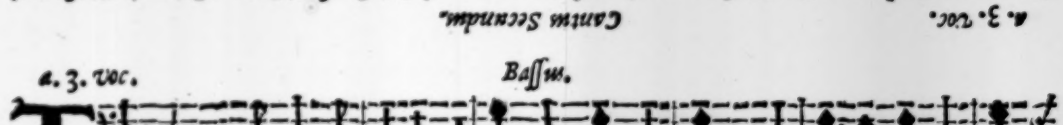
a. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*



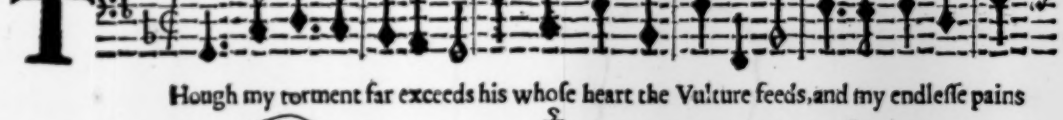
a. 3. voc. *Bassus.*



Though my torment far exceeds his whose heart the Vulture feeds, and my endlesse pains



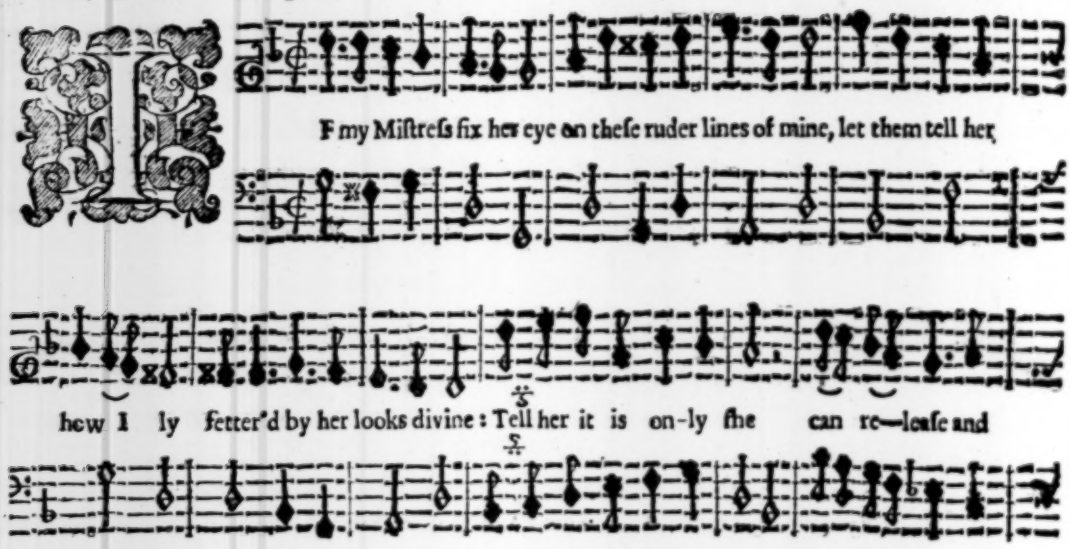
excell his that rowls the stone in Hell: If my *Julia* do but smile, I can laugh and



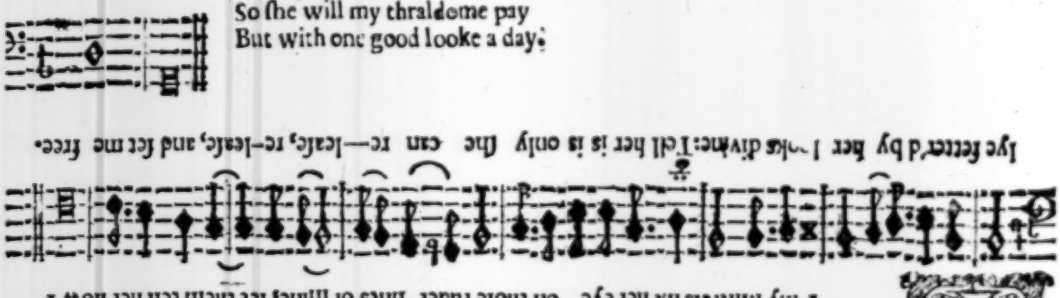
sing the while.

The Captive Lover.

For one, two or three Voyces.

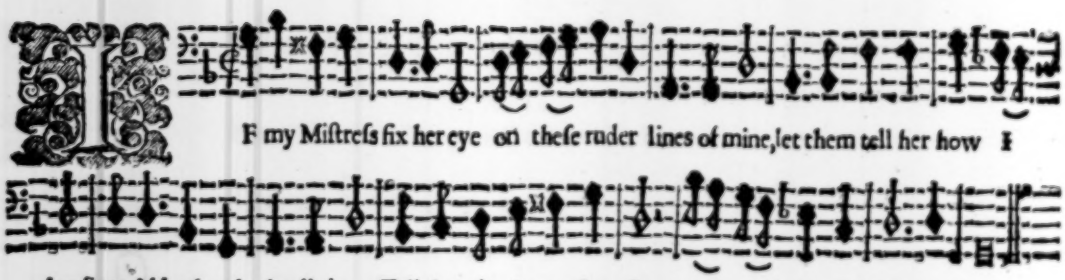


Tell her yet 'tis my deſire
To remain her Captive ſtill;
Neither can I ayme at higher
Hope or Fortune then her Will:
So ſhe will my thraldome pay
But with one good looke a day.

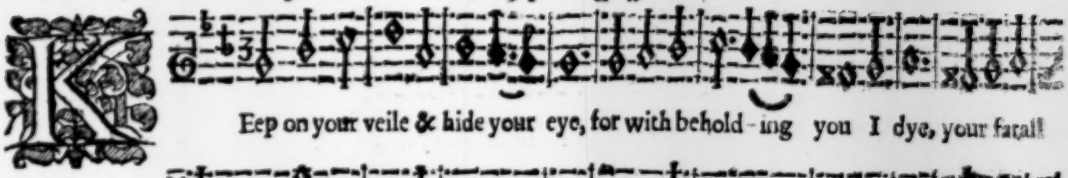


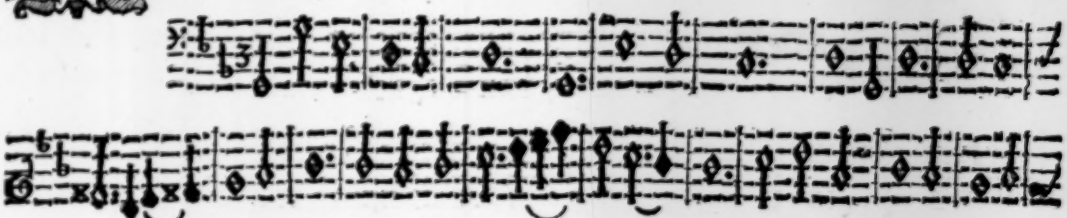
a. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

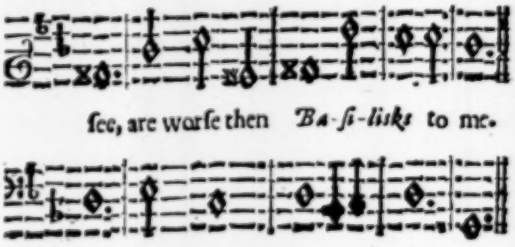
a. 3. voc. *Baſſus.*



For one, two or three voyces. *To a Lady putting off her veile.*

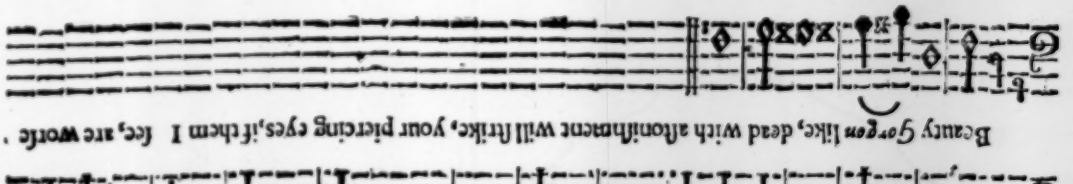


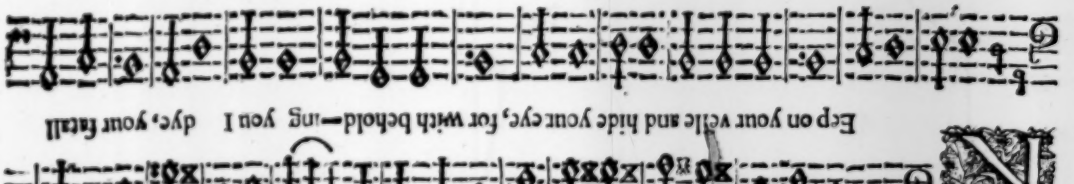


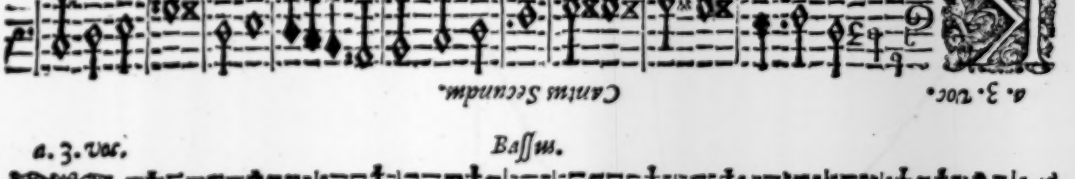


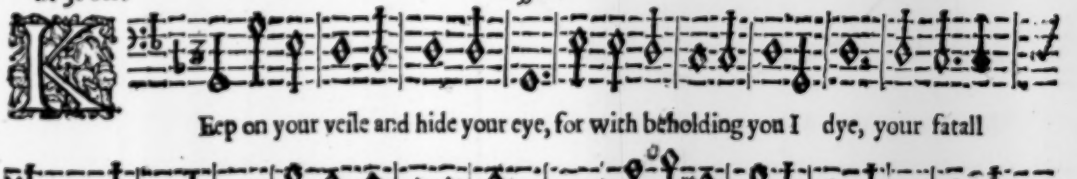
Hide from my ſight thoſe Hills of Snow,
Their melting Vally do not ſhow;
Thoſe Azure paths lead to diſpair,
O vex me not, forbear, forbear;
For while I thus in torments dwell
The ſight of Heav'n is worſe then Hell.

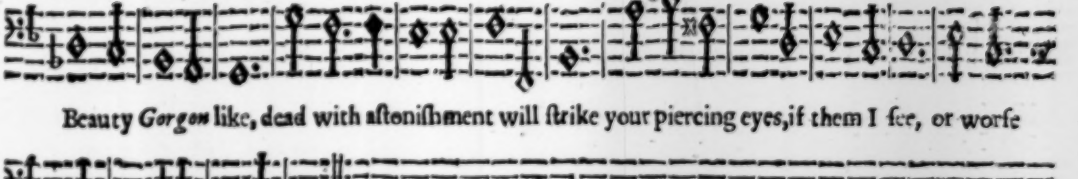
Your dainty voice and warbling breath
Sounds like a ſentence paſt for death,
Your dangling treſſes are become
Like Inſtruments of finall doome;
O if an Angell torture ſo!
When life is done, where ſhall I go?

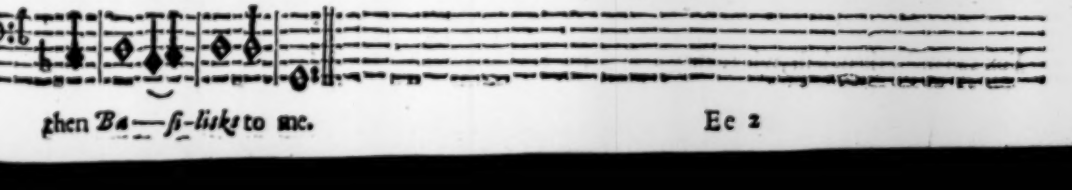




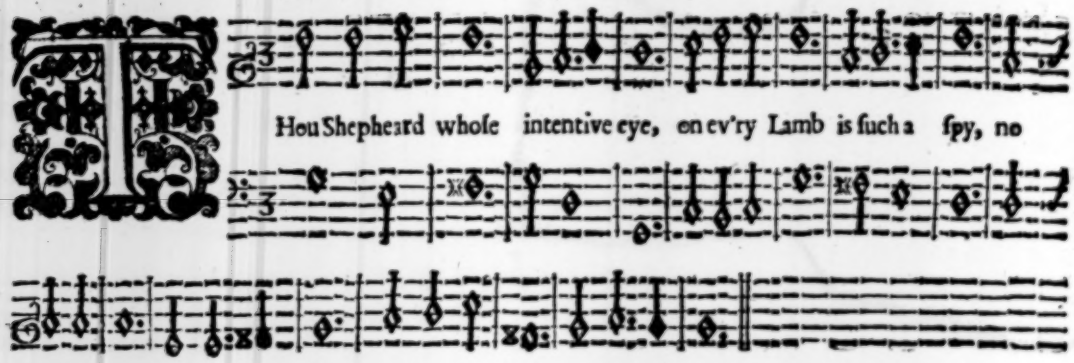








For one, two or three voyces: *In praiſe of his Miſtreſs.*



A little pauſing then ſayd hee,
How can that Jewell ſtray from thee
In Summers heat, in Winters cold,
I thought thy breſt had been her fold?

That is indeed the conſtant place
Wherein my thoughts ſtill ſee her face,
And print her Image in my heart,
But yet my fond eyes crave a part.

With that he ſmiling ſayd, I might
Of Chloris partly have a ſight,
And ſome of her perfections meet
In ev'ry flow'r was freſh and ſweet.

The growing Lilly bears her skin,
The Violet her blew veins within,
The bluſhing Roſe new blown, and ſpread
Her ſweeter cheek, her lips, the red.

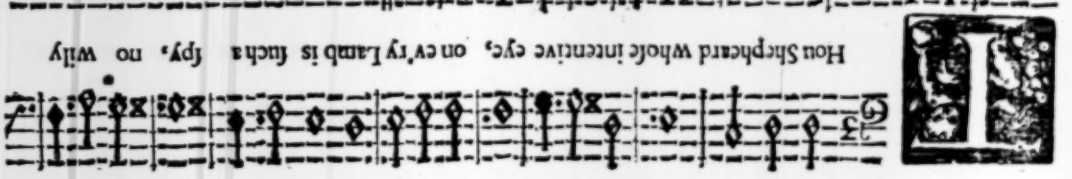
The Winds that wanton with the Spring,
Such Odours as her breathing bring,
But the reſemblance of her eyes
Was never found beneath the skies.

Her charming voyce who ſtrives to hit,
His Object muſt be higher yet;
For Heav'n and Earth, and all we ſee
Diſpierc'd, collected, is but ſhee.

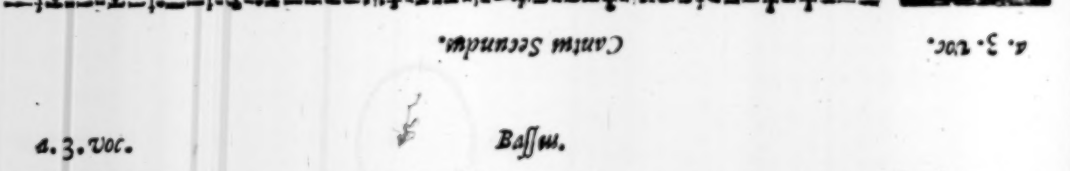
Amaz'd at this diſcourſe, me thought
Love both Ambition in me wrought,
And made me covet to engroſſe
A Wealth would prove a Publick loſſe.

With that I ſigh'd aſham'd to ſee
Such worth in her, ſuch want in mee;
And cloſing both mine eyes, forbid
The World my ſight ſince ſhe was hid.

Fox can make them leſſe, where may I find my Shepheardeſs?

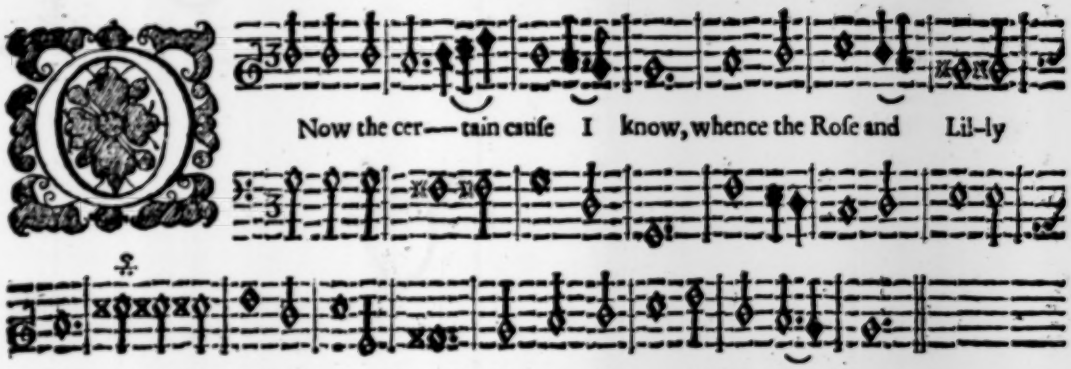


4. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

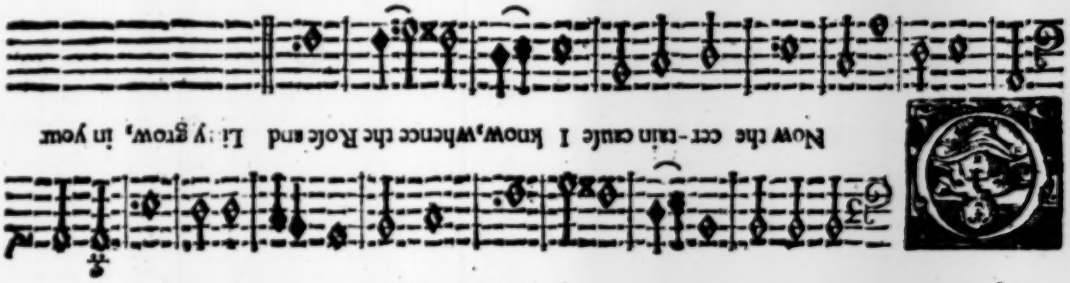


4. 3. voc. *Baſſus.*

For one, two or three Voyces. *To a Lady weeping.*

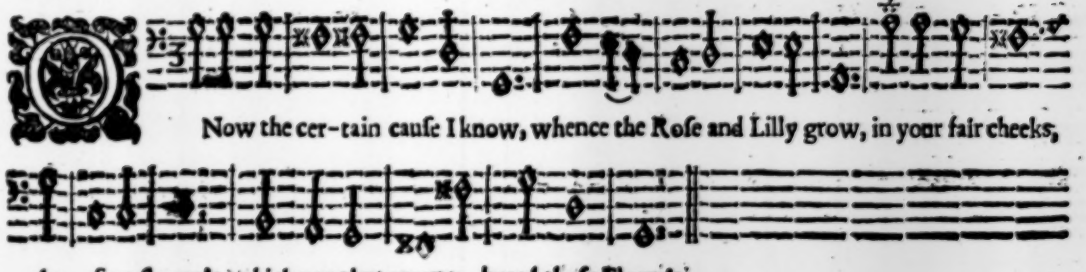


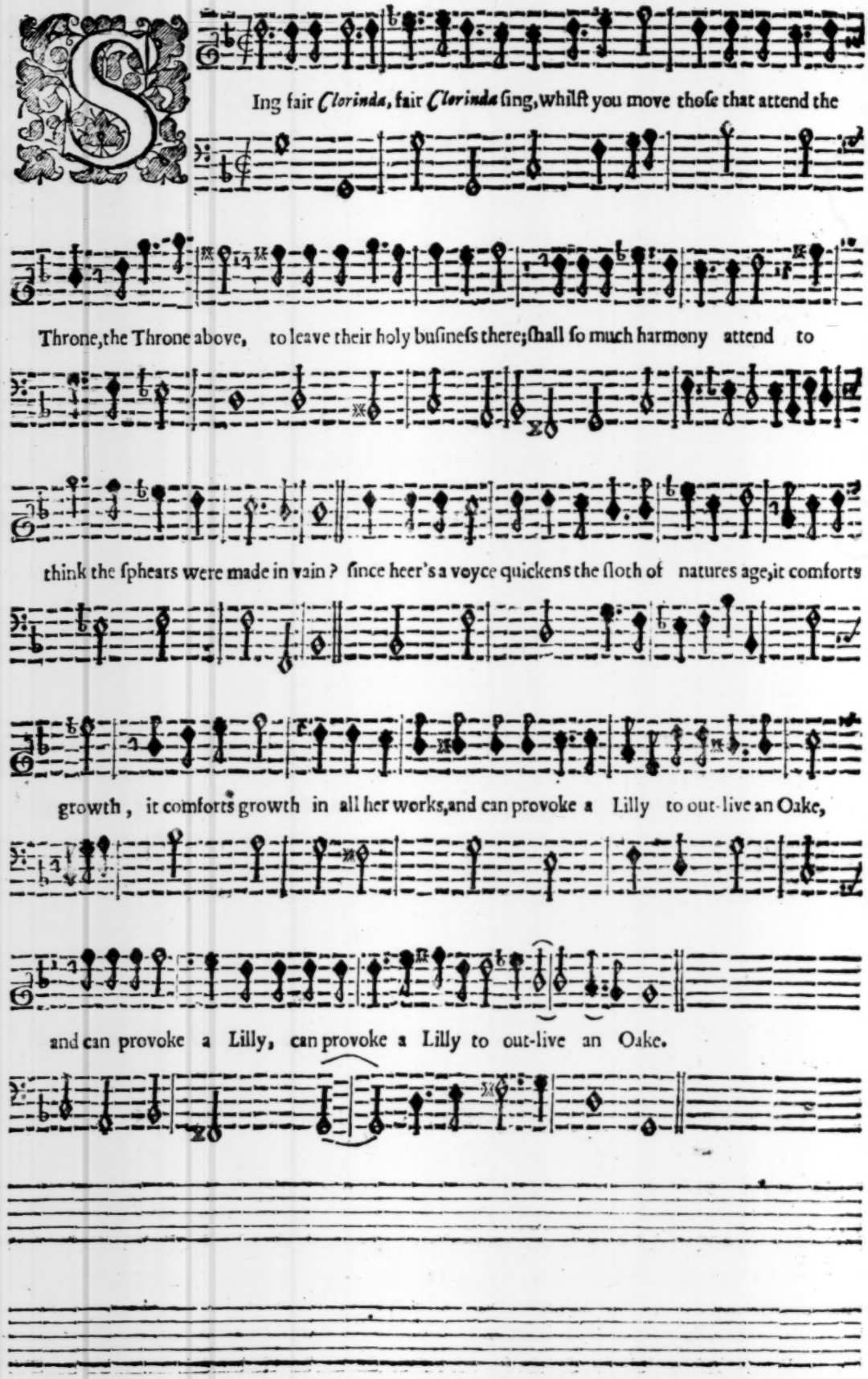
If that the floods could *Venus* bring,
Or warlike *Mars* from Flowers ſpring;
Why may not hence two Gods ariſe?
This from your Cheeks, that from your Eyes.



a. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. voc. *Baſſus.*




Ing fair Clorinda, fair Clorinda ſing, whilſt you move thoſe that attend the
Throne, the Throne above, to leave their holy buſineſs there; ſhall ſo much harmony attend to
think the ſphears were made in vain? ſince heer's a voyce quickens the ſloth of natures age, it comforts
growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,
and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.

Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.

comforts growth, it comforts growth in all her works, & can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a

to think the ſphears were made in vain : Since heer's a voyce quickens the ſloth of natures age, it

to leave their holy buſineſs there till each with his obedient eare ſhall ſo much harmony at-tain,

Ing fair *Clorinda*, ſing, ſing, whilſt you move thoſe that attend the throne above,

a. 3. voc. *Baſſus.* *a. 3. voc.* *Allus.*

Ing fair *Clorin-da*, ſing, ſing, whilſt you move thoſe that attend the throne above,

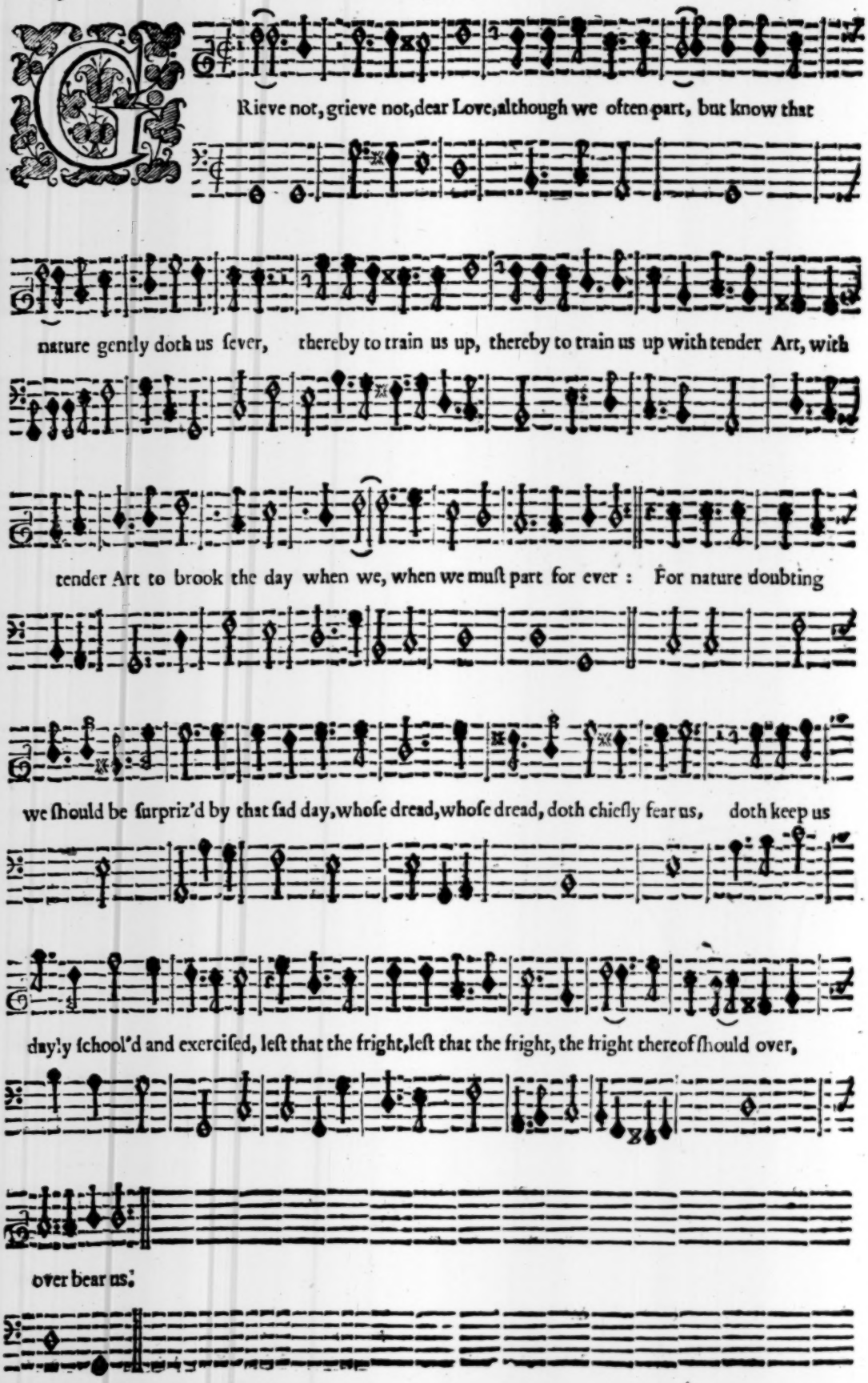
to leave their holy buſineſs there till each with his obedient eare ſhall ſo much harmony at-tain,

to think the ſphears were made in vain : Since heer's a voyce quickens the ſloth of natures age, it

comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can pro-

voke a Lil-ly to out-live an Oake.

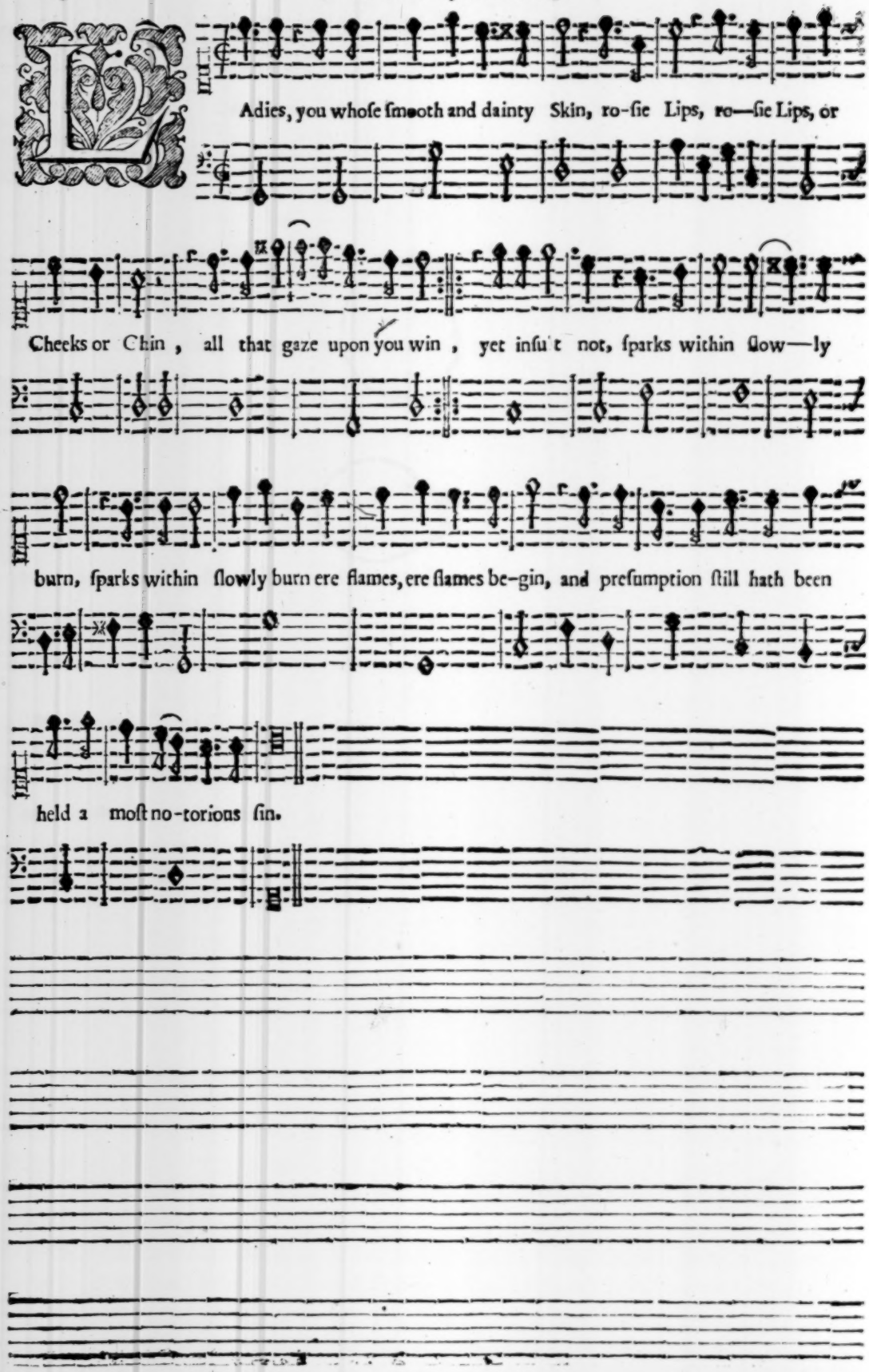
a. 3. Voc. Cantus.



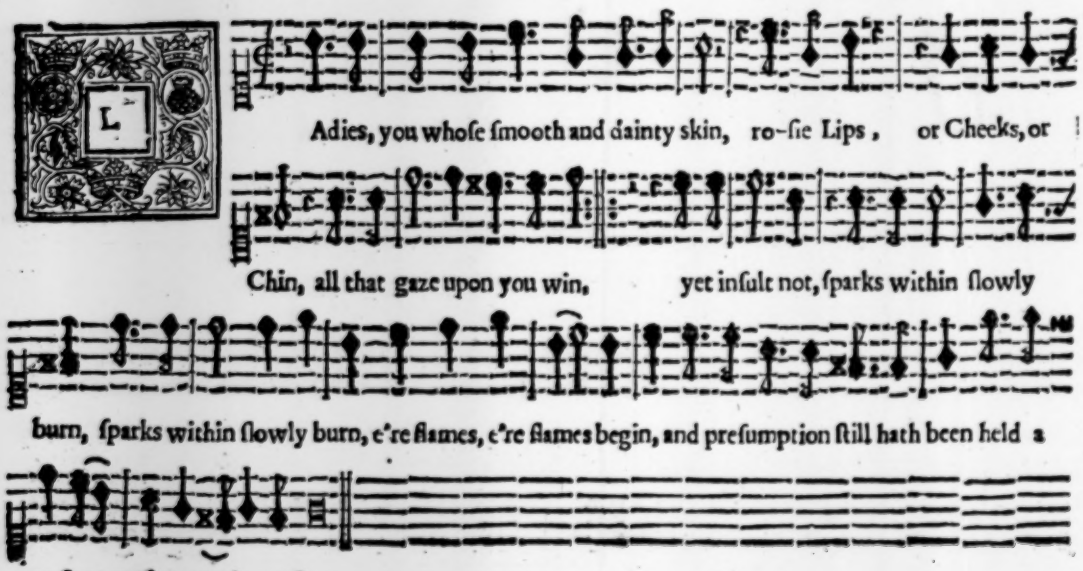
exercised, lest that the fright, lest that, lest that the fright thereof should o-ver bear us,
we should be surpris'd by that sad day, whose dread, doth chiefly fear us, doth keep us day-ly school'd &
to train us up, with tender Art, to brook the day when we must part for ever: For nature doubting
doth us sever, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up,
Rieve not, grieve not dear Love, although we often part, but know that nature gently
Bassus.
a. 3. voc.

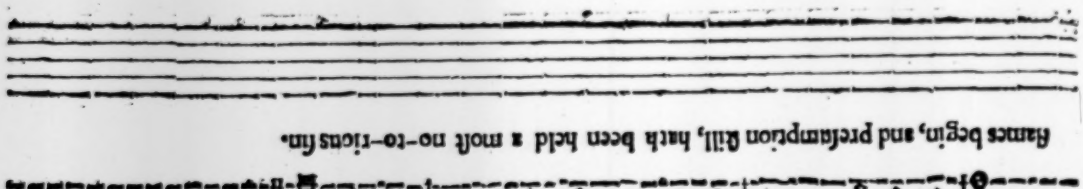
a. 3. voc.
Altus.
Rieve not, grieve not dear Love, although we of—ten part, but know that nature, know
that nature gently doth us sever, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up
ture—der Art to brook the day when we must part for ever: For nature doubting we should
be surpriz'd by that sad day, whole dread, doth chiefly fear us, doth keep us day—ly school'd and
exercised, lest that the fright, lest that the fright thereof should o—ver bear us.

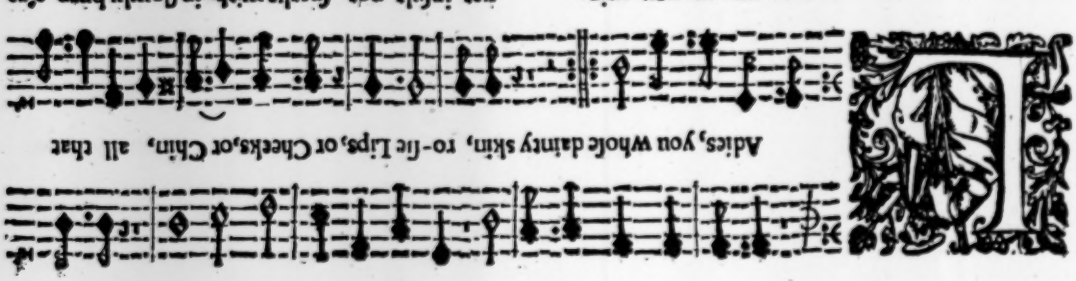
a. 3. Voc. *A caution to faire Ladies.*



a. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

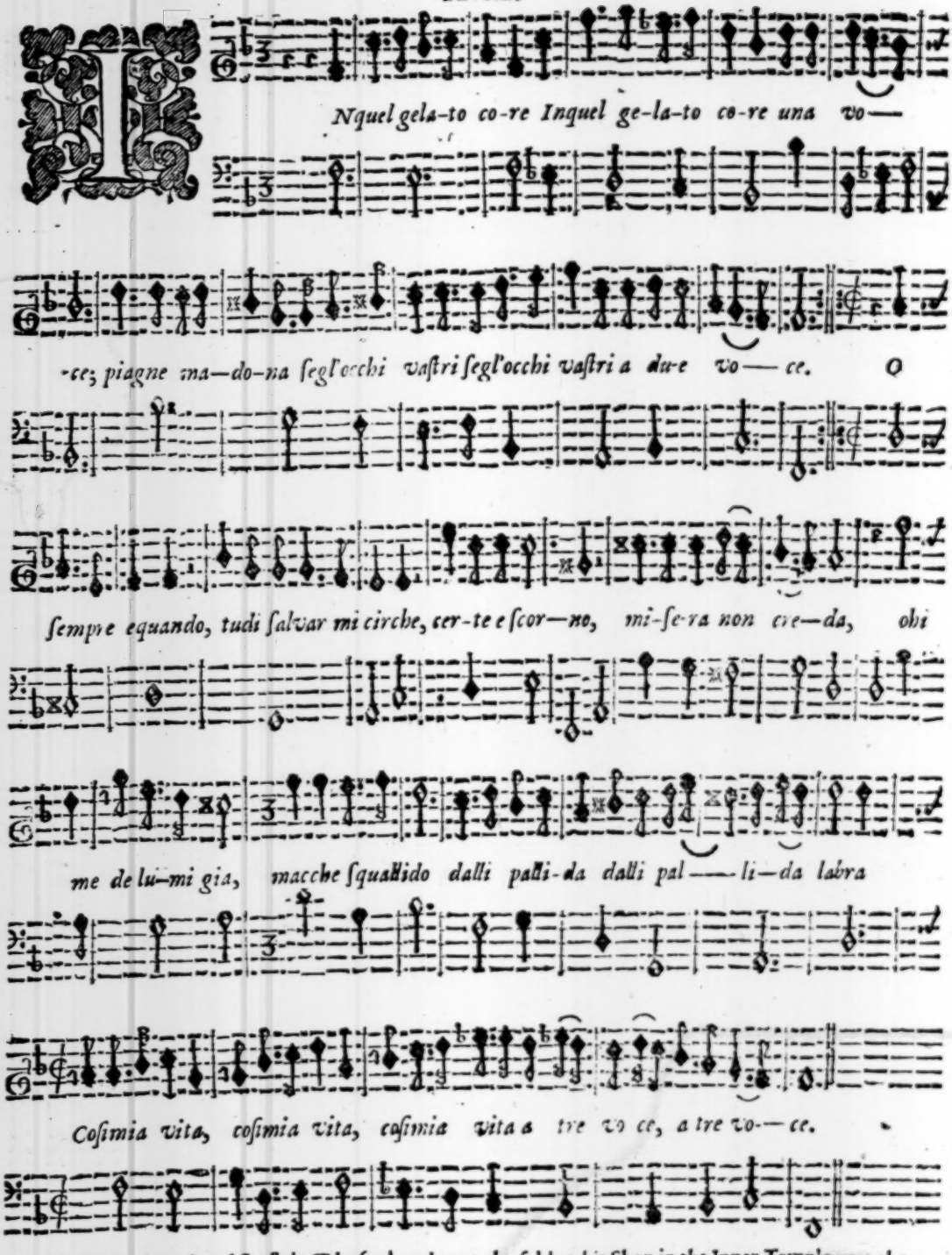






a. 3. voc. *Baſſus.*

Tavola.



Muſick Books Printed for *John Playford*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in the Inner Temple near the Church Doore.

The firſt Set of Pſalms for three Voyces, with a Thorough Baſſe for the *Organ*, or *Theorbo Lute*, Compoſed by Mr. *William Child*, late *Organiſt* of *Windſor*, the which are Engraven upon *Copper*.

Select Muſicall Ayres and Dialogues in fol. for 1. 2. and 3. Voyces, Compoſed by Dr. *John Wilſon*, Dr. *Charles Colman*, Mr. *Henry Lawes*, Mr. *Nich. Lanear*, Mr. *William Caſar*, and others, newly re-printed with Large Additions.

Muſicks Recreation, or a choice Collection of Excellent Leſſons for the *Lyra Viol*, containing 117. Leſſons, Compoſed to ſeverall new Tunings, by the moſt Eminent Maſters now living. Alſo Dr *Campian's* Book of Ayres, for 2. 3 and 4. Voyces.

The firſt Book of Ayres and Dialogues in fol. for 1. 2. and 3. Voyces, by Mr. *Henry Lawes*.

Catch that Catch can, or an new Collection of *Catches*, *Rounds*, and *Canons*, containing 150. Publiſhed by Mr. *John Hilton* Batchelor in Muſick.

Orlando Gibbons 3. Part Fantazies, for 2. Trebles and a Baſſe engraven upon Copper.

Mr. *Michael Eaſtor*. *Set of Fantazes* for the *Viols* of 2. 3. and 4. Parts.

The Dancing Maſter, or plain and eaſie Rules for the Dancing of *Country Dances*, with the *Tunes* before each Dance to play on the *Treble Violin*, containing 212 Dances.

A New Book of Leſſons with Inſtructions for the *Cithern* and *Gittern*.

Alſo all ſorts of Rul'd Paper and Ruled Books ready bound up, are ſold at his Shop.

FINIS.

THE SECOND BOOK

OF

AYRES,

AND

DIALOGUES,

For One, Two, and Three Voyces.

BY

HENRY LAWES Servant to his late Ma:tie in his publick and private Musick.

W. Faithorne fecit

LONDON,
Printed by T. H. for Jo. Playford, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in the Inner Temple, 16[illegible]

To the Honourable, the Lady *DERING*,

VVife to

Sir *Edward Dering* of *Surenden Dering*,

BARONET.

MADAM,

Have consider'd, but could not find it lay in my power to offer this Book to any but to your Ladiſhip. *Not only in regard of that honour and eſteem you have for* Muſick, *but becauſe thoſe Songs which fill this Book have receiv'd much luſtre by your excellent performance of them; and (which I confeſſe I rejoice to ſpeak of) ſome which I eſteem the beſt of theſe* Ayres, *were of your own* Compoſition, *after your Noble Husband was pleaſed to give the* Words. *For (altbough your* Ladiſhip *reſolv'd to keep it private) I beg leave to declare, for my own honour, that you are not only excellent for the time you ſpent in the practiſe of what I* Set, *but are your ſelf ſo good a* Compoſer, *that few of any ſex have arriv'd to ſuch perfection. So as this Book (at leaſt a part of it) is not Dedicated, but only brought home to your* Ladiſhip. *And here I would ſay (could I doe it without ſadneſs) how precious to my thoughts is the memory of your excellent* Mother *(that great example of Prudence and Charity) whoſe pious Meditations were often advanced by hearing your Voyce. I wiſh all proſperity to your* Ladiſhip, *and to him who (like your ſelfe) is made up of* Harmony, *to ſay nothing of the reſt of his high Accompliſhments of Wiſdome and Learning. May you both live long happy in each other's, when I am become Aſhes, who while I am in this world ſhall be ever found,*

Madam,

Your Ladiſhips humble Admirer and

faithfull Servant,

HENRY LAWES.

IN my former you saw what Temptations I had to publish my *Compositions:* and now I had not repeated that Error (if it prove to be one) but upon the same grounds, back'd with a promise I made to the World. Though the civill Reception my last Book found were sufficient invitation, for which I gladly here offer my Thanks; especially to those worthy and gratefull Strangers, who are far more candid and equall in their Censure, than some new Judges of our own Country, who (in spite of their Starrs) will sit and pronounce upon things they understand not. But this is the Fate of all mankind, to be render'd less at home then abroad. For my part I can say (and there are will beleeve me) that if any man have low thoughts of mee hee is of my opinion. Yet the way of *Composition* I chiefly profess (which is to shape *Notes* to the *words* and *Sense*) is not hit by too many: and I have been often sad to observe some (otherwise able) Musitians guilty of such lapses and mistakes this way. And possibly this is it makes many of us hear so ill abroad; which works a Beleefe amongst our selves, that *English words will not run well in Musick*: this I have sayd and must ever avow, is one of the Errors of this Generation. I confesse I could wish that some of our words could spare a *Consonant* (which must not be stirr'd, for fear of removing those *Landmarks* in *spelling* which tell their *Original*;) but those are very few, and seldome occur; and when they do, are manageable enough by giving each Syllable it's particular humour; provided the breath of the *sense* bee observed. And (I speak it freely once for all) that if *English* words which are fitted for Song do not run smooth enough, tis the fault either of the *Composer* or *Singer*. Our *English* is so stor'd with plenty of *Monosyllables* (which like small stones fill up the chinks) that it hath great priviledge over divers of its Neighbours, and in some particulars (with reverence be it spoken) above the very *Latin*, which Language we find overcharg'd with the letter *S*, especially in *his* and such hissing *Terminations*. But our new *Criticks* lodge not the fault in our words only; tis the *Artist* they tax as a man unspirited for forraign delights: which vanity so spreads, that those our productions they please to like, must be born beyond the *Alpes*, and fathered upon strangers. And this is so notorious, that not long since some yong Gentlemen, who were not untraveld, hearing some Songs I had set to *Italian words* (publickly sung by *excellent Voyces*) concluded those *Songs* were begotten in *Italy*, and said (too loud) *they would faine heare such Songs to bee made by an English man*. Had they layd their Sceane a little nearer home, there had beene more colour; for a short *Ayre* of mine (neare 20 yeares old) was lately reviv'd in our neighbour Nation, and publikely Sung to words of their owne as a new borne peece, without alteration of any one Note. 'Tis the *Ayre* to those words, *Old Poets Hypocrene admire*, &c. a sorry Trifle (a man would thinke) to be raised from the dead after 18 yeares buriall. But (to meet with this humour of *lusting after Novelties*) a friend of mine told some of that company, that a rare new booke was come from *Italy*, which taught the reason why an *Eighth* was the sweetest of all Notes in *Musick*; *because* (said he) *Jubal who was Founder of Musick was the Eighth man from Adam*; and this went downe as currant as my songs came from *Italy*. I beg your pardon for instancing such particulars. But there are knowing persons, who have beene long bred in those worthily admired parts of *Europe*, who ascribe more to us than wee to our selves; and able Musicians returning from Travaile doe wonder to see us so thirsty after Forraigners. For they can tell us (if wee knew it not) that Musick is the same in *England* as in *Italy*; the *Concords* and *Discords*, the *Passions*, *Spirits*, *Majesty*, and *Humours*, are all the same they are in *England*; their maner of *Composing* is sufficiently knowne to us, their best *Compositions* being brought over hither by those who are able enough to choose. But wee must not here expect to find Musick at the highest, when all Arts and Sciences are at so low an ebbe. As for my selfe although I have lost my Fortunes with my *Master* (of ever blessed memory) I am not so low to bow for a subsistence to the follies of this Age; and to humor such as wil seem to understand our Art, better then we that have spent our lives in it; If any thing here bring you benefit, or delight, I have my design. I have Printed the Greek in a Roman Character, for the ease of Musitians of both Sexes. Farewell. *H. L.*

To the much honoured, Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, On his Excellent Compositions in Musick.

NAture which is the vast Creation's Soule,
That steady curious Agent in the whole,
The Art of Heav'n, the Order of this Frame,
Is only Musick *in another name:*
And as some King *conquering what was his own,*
Hath choice of severall Titles to his Crown;
So Harmony *on this score now, That, then,*
Yet still it all that takes and governs Men.
Beauty *is but* Composure; *and we find*
Content *is but the* Concord *of the mind;*
Friendship *the* Unison *of well tun'd Hearts;*
Honour's the Chorus *of the noblest parts:*
And all the World on which we can reflect,
Musick *to the* Ear, *or to the* Intellect.
If then each Man a little world must be,
How many worlds are copy'd out in thee?
Who art so richly furnish'd, so compleat,
T' Epitomize all that is Good or Great;
Whose Starrs this brave advantage did impart,
Thy Nature's *as* Harmonious *as thy* Art:
Thou dost above the Poets *Prayses live,*
Who fetch from Thee th' Eternity they give;
And as true Reason *triumph's over* Sense,
Yet is subjected to Intelligence;
So Poets *on the lower World look down,*
But Lawes *on them, his height is all his own:*
For (like Divinity *it selfe) his Lyre*
Reward's the wit it did at first inspire:
And thus by double right Poets allow
Their and His Lawrells to adorn his brow.
Live then (Great Soul of Nature) to asswage
The savage dulness of this sullen Age;
Charm us to sense; and though Experience fail,
And Reason too, thy Numbers may prevail.
Then (like those Ancients) strike, and so command
All Nature to obey thy generous hand:
None can resist, but such who needs will be
More stupid than a Fish, *a* Stone, *a* Tree:
Be it thy care our Age to new create,
What built a World, may sure repair a State.

KATHARINE PHILIPS.

To her most honoured Master, Mr. Henry Lavves, On his Second Book of *Ayres*.

O stop my Muse, Censure objects
That I by this forget my Sex
But Silence (even in me) were rude
when it implies Ingratitude:
Shall I from Lavves *his Magazin*
Harmonious Raptures steal unseen?
If I have Art, it is from Thee:
Others do teach, but (to be free)
Experience told me thou art best,
For I have learn'd of all the rest
That Fame call's Masters, and have cause
To sacrifice to none but Lavves.
'Twere weakness to suppose my breath
Could thy rich Ayres preserve from death;
That Power is thine alone, the Press
Make's happy our unhappiness.
Thy works in Print we need not fear
will feel Mortality; the Ear
Judicious, ravisht, will admire
Thy Chords *when thou art in Heav'ns Quire.*

He that want's Phansie need's no further look,
Ther's store to treasure any in this Book:
To speak thy Noble skill is such a Theam
would thaw a frozen Wit into a stream.
Thy spotless Heart the cozen'd World may see
Hath plotted nought these times but Harmony;
Discord ne'r reach't thy Breast, the God of Love
Has kept thy soul in tune like those above.
And now thou marchest forth, when wars are fled,
To metamorphose Griefe and Hearts of Lead;
To mould our Chaos, *and retune our* Sphear,
To rank and file our Hearts as once they were:
For Musick *these Felicities hath found;*
Then say how much we all to Lavves *are bound,*
That here present's us with such Gifts as these,
You'l think they were (not his) dropt from the skies;
But all's his own: let Criticks search and scan,
They'l find this Book the Mind's Physitian.

Mary Kilvert.

To my beloved Friend and Fellow, Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, On his Book of *Ayres*.

OW I have view'd this Book of thine,
And find sweet Language, Notes more fine,
And see thy Fugues *wrought in the Chime,*
Thy weaving far excel's the Rhyme;
And still thy choice of lines are good,
Not like to those who get their food
As Beggars Raggs from Dunghills take,
(Such as comes next) ill Songs to make;
who by a Witty blind pretense
Take Words that creep half way to sense;
Hippocrates *or* Galen's *feet,*
And sing them too with Notes as meet;
Songs as all th' way to Gam ut *tend,*
But in F Fa ut *make an end;*
With killing Notes, which ever must
Curiat. *Squeez the Sphears, and intimate the Dust:
These with their brave Chromaticks *bring*
Noise to the Ear, but mean No-thing:
Yet These will censure, when indeed
Shew Them good lines, They cannot read;
Or read them so, that in the close
You'll hardly judge them Rhyme from Prose.
But why doe I write this to Thee?
This is for shop-sale Trippery;
Thy richer store hath truly hit
The whole Age for their want of Wit;
Live freely, and thy Phansie please,
We shall be censur'd by such Things as these.

JOHN WILSON Doctor in Musick.

To my much honoured Friend Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, On his Second Book of *Ayres*.

THings that are thus, thus excellently good,
Are hardly prais'd, 'cause hardly understood:
For though at the first hearing all admire,
Yet when into the severalls men inquire,
(Which make up the Composure*) they are lost,*
Such Ayr, Wit, Spirit, Harmony *engross'd*
In every Piece, as make's each piece the best,
And yet (as good as 'tis) a Foyl to th' rest.
How greedily do the best Judgements throng
To hear the Repetition of thy Song?
Which they still beg in vain; for when re-sung
So much new Art and Excellence is flung
Round thy Amazers (unobserv'd before)
As make's the newly-ravisht ravish'd more:
For comprehend thee fully none can doe
Till like thy Musick th'are eternall too.
'Tis Thou hast honour'd Musick, done her right,
Fitted her for a strong and usefull Flight;
She droop'd and flagged before, as Hawks complain
Of the sick feathers in their Wing and Train:
But thou hast imp'd the Wings she had before;
Musick does owe Thee much, the Poet more;
Thou lift'st him up, and dost new Nature bring,
Thou giv'st his noblest Verse both Feet *and* Wing.
Live then above our Prayse, immortall here,
The Atlas, *the support of Musick's Sphear,*
To what a Darkness would our Art decline,
Robb'd of thy glorious and diurnall Shine?
These fixed Tapers cannot do Thee right,
Nor fully speak thy Rayes which gave them Light,
But as small starrs by night in consort met,
Would only tell the World, our Sun is set.

CHARLES COLMAN Doctor in Musick.

To the great Maſter of his Art my honoured F. Mr. HENRY LAWES on his Book of AYRES.

ALL you that have, or ought to have, no Ears;
Who (onely Snake or Gooſe) hiſs at the Spheares;
Souls that conſiſt of Seavenths and Seconds, come
(If ye can read) and be not deaf, but dumb.
Behold a Man to tune an Angel by!
Whoſe Phanſy climbes higher than Poëtry!
One that can raiſe dead Words, and ſtrike forth Wit
From Lines as low as ever W—— writ:
Who dwells not in lean Sounds, from Breath or Wyre,
(The Chamleting or Criſping of the Ayer,
The Art of Birds;) but Worded Senſe purſues,
Phanſies which noble Mankind ought to chuſe:
Knowes the right Pulſe of Wit, when it beats high,
Feel's when it hit's, then calls in Harmony,
Marryes them both, as if he would recall
How God convers'd with Man before the Fall:
Perfume's the Words, the Riſe, the Turn, the Pawſe;
Strikes till he touch the Heart; Then, then 'tis LAWES.
For Thou (Harmonious Soul) in Thouſand Songs
Taught'ſt us that Muſick's more than Chords and Lungs:
Who haſt liv'd famous forty Summers, where
What the beſt Wits have writ or ſpoke didſt hear,
And prov'd there is for Verſe a Happineſs,
If it be roab'd in thy Chromatick Dreſs.
Nor yet art tyr'd, ſtill, ſtill thy Phanſy pours
Faſter than that great Glutton Time devours.
So vaſt is that Exchequer of thy Brain,
Out-ſpends all others, yet does moſt retain.
Thou ſcorn'ſt their foraign Aid, who muſt (for fear
Of Plateaſms) with Liſping mend the Air;
Who plunder Thine, new Preſents for their Prince,
Which thou compos'dſt full eighteen Harveſts ſince.
They'll vote thee cheap (now they can ſteal no more)
And rob thy Fame, who ſtole thy Ayres before;
For ſavage Felons never think they can
Blot out the Theft till they have ſlain the Man.

But

But these secure thy Right *by all their* Wrongs;
Proving thou mak'st Musicians, *They but* Songs:
They are thy Eccho: *But when such* compose,
How meagre, how confessingly it goes!
'Tis seen quite through, as a thin Comedy
Betrays at First what the Last Scene will be.
Or else such scolding Notes *the* Sense *confute*,
Notes *fitter for a* Tumbrell *than a* Lute;
For though th'are twisted on Harmonious Chords,
There's grinning Discord *'twixt the* Ayre *and* Words.
Thy melting Tones *and* Words *so streaming run*
As Light *and* Heat *flow joyntly from the* Sun.
No justling Noyse invades thy Symphony,
So spann'd, that all is link'd, yet all is free.
As on flat Maps a learn'd Geographer
Plant's here America, *and* Africk *there*,
Here Europe *stands, there* Asia *is hurl'd*,
Not missing one hair's breadth all the Great World:
So Thou on thy Composing-Card's *broad face*
Sett'st Tenor, Counter-tenor, Treble, Base,
With such a Masters han'd, such Symmetry,
Thou prov'st the World *consists of* Harmony.
Thou shew'st how high that Greece-of Greece *was grown,*
Which Rome's Dictator *damn'd a Fisher-Town*,
Reforming *all to* Cinders, *whose best Notes*
Taught but two Arts, Speeching *and* Cutting Throats;
When Sylla *made learn'd* Athens *one red Blaze*,
Whose Fire *and* Blood *met in his* * copper face.
But thou reviv'st its Ashes, and dost show
How Greeks *rejoyc'd two thousand years ago.*
Not all the swelling Vowel-men *with all*
Their Liquids, Mutes, *their* Dental, Labial,
Lingual, *and* Guttural, *new* Genal *too*,
Can half of that thy Sharps *and* Flats *can do.*
Thou shoot'st *into our* Souls, *thy* Numbers *tell*
The vastness of that Gulph 'twixt Heaven *and* Hell,
(*When pow'rfull Rapture in thy* Anthem *floats*)
'Tis Heaven *hath* Voyces, Hell *hath clashing* Votes.
This made great Socrates *his* Gamut *conn*
(*As* Cato *Greek*) *when old and wisest grown*,
As if his reaching Head, e're Martyr crown'd,
By Jacob's staff *had* Jacob's ladder *found*,
Where Angels moving to and from Heav'ns Throne,
Taught the great Scale of Musick *up and down.*

* ἐρύθημα τραχὺ. *Plut.* in Συλλα. unde *color Syllaceus* apud *Agellium.*

Then

Then tell me (Bedlems) *why th'audacious Drum*
Shook down the Choir, *and ſtrook the* Organ *dumb*,
Till the red Lattiſe *lift's thoſe Bellows up*
To kindle Healths, *and* celebrate *each Cup*;
Where Smoke *and* Minſtrelſy *are dealt about*
To help their groats-worth of Church-Muſick *out.*
How would the Druid *ſtart, and backward fling,*
Though none but He that could not read did ſing,
When Rome *thought* Britain *ſo deſpis'd a Clod*,
No Gentleman but ſcorn'd to be its * God!

Thou art unſtain'd, no Brocage makes thine hit,
Thou ſtick'ſt as cloſe to Virtue *as to* Wit.
Thy Art *and* Life *are* Uniſon'd, *and do*
Conſpire to call Thee Saint *and* Angel *too.*
Thou haſt ſtrung David's *Harp, as might have rouz'd*
A Legion *out of* Saul, *though* twelve years hous'd;
Putt'ſt it as much in tune (*if Man can do't*)
As Rous *or* Robert Wiſdome *put it out*:
And mad'ſt thy glorious Brother *tune it too*,
(*Whoſe* Coffin *is each* Cheſt of Viols *now*:)
O how our Paſſions interfere, to ſee
All loſt in Him, *yet all preſerv'd in* Thee!
As Jove's *two Eagles flew from Eaſt and Weſt,*
Croſs'd the whole Globe, yet ſcorn'd to ſtoop or reſt
Till met at floating Delos: *So you Two*
(*Strong high wing'd Souls*) *with different Phanſies flew*
Through the whole Sphear of Muſick, *till at laſt*
In this our floating Iſle *ye ſet all faſt.*
Thy Brother *then to Heaven's* Great Conſort *fled*,
That Ayre (*as* Light *and* Power) *might have one* Head.
Thus old Parnaſſus *was your Type, and did*
Cloſe its two tops for thy one Pyramid.

Stand then, Great Maſter, ſhine as long, as far
As Orpheus, *whoſe* Harp *is now a* Star.
Thy Works (*the Balſome of the Brain*) *requeſt*
The Crown of Time, *as oldeſt Lutes ſound beſt*:
And twenty Ages hence, when Muſick's *driven*
(*Like* Kings *and* Biſhops) *baniſh'd home to Heaven*;
If Mortals then for Wit and Phanſy look,
Others may ſpell, and read, Thou *mad'ſt the* Book.

* Parum eſt quòd Templum in Britannia habet *Claudius*, quòd hunc Barbari colunt, & ut Deum orant. *Sen.* Ἀποκολοκύντωσις

IOHN BERKENHEAD.

The TABLE, with the names of those who were Authors of the Verses.

A.	And is this all? what one poor kiss?	*Pag.* 24	-Sir *Edward Dering* Baronet.
	Away, away, *Anacreon*,	40	-Mr. *John Berkenhead.*
	Ah, the false fatal tale I read,	13	-Mr. *Henry Reynolds.*
B.	But that I knew before we met,	47 (*aliàs*) 27	-*Francis Finch* of the Inner Temple Esq.
	Be not proud, 'cause fair and trim,	10	-Mr. *John Grange.*
C.	Can so much Beauty,	5	-Sir *James Palmer.*
	Come my *Lucasia* since we see,	46 (*aliàs*) 26	-Mrs. *Catherine Philips.*
	Cupid who didst ne'r see light,	8	-Mr. *William Cartwright.*
	Chloris since first our calm of Peace,	16	-*Edmund Waller* Esq.
	Come *Chloris* leave thy wandring sheep,	23	-Dr. *Henry Hughes.*
D.	Dear, thy face is Heaven to me,	6	-Sir *Christopher Nevill.*
	Delicate Beauty.	20	-Mr. *Aurelian Townshend.*
E.	Elegie on Mrs. *Sambrook.*	28	-Mr. *F. S.*
G.	Go little winged Archer,	6	-Mr. *I. C.*
	Go lovely Rose.	9	-*Edmund Waller* Esq.
H.	Help, help, O help (*a Sterme*)	1	-Dr. *Henry Hughes.*
	How long shall I a Martyr be?	11	-Dr. *Henry Hughes.*
I.	I have been in Heaven I think,	21	-Mr. *Aurelian Townshend.*
	In vain fair *Chloris* you design.	25	-Sir *Edw. Dering.*
K.	Know *Celia* since thou art so proud.	18	-*Tho. Carew* Esq. Sewer to His late MAJESTY.
L.	Ladies, you that seem so nice,	14	-Mr. *Henry Harrington.*
	Let longing Lovers sit and pine,	22	-Dr. *Henry Hughes.*
	Μήκετι αι γυναῖκες.	39	-*Anacreon.*
N.	Now, now, *Lucasia*,	3	-Mr. *John Berkenhead.*
O.	O how I hate thee now!	14	-Mr. *John Berkenhead.*
	O King of Heaven and Hell,	last	-Mr. *John Berkenhead.*
	O turn away those cruel eyes,	7	-Mr. *Thomas Stanley.*
	Old Poets *Hippocrene* admire,	29	-Mr. *N. N.*
	On this swelling bank.	15	-Mr. *I. G.*
S.	Such was the sorrow *Chloris* felt.	8	-Mr. *Henry Reynolds.*
T.	Take heed fair *Chloris*,	26	-Dr. *Henry Hughes.*
	Tell me no more 'tis Love,	10	-Sir *John Mennes.*
	'Tis not i'th' power of all thy scorn.	22	-Mr. *Mat. Clifford.*
W.	When first I saw fair *Doris'* Eyes,	24	-Sir *Edward Dering.*
	Was it a Form, a Gate, a Grace,	20	-Mr. *Henry Reynolds.*
	When as *Leander*	12	-Mr. *Robert Herrick.*
	When we were parted.	19	-Mr. *Aurelian Townshend.*
Y.	Yes, yes, 'tis *Chloris* sings.	16	-Mr. *Henry Reynolds.*

DIALOGUES.

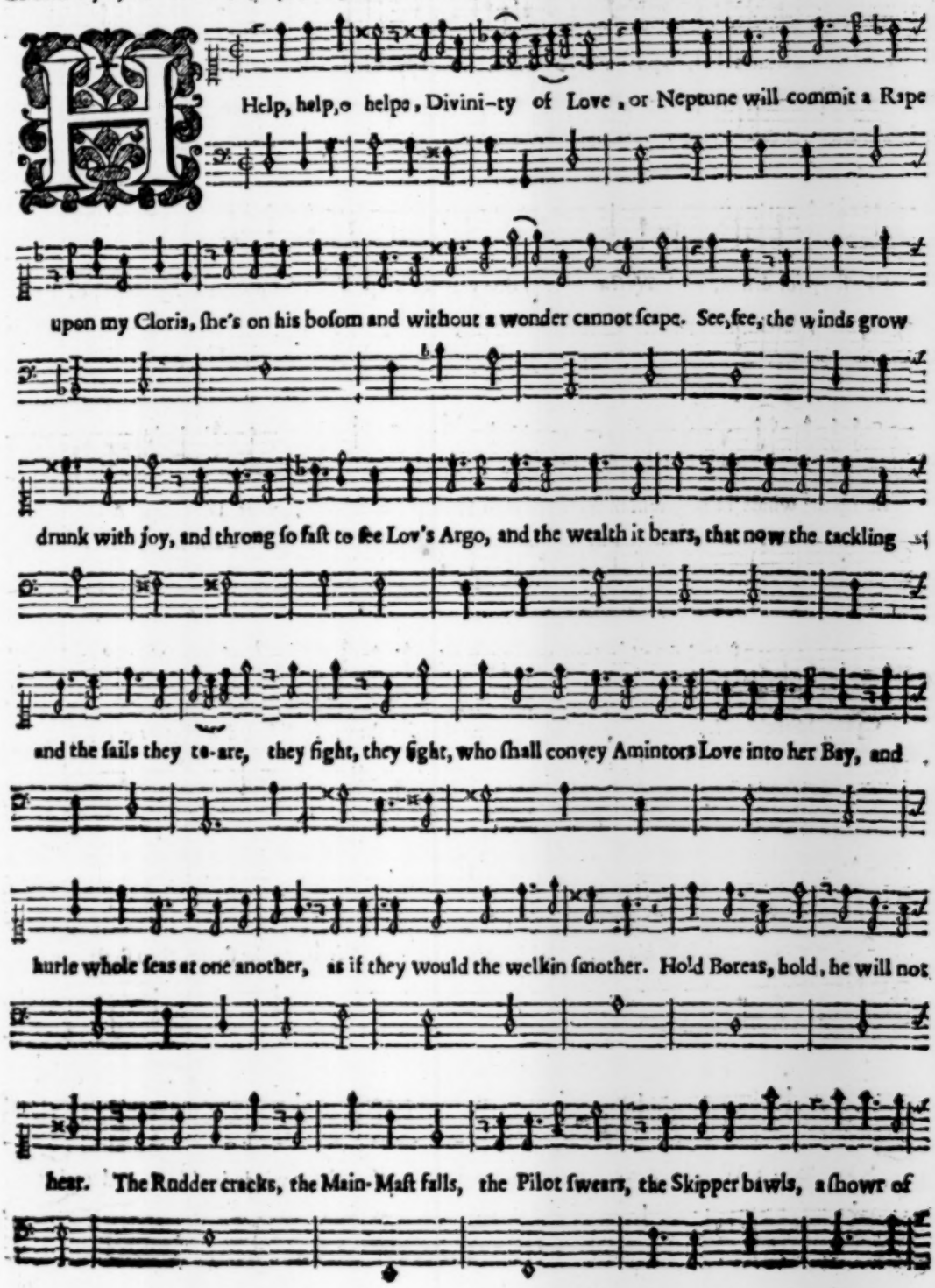
A.	Ah *Choridon!*, contentedly we tend	31	-Mr. *S. B.*
D.	*Daphne*, Shepherds if they knew	33	-*James Harrington* Esq.
W.	Weep not.	30	-*Thomas Carew* Esq.

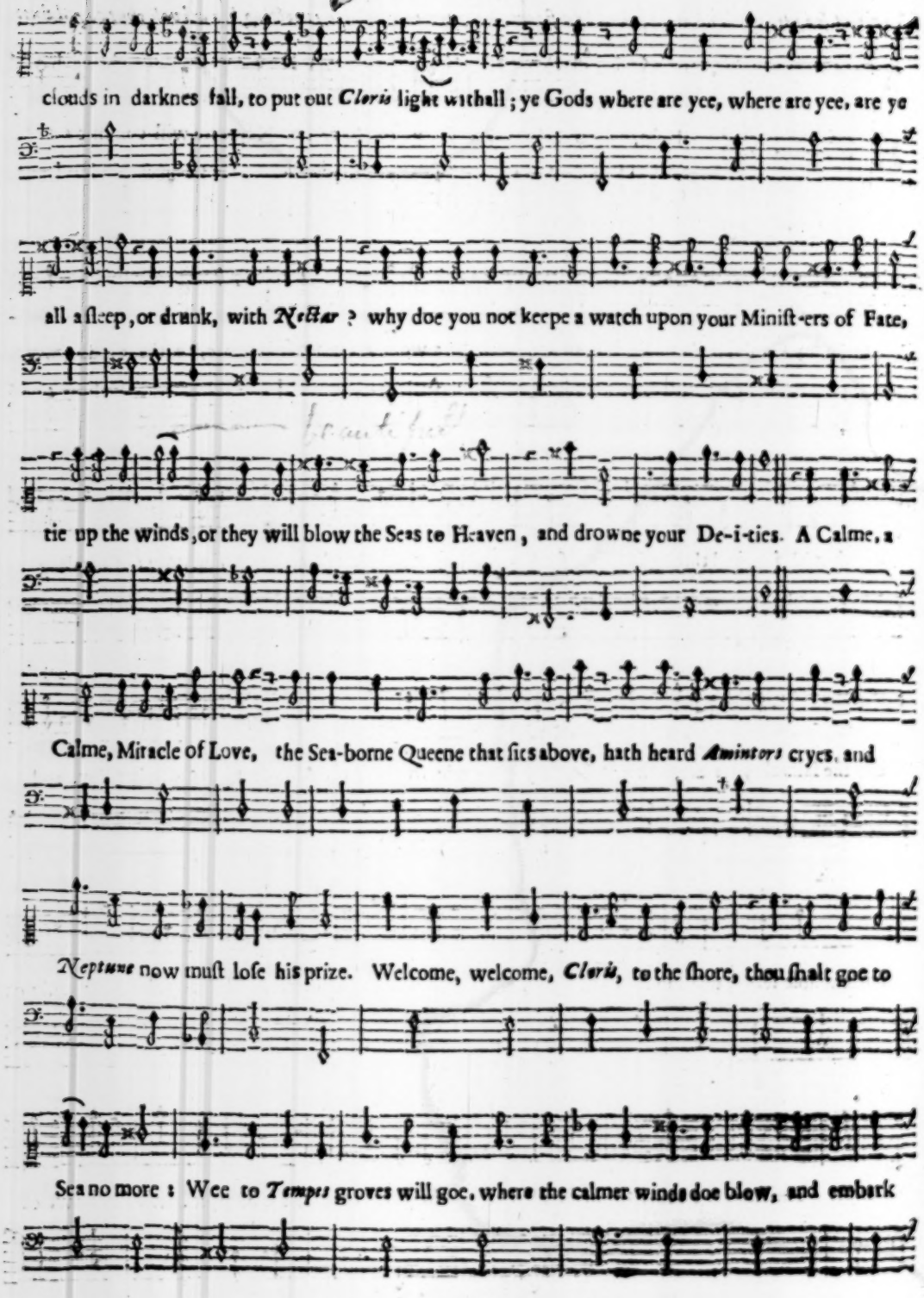
Short Ayres for 1. 2. or 3. Voyces.

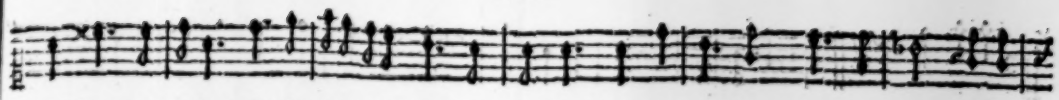
A.	Among Rose-buds slept a Bee,	36 (*aliàs*) 44	-Mr. *John Berkenhead.*
	A Lover once I did espie	35 (*aliàs*) 43	-Mr. *John Grange.*
	About the sweet-bag of a Bee.	40 (*aliàs*) 48	-Mr. *Robert Herrick.*
B.	Beauties have yee seen a Toy,	41 (*aliàs*) 49	-Mr. *Ben. Johnson.*
C.	Call the Spring with all her flowers	46	-*James Harrington* Esq.
D.	Dear, let me now this evening,	42 (*aliàs*) 50	-Sir *William Davenant.*
F.	Fear not, dear love,	47	-*Thomas Carew* Esq.
H.	Hither we come into this world,	41	-Mr. *John Fletcher.*
I.	In the non-age of a Winters day,	37 (*aliàs*) 45	-Mr. *I. M.*
V.	View, *Lesbia*, view	34 (*aliàs*) 42	-Mr. *Henry Reynolds.*
W.	Why should great Beauties	43 (*aliàs*) 51	-Sir *William Davenant.*
	Hymnes to		
	God the Father	44 (*aliàs*) 52	
	God the Son	45 (*aliàs*) 53	-*John Crofts* Esq. Cup-bearer to his late MAJESTY.
	God the Holy Ghost	46 (*aliàs*) 54	

A Storme:

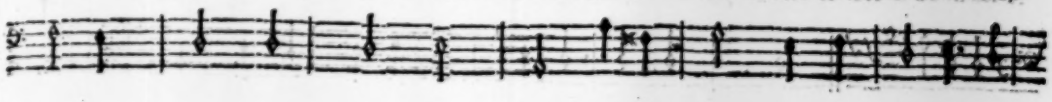
Cloris *at ſea, neer the land, is ſurpriſed by a ſtorm,* Amintor *on the ſhore expecting her arivall, thus complains:*

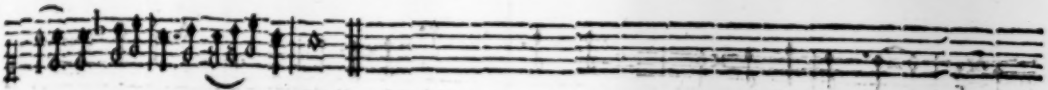



clouds in darknes fall, to put out *Cloris* light withall; ye Gods where are yee, where are yee, are ye
all asleep, or drunk, with *Nectar*? why doe you not keepe a watch upon your Miniſt-ers of Fate,
tie up the winds, or they will blow the Seas to Heaven, and drowne your De-i-ties. A Calme, a
Calme, Miracle of Love, the Sea-borne Queene that ſits above, hath heard *Amintors* cryes, and
Neptune now muſt loſe his prize. Welcome, welcome, *Cloris*, to the ſhore, thou ſhalt goe to
Sea no more: Wee to *Tempes* groves will goe, where the calmer winds doe blow, and embark

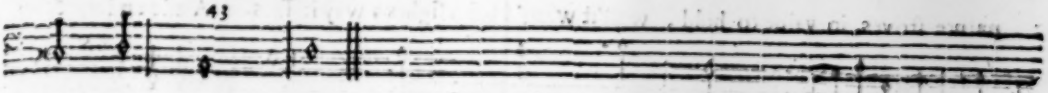


our hearts together, fearing neither rocks, nor weather, but out-ride the ſtormes of Love, and for

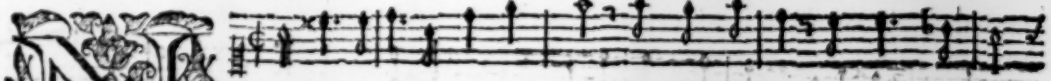




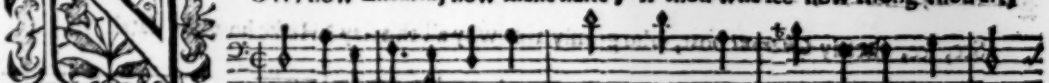
ev-er con---------ſtant prove.

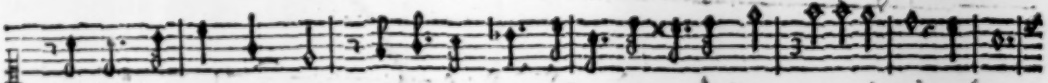


No Reprieve.

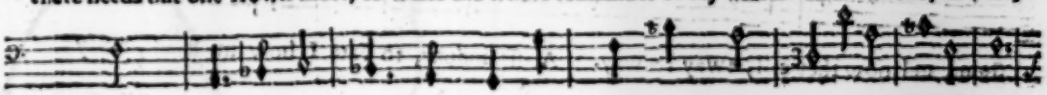


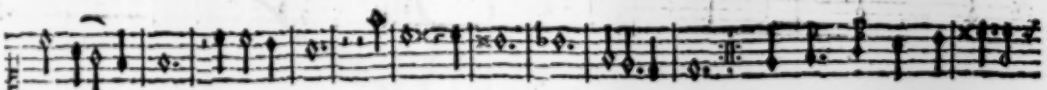
NOW, now *Lucaſia*, now make haſte, if thou wilt ſee how ſtrong thou art,



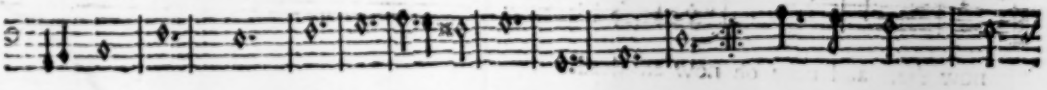


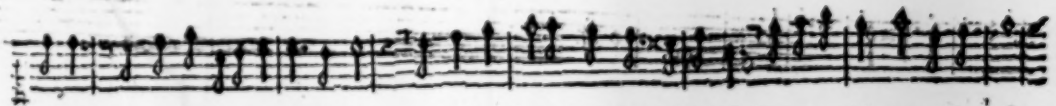
there needs but one frown more, to waſte the whole remainder of my heart. Alas undone, to Fate,



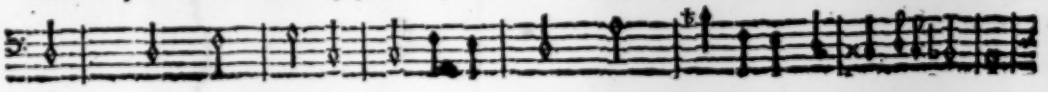


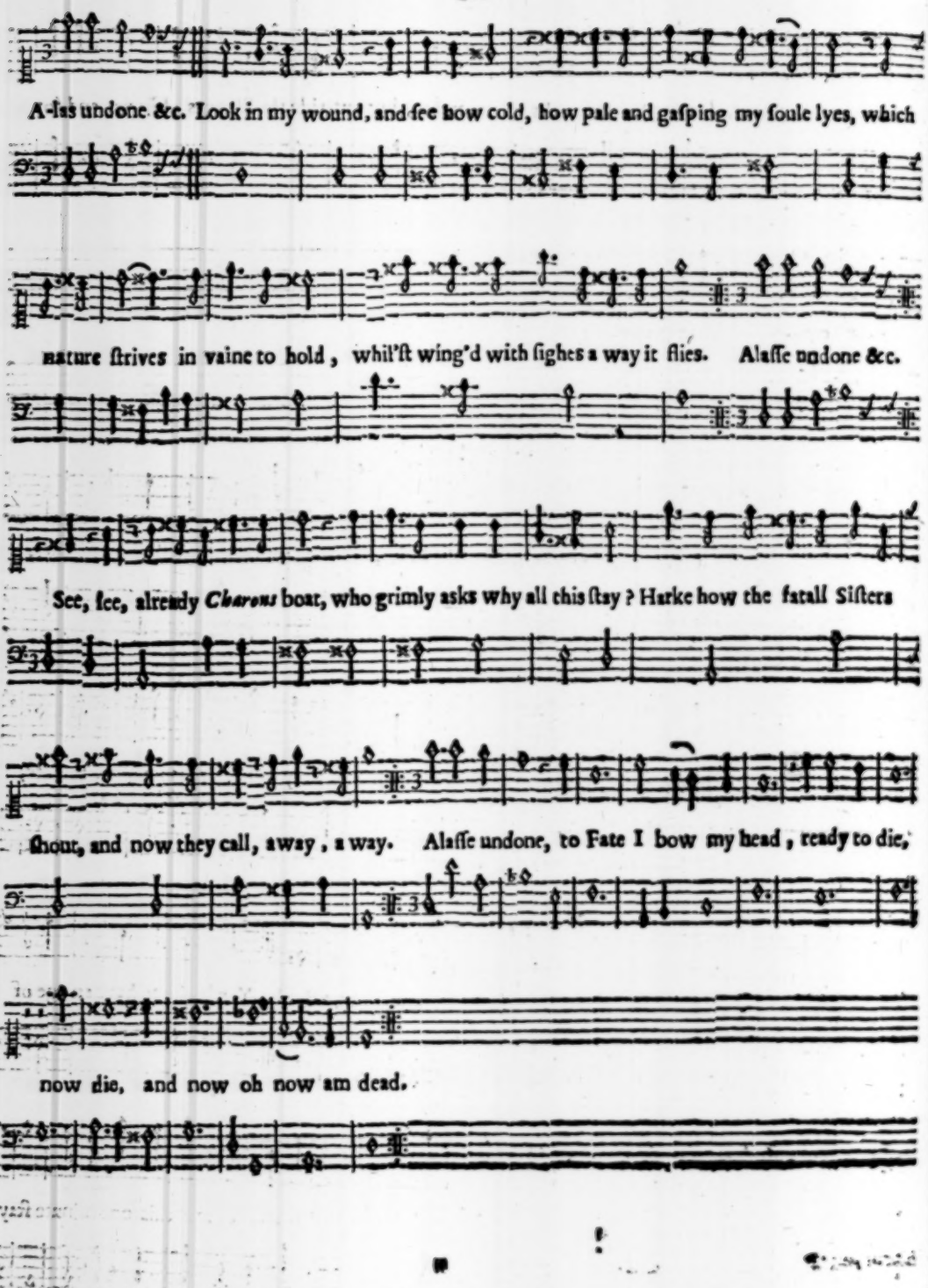
I bow my head, ready to die, now die, and now, now, now, a dead. You looke to have an age of



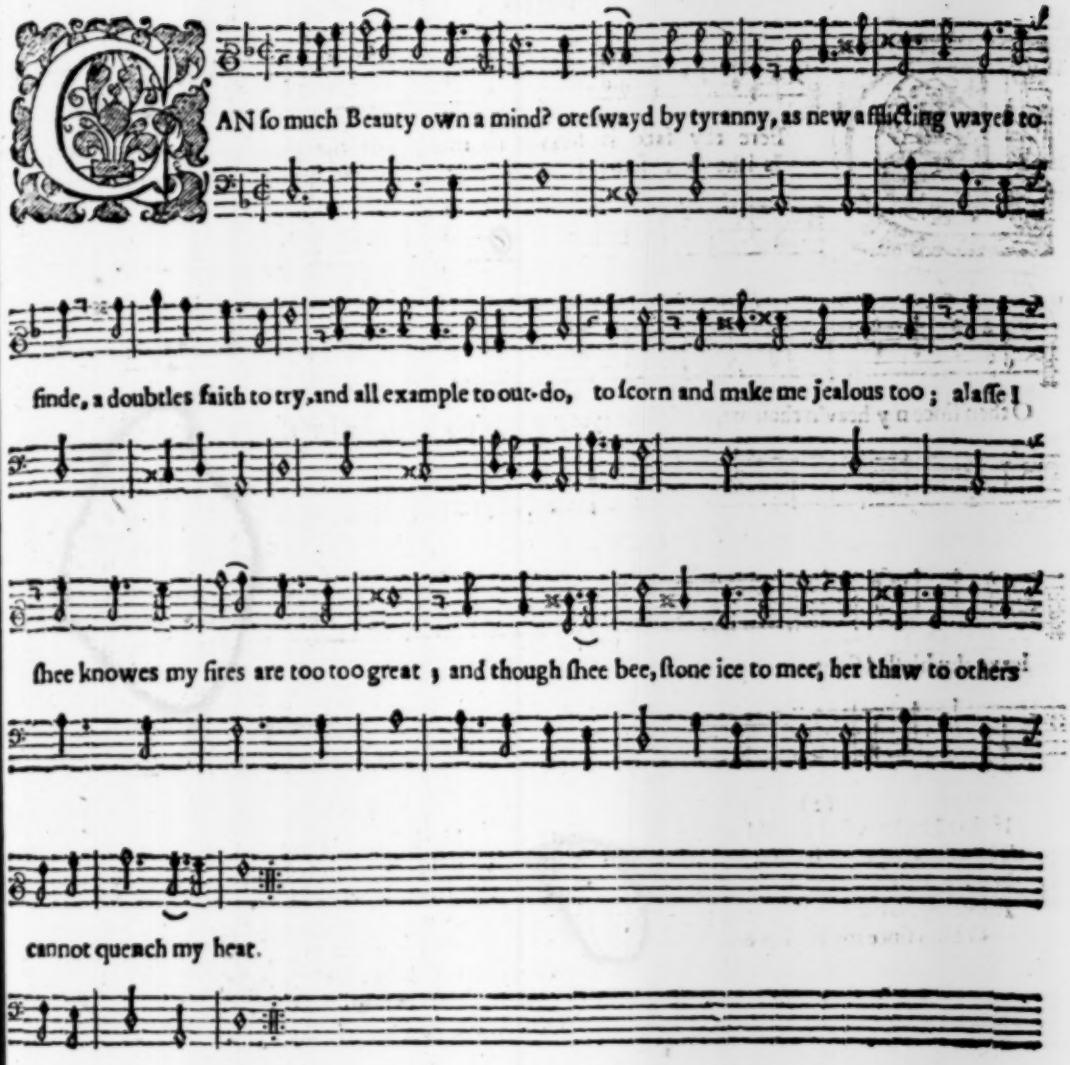


triall ere you a Lov-er will repay, but my ſtate brooks no more déniall: I cannot this one minute ſtay.




A-las undone &c. Look in my wound, and ſee how cold, how pale and gaſping my ſoule lyes, which
nature ſtrives in vaine to hold, whil'ſt wing'd with ſighes a way it flies. Alaſſe undone &c.
See, ſee, already *Charons* boat, who grimly asks why all this ſtay? Harke how the fatall Siſters
ſhout, and now they call, away, away. Alaſſe undone, to Fate I bow my head, ready to die,
now die, and now oh now am dead.

Not to be altred from Affection.



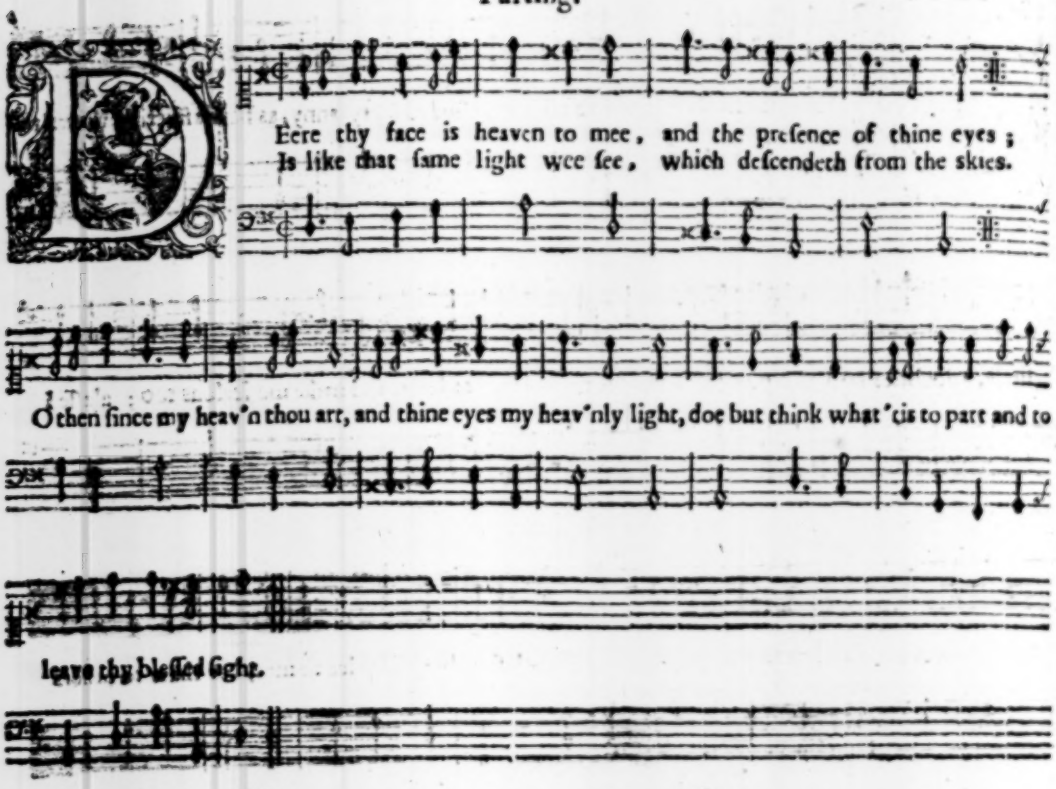
(2)

That Law which with ſuch force o're ran
The Armies of my heart,
When no one thought I could out man,
That durſt once take my part.
For by aſſault ſhe did invade,
No compoſition to be made:
Then, ſince all muſt yeeld as well as I
to ſtand in aw
of Victors Law
Ther's no preſcribing in captivity.

(3)

That Love which loves for common ends,
Is but ſelfe loving love,
But nobler converſation tends
Soule myſteries to prove.
And ſince Love is a paſſive thing,
It multiplies by ſuffering.
Then, though ſhe throw life to the waning Moon,
on him her ſhine,
the dark part mine,
Yet I muſt love her ſtill when all is done.

Parting.



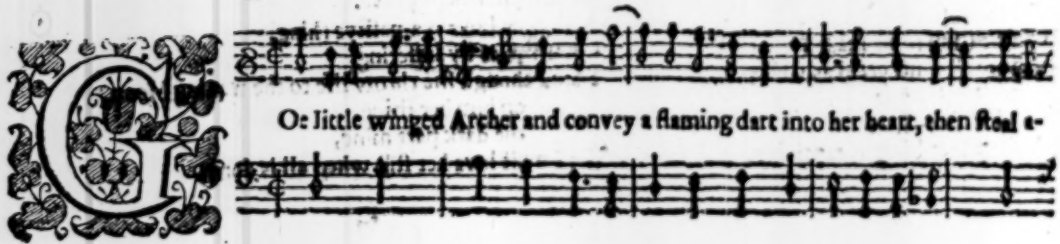
(2)

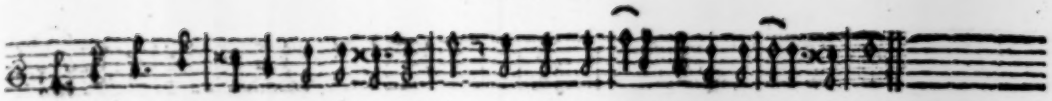
If that Darknes ſtill ſhould maske
The fair viſage of the ſun,
Heav'n would tell us if we ask
All things would to ruine run:
O then ſince my heav'n &c.

(3)

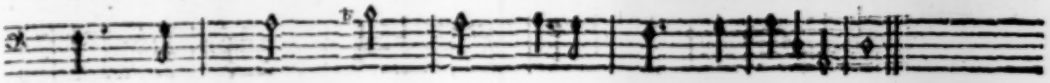
Sun and you like influence have
Which give light to things below,
You likewiſe from death doe ſave,
When you doe your beams but ſhow:
O then ſince my ſun thou art,
And thine eyes my heav'nly light,
Doe but grieve that I did part,
And was forc't to leave thy ſight.

Cupids Embaſſie.





way as ſoone as thou haſt ſet her all on fire, and left her burning in her chaſte deſire.



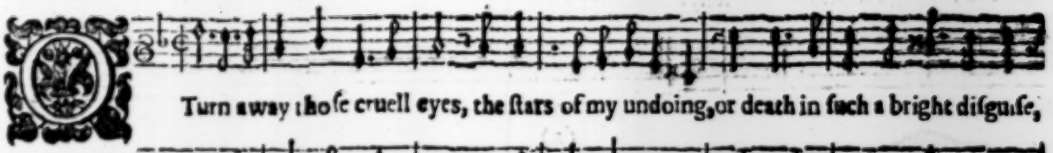
(2)

Thus teach her what it is to love, that ſhe
When that her eyes
Doe tyrannize
May pity me;
And know the flame that hath my heart poſſeſt
By the diſtemper of her ſcorched breaſt.

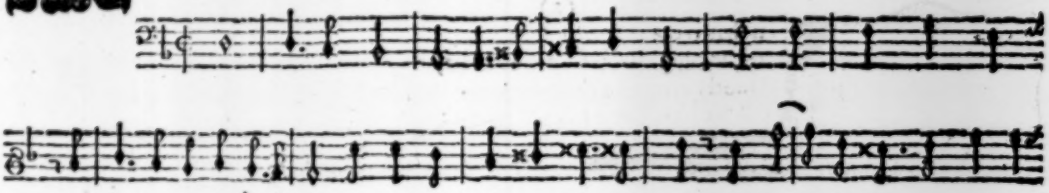
(3)

And when ſhe burns if thee'l appeaſe my flame
With ſmiles which fly,
Oft as her eye,
I'le doe the ſame;
So may we love, and burn, but ne'r expire,
While we add fuell to each others fire.

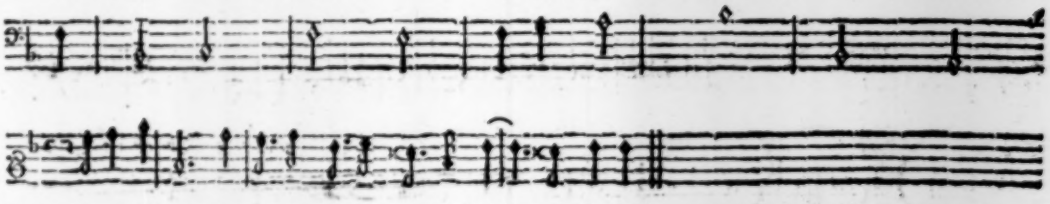
He would not be tempted.



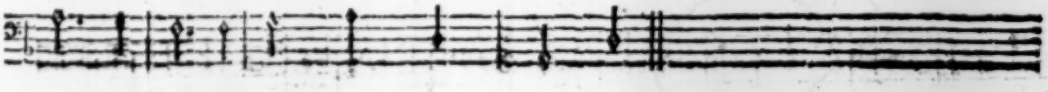
Turn away thoſe cruell eyes, the ſtars of my undoing, or death in ſuch a bright diſguiſe,



may tempt a ſecond wooing: puniſh their blind and impious pride, who dare contemne thy Glory,



it was my fall that deifyde thy name, and ſeald thy ſtory.

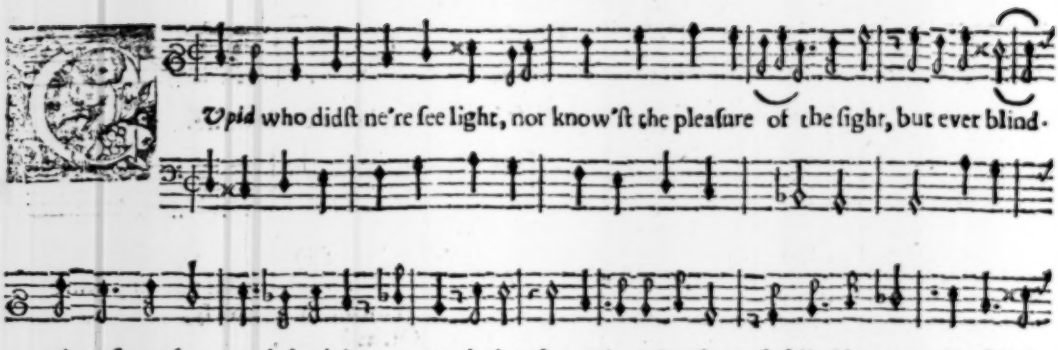


(2)

Yet no new ſuffering can prepare
A higher praiſe to crown thee,
Though my firſt death proclaime thee fair,
My ſecond will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canſt intice
No other for thy fuell,
And if thou turne one victim twice,
Or thinke thee poor, or cruell.

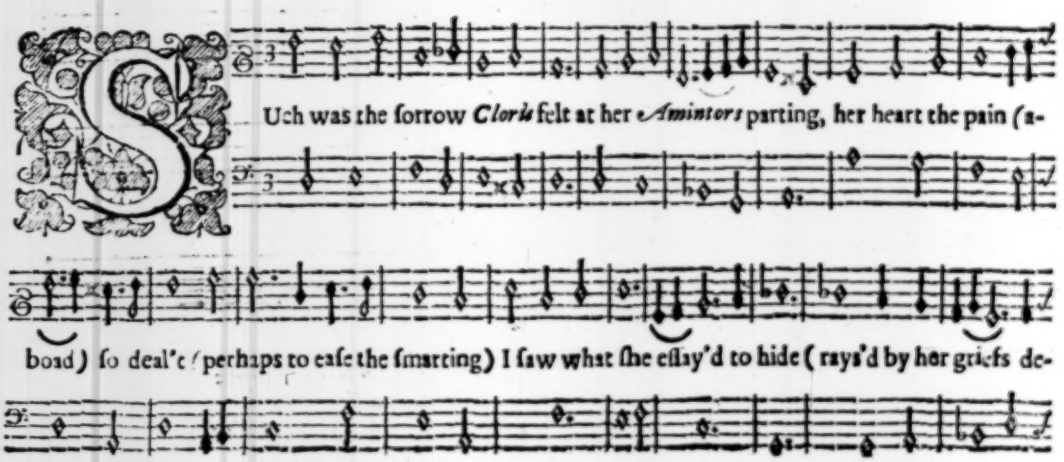
A Prayer to *Cupid*.

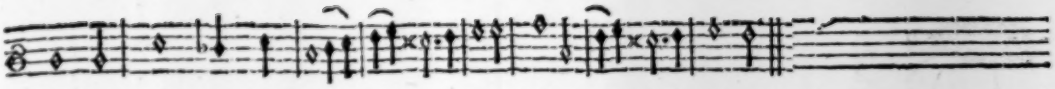


(2)

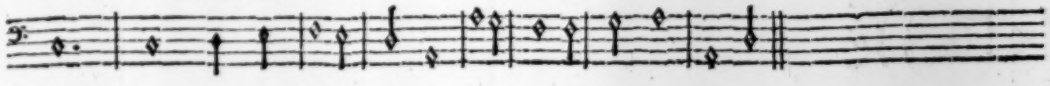
Thou that wounde ſt with ſuch art,
We ſee no bloud drop from the heart,
And ſubtly cruell leav'ſt no ſigne
To tell the blow, or hand was thine:
O gently, gently wound my fayre, that ſhe
May hence beleeve the wound did come from thee.

Parting.





vouring) down from her eyes a ſilver ride, t ixt Pinks and Lillies powring.

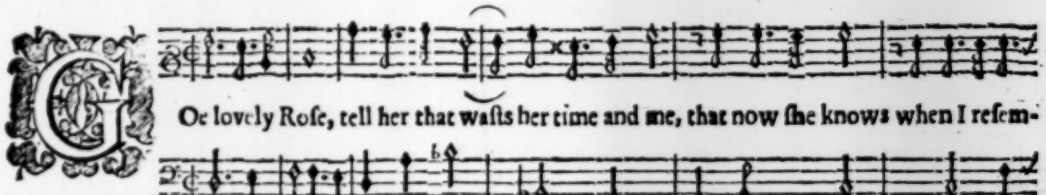


(2)

Whilſt Love (at fall of ev'ry tear,
Weary perhaps with playing)
Sat to refreſh, and bath him there,
His pointed wings diſplaying.

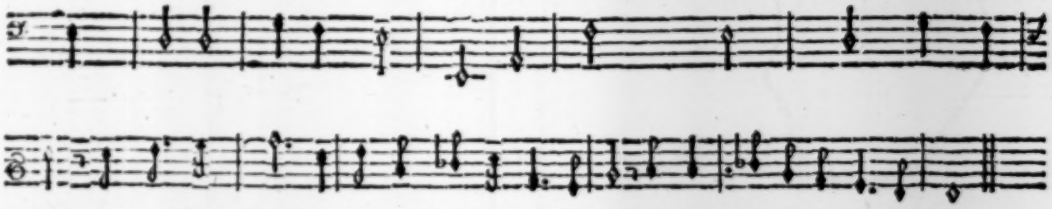
But ſoon the ſtream her fayre hand dries,
When ſtraight you might eſpie him
Into the ſun ſhine of her eyes,
Pearcht up to prune and dry him.

The Roſe.



Oe lovely Roſe, tell her that waſts her time and me, that now ſhe knows when I reſem-

ble her to thee, how ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be. Tell her thats yong and ſhuns to have her graces

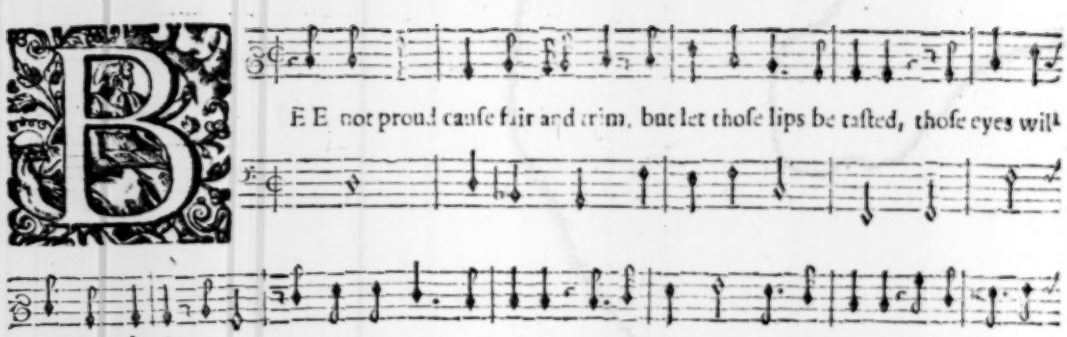


ſp de, that badſt thou ſprung in deſarts where no men abide, thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

(2)

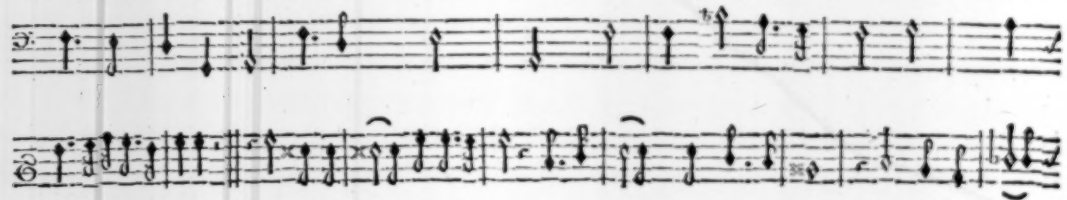
Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retyr'd,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her ſelfe to be deſir'd.
And not bluſh to be admir'd.

Then die, that ſhe
The common Fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet, and faire.

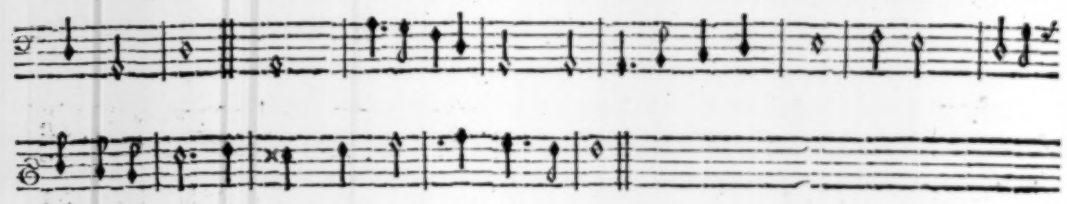


BE not proud cauſe fair and trim, but let thoſe lips be taſted, thoſe eyes will

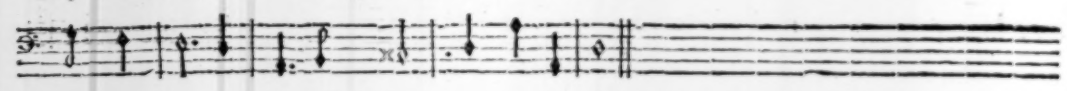
hollow prove and dim; that lip and brow be waſted, and ſo love whole be perſwaded, ſullied flowr's or

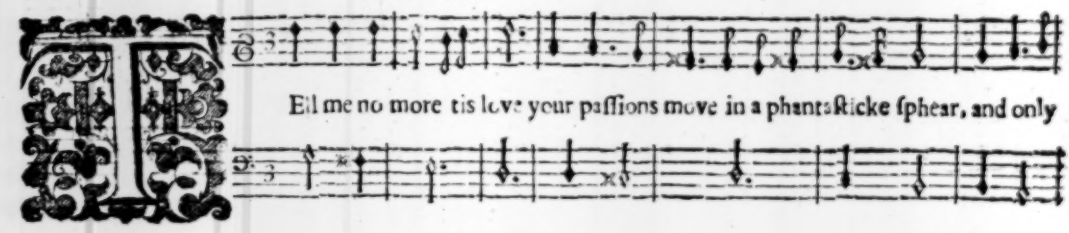


beau----ty faded. O thou art ſoft as is the ayre, or the words that court the faire, then let thoſe flames

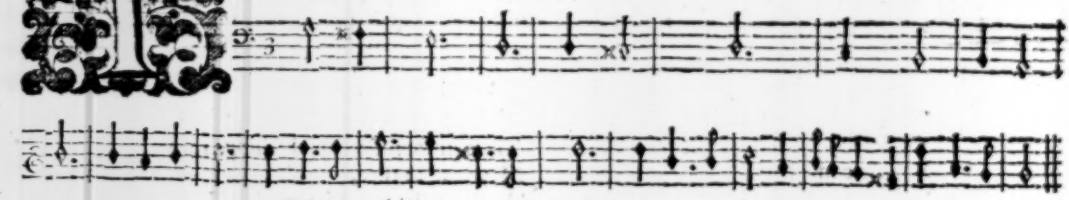


by Lovers felt, that ſcorch'd my heart, make thine to melt.

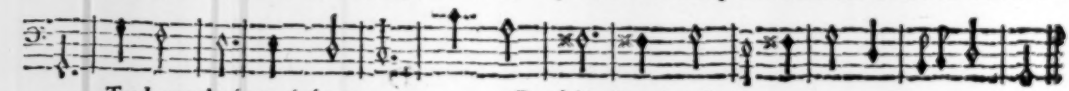




TEll me no more tis love your paſſions move in a phantaſticke ſphear, and only



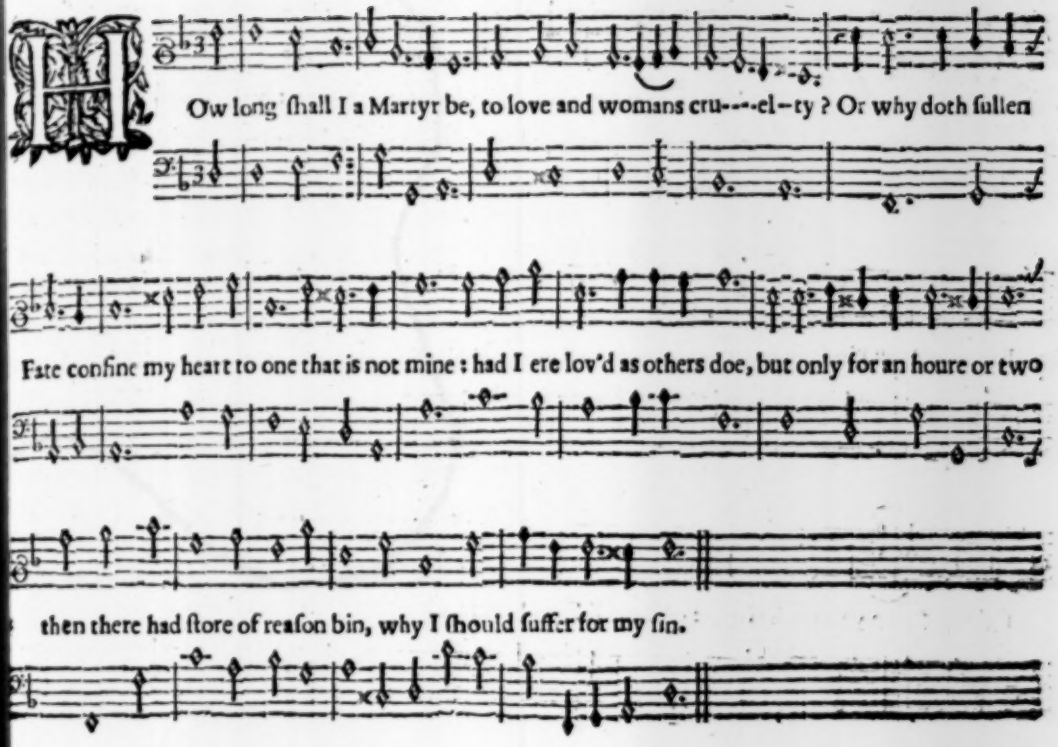
there, thus you confine what is divine, when love hath power & can diſpence ſufficient to the ſoul & ſence



Tis Love the ſence informs
And cold bloud warms,
Nor gives the ſoule a Throne
To us alone,

But bids them bend
Both to one end,
And then tis Love when thus deſign'd,
They make another of their kind,

Loves Martyr.



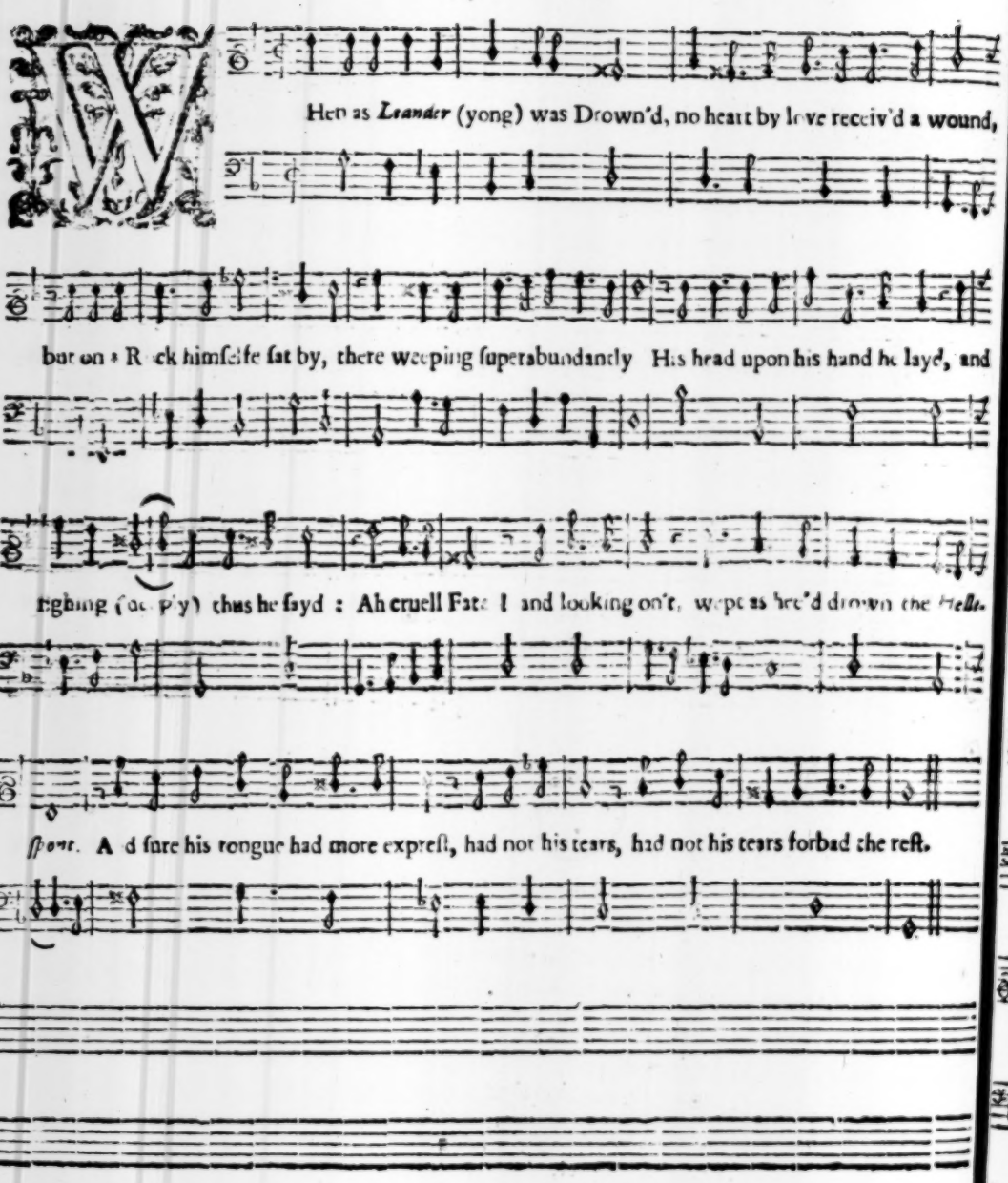
(2)

But love thou knoweſt with what a flame
I have ador'd my miſtris name:
How I neer offered other fires,
But ſuch as roſe from chaſte deſires:
Nor have I ere prophaned thy ſhrine
With an inconſtant fickle minde;
Yet thou combining with my Fate,
Hath forc't my love and her to hate.

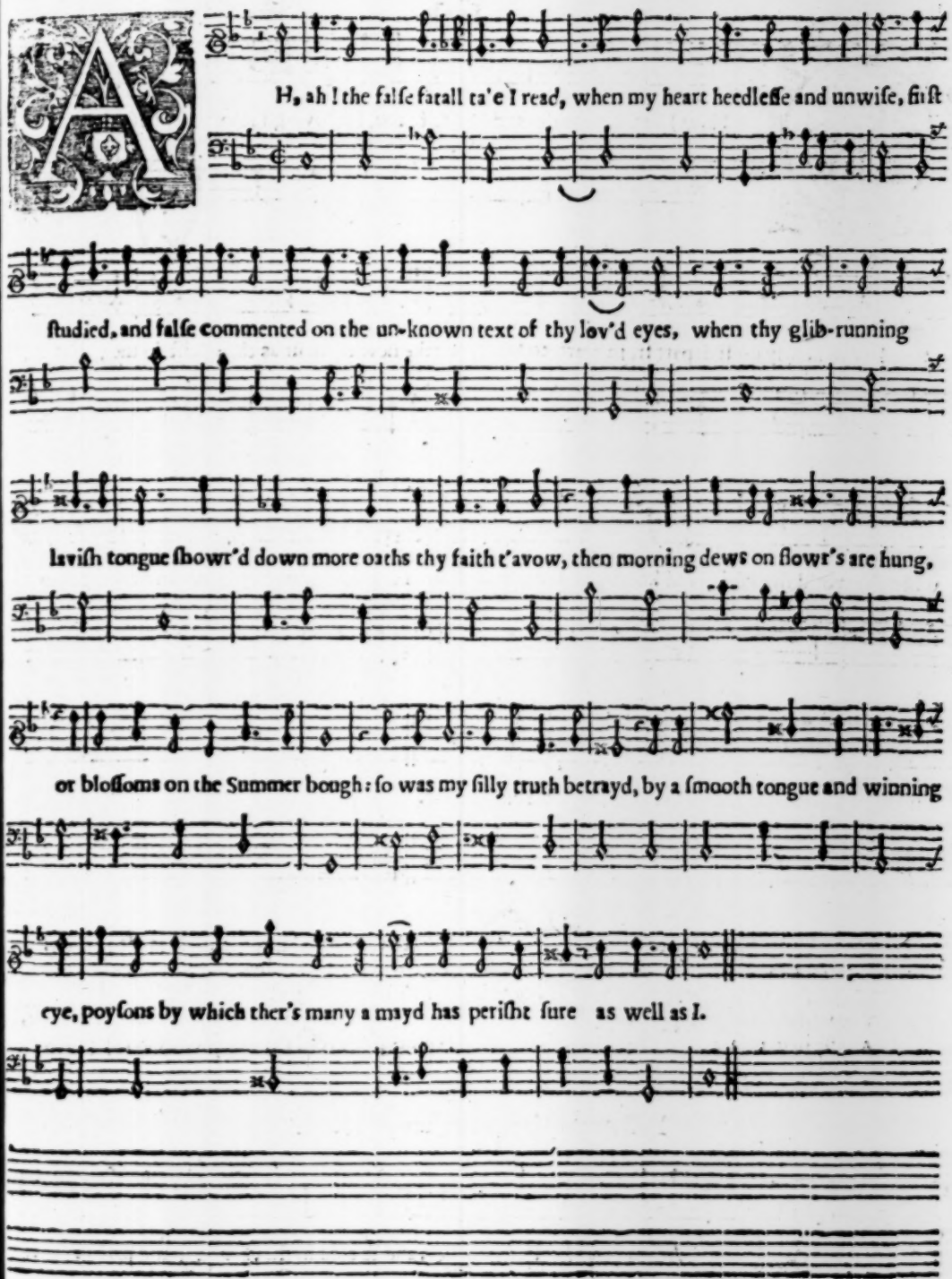
(3)

O Love if her ſupremacy
Have not a greater power then thee
For pities ſake then once be kinde,
And throw a dart to change her minde;
Thy deity we ſhall ſuſpect,
If our reward muſt be neglect.
Then make her love or let me bee
Inſpir'd with ſcorne as well as ſhe.

Leander Drownd.



Betrayd, by Beleefe.



How I hate thee now, and my ſelfe too, for loving ſuch a falſe, falſe thing as

thee! who ſo eaſily canſt depart from heart, to heart, to take new nature as thou didſt in me; but

when the world ſhall ſpie, and know thy ſhifts as well as I, they'l ſhut their hearts and take thee in

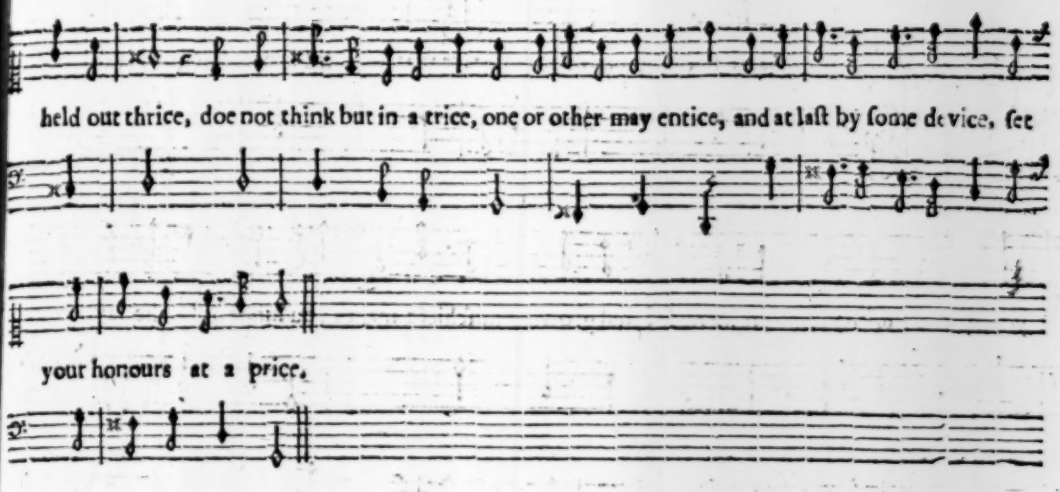
no more; he that can dwell with none, muſt out of door.

(2)

Thy pride hath overgrown
All this great Town
Which ſtoops, and bowes, as low as I to you;
Thy falſhood might ſupport
All the new Court
Which ſhifts, and turne, almoſt as oft as thou.
But to expreſſe thee by,
Ther's not an obj& low, or high,
For 'twill be found, when ere the meaſures tride,
Nothing can read thy falſhood, but thy pride.

Diſſwation from Preſumption.

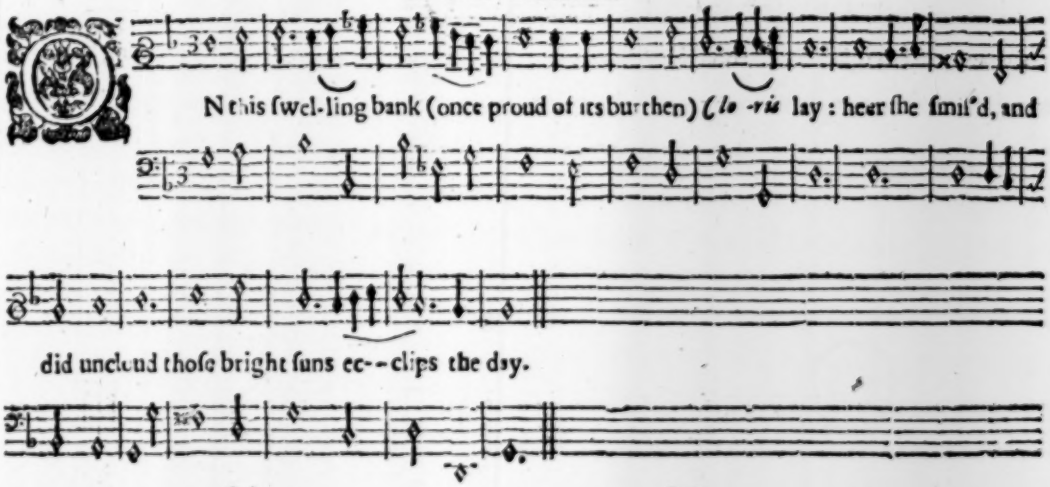
Adies, you that ſeeme ſo nice, and as cold in ſhew as Ice, and perhaps have



(2)

You whoſe ſmooth and dainty skin,
Roſie lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win;
Yet inſult not, ſparks within,
Slowly burn ere flames begin,
And preſumption ſtill hath bin
Held a moſt notorious ſin.

A Remembrance.



(2)

Heere we ſate, and with kind art
She about me twin'd her arms,
Claſpd in hers my hand and heart
Fetter'd by thoſe pleaſing charms.

(3)

Heer my love and joyes ſhe crownd
Whil'ſt the hours ſtood ſtill before me,
With a willing glance did wound
And a melting kiſſe reſtore me.

(4)

On the down of eyther breaſt
Whil'ſt with joy my ſoule retir'd,
My reſigning heart did reſt
Till her lips new life inſpir'd.

(5)

The renewing of theſe fights,
Doth with griefe and pleaſure fill me;
And the thought of thoſe delights
Both at once revive and kill me.

To a Lady, more affable since the war began.

Loris, since first our calme of peace was frighted hence, this good wee finde,

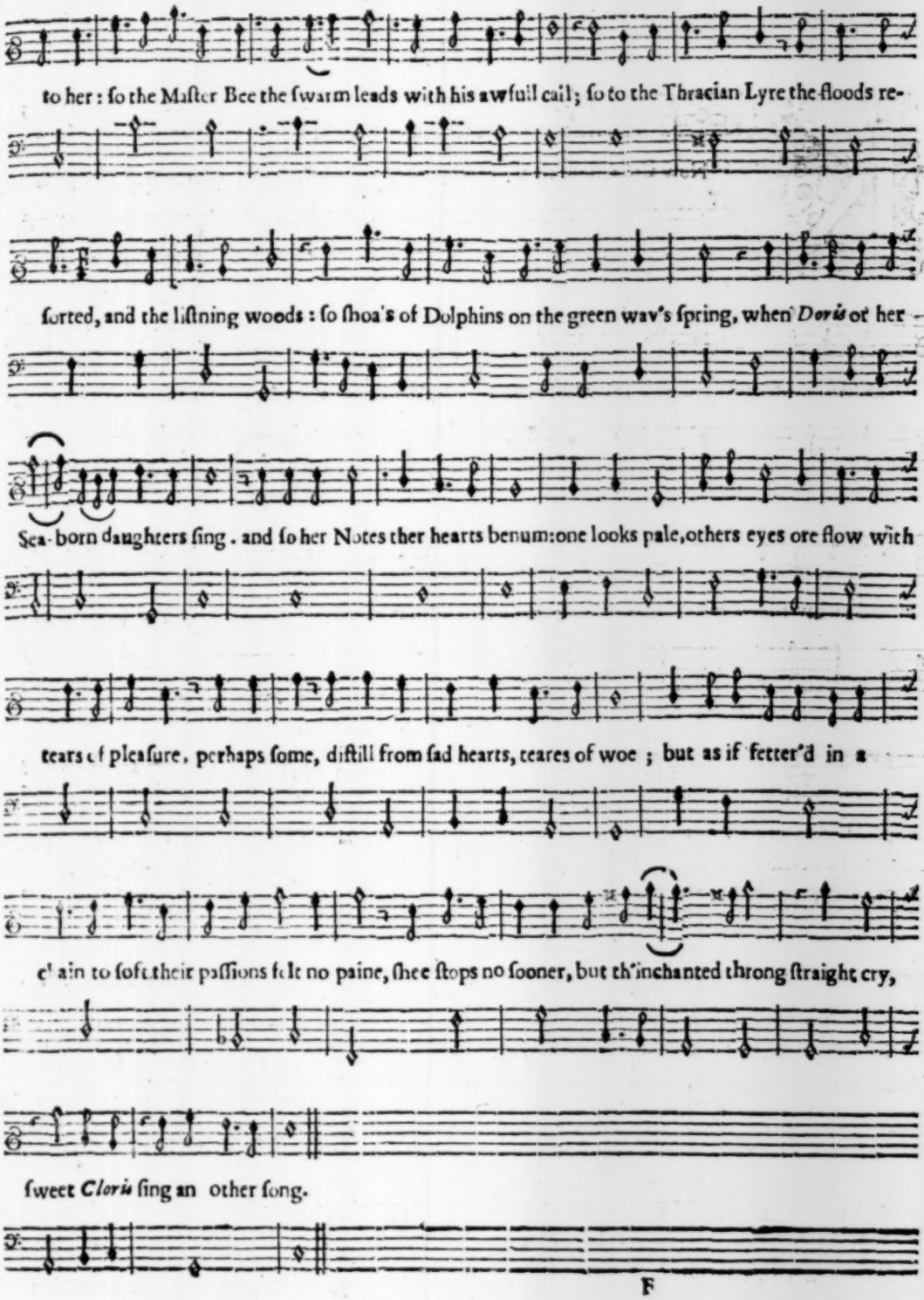
your favours with your fears increase, and growing mischiefe makes you kinde; so the fayre tree,

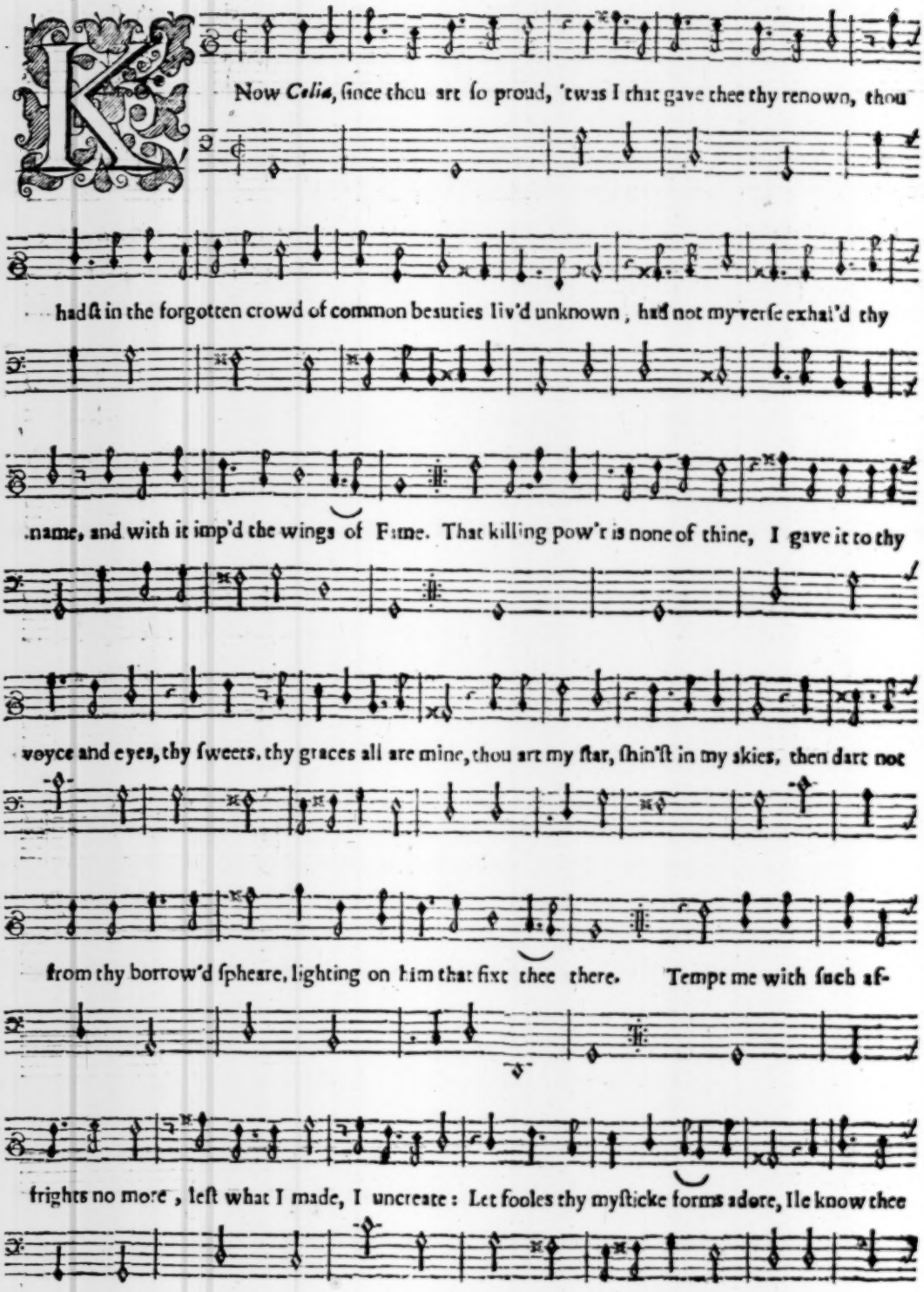
(which still preserves her fruit and state when no winde blowes) in stormes, from that uprightnesse

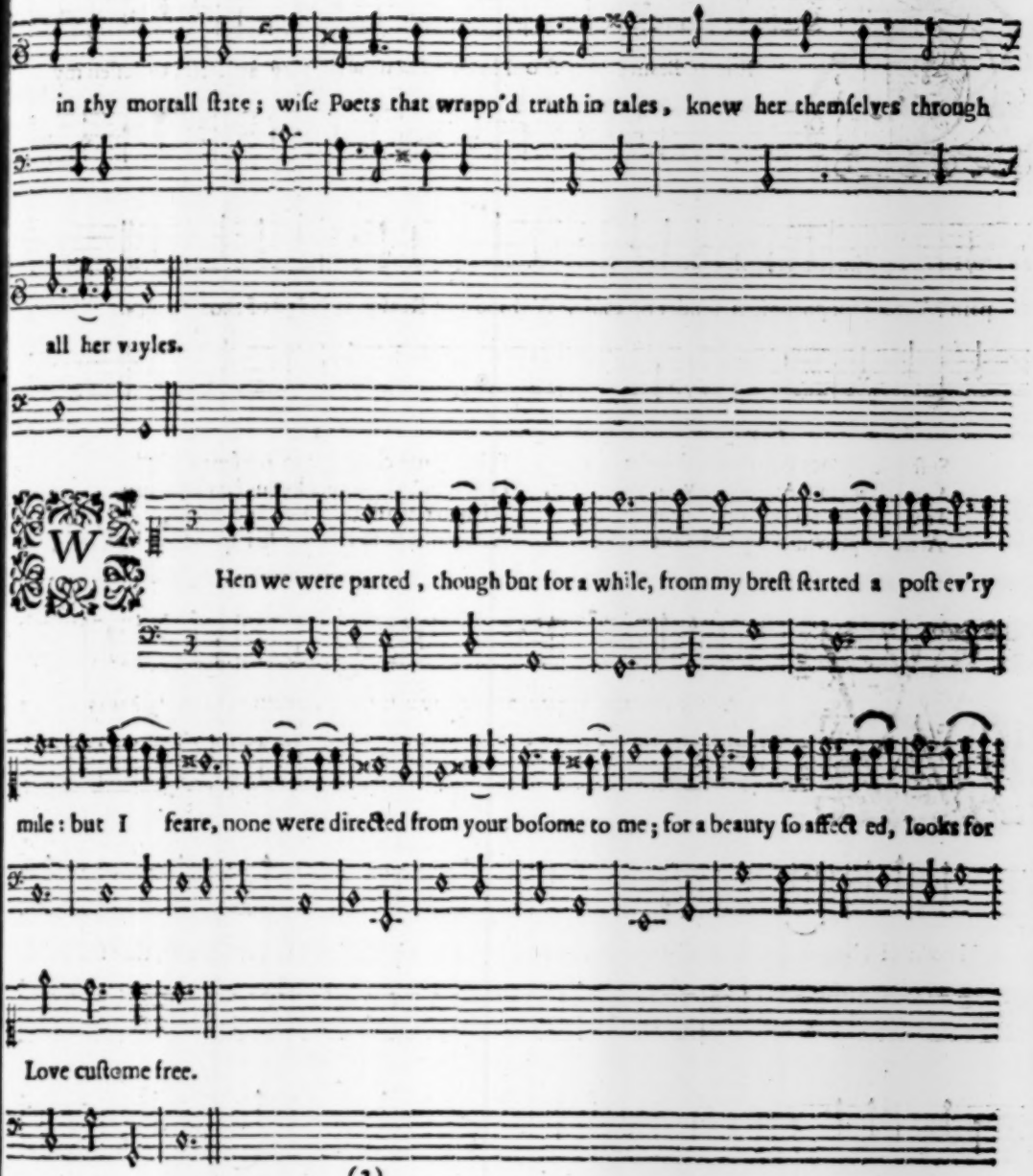
swerves, and the glad Earth about her strowes with treasure, with treasure from her yeelding boughs.

Cloris Singing.

Es, yes, 'tis (*Loris* sings, 'tis she; Mark how the Nymphs and Shepheards all flock


to her: ſo the Maſter Bee the ſwarm leads with his awfull cail; ſo to the Thracian Lyre the floods re-
ſorted, and the liſtning woods: ſo ſhoa's of Dolphins on the green wav's ſpring, when *Doris* or her
Sea-born daughters ſing. and ſo her Notes ther hearts benum: one looks pale, others eyes ore flow with
tears of pleaſure, perhaps ſome, diſtill from ſad hearts, teares of woe; but as if fetter'd in a
chain to ſoft their paſſions felt no paine, ſhee ſtops no ſooner, but th'inchanted throng ſtraight cry,
ſweet *Cloris* ſing an other ſong.


Now Celia, ſince thou art ſo proud, 'twas I that gave thee thy renown, thou
hadſt in the forgotten crowd of common beauties liv'd unknown, had not my verſe exhal'd thy
name, and with it imp'd the wings of Fame. That killing pow'r is none of thine, I gave it to thy
voyce and eyes, thy ſweets, thy graces all are mine, thou art my ſtar, ſhin'ſt in my skies, then dare not
from thy borrow'd ſpheare, lighting on him that fixt thee there. Tempt me with ſuch af-
frights no more, leſt what I made, I uncreate: Let fooles thy myſticke forms adore, Ile know thee



(2)

Tis then no marveill
My ſtate ſhould decay,
Brought to be ſervil
And kept from my pay.

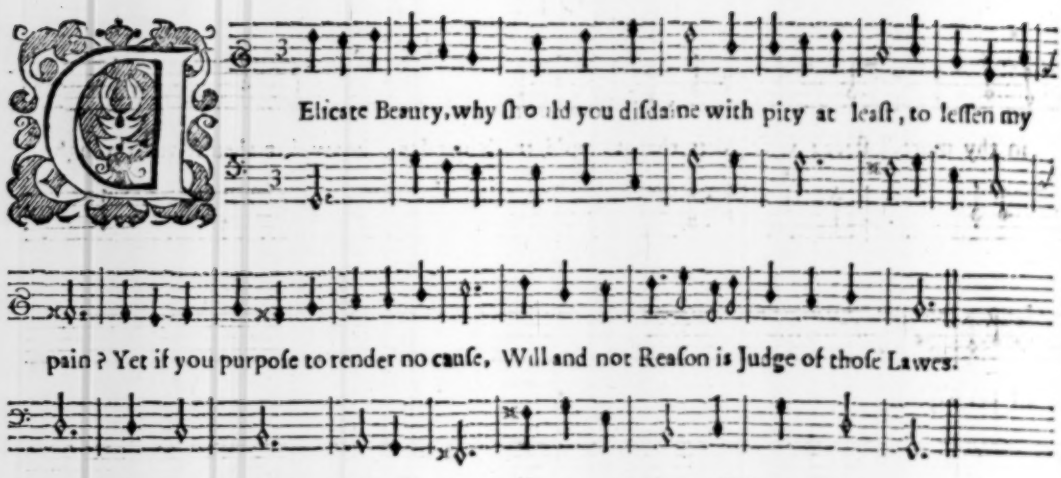
But ingratefull to the giver,
Know the Sex as your King,
Can as well exhauſt a river,
As you ſuck up a ſpring.

(3)

And though triumphing
You rowle to the Main
Small ſtreams are ſomething
And part of your train.

Uſe me gently then that follow
Made by cuſtome ſo tame,
I am ſilent whilaſt you ſwallow
Both my tears, and my name.

Sufferance.

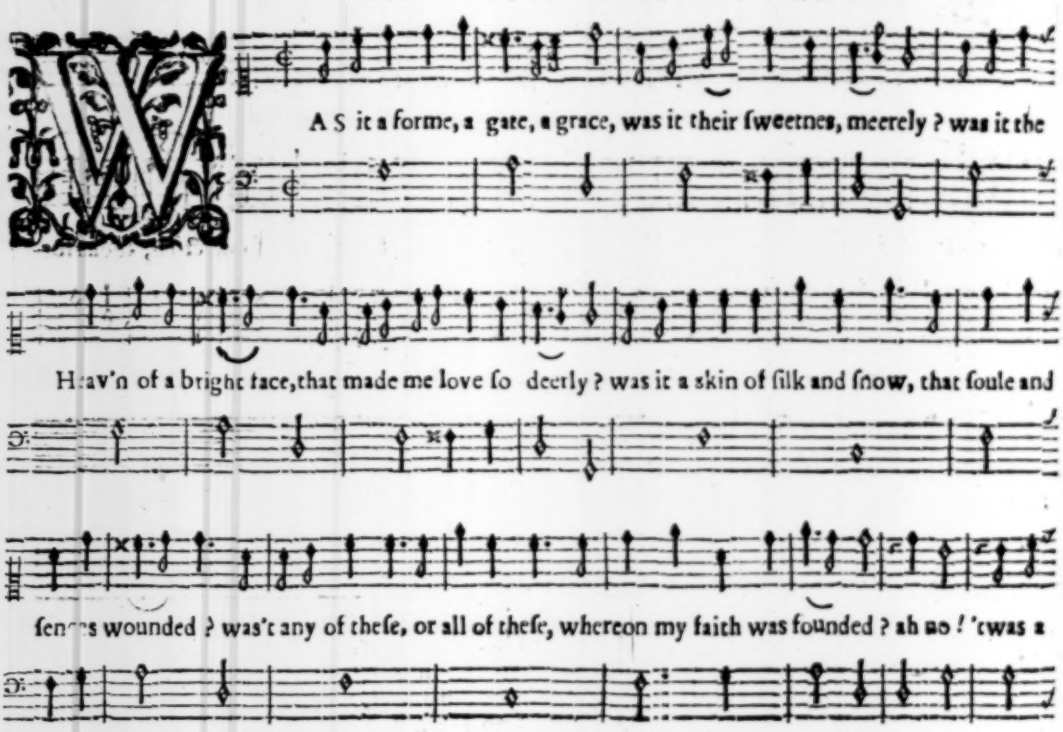


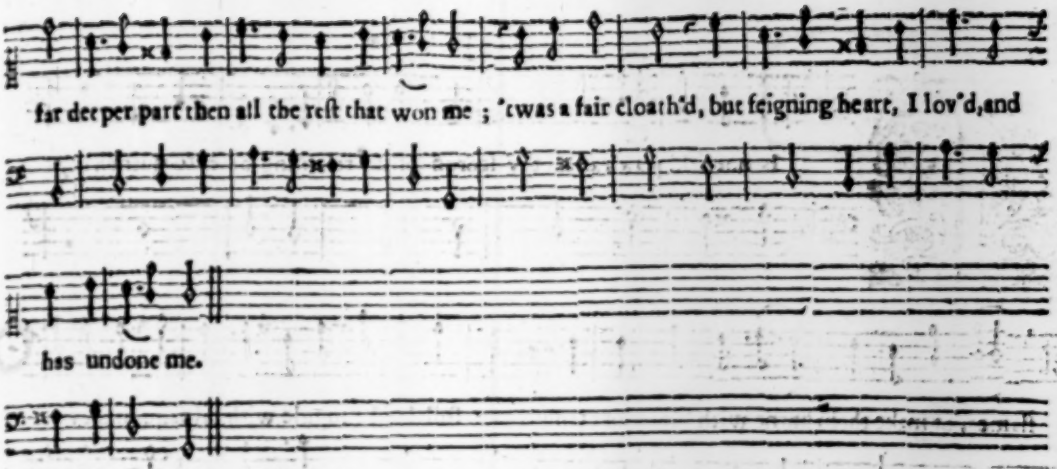
(2)

Suffer in ſilence I can with delight
Courting your Anger to live in your ſight,
Inwardly languiſh, and like my diſeaſe,
Alwaies provided my ſufferance pleaſe.

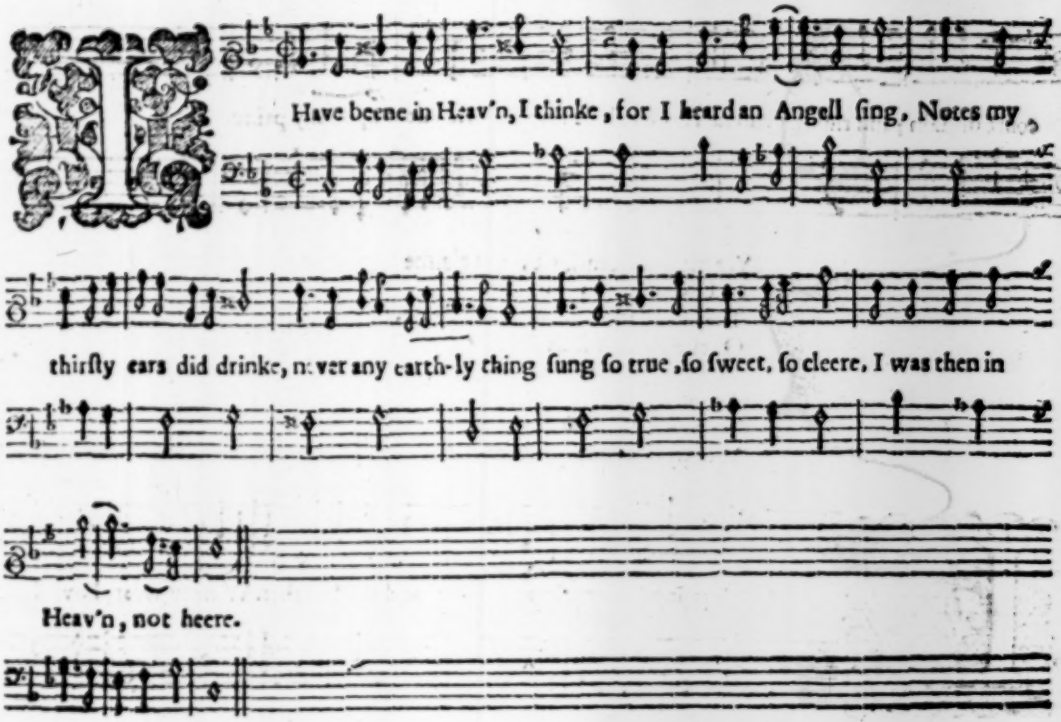
(3)

Take all my comforts in preſent away,
Let all but the hope of your favour decay,
Rich in reverſion Ile live as content,
As he to whom Fortune her fore-lock hath lent.





On his hearing her Majeſty ſing.

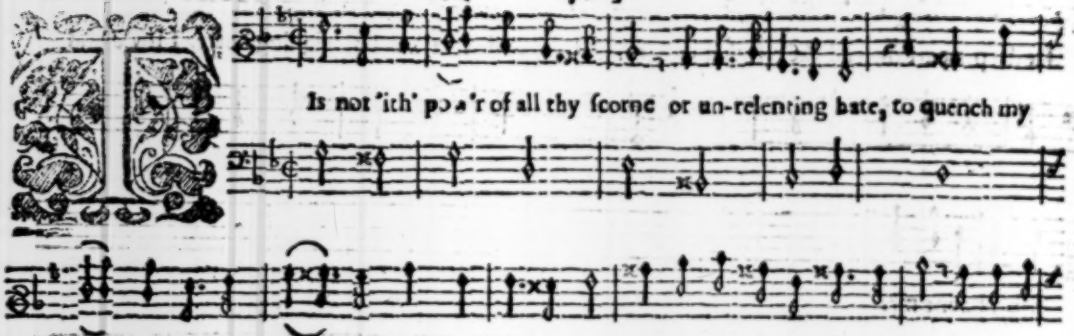


(2)

But the bleſſed feele no change,
So I may miſtake the place,
But mine eyes would think it ſtrange
Should that be no Angels face;
Powr's above, it ſeems, deſigne
Me ſtill Mortall, her Divine.

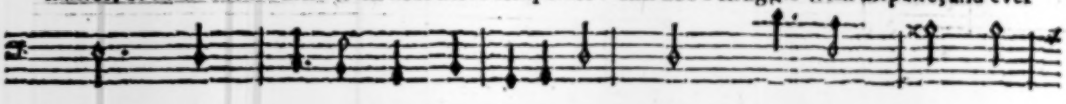
(3)

Till I tread the Milky way,
And I loſe my ſences quite,
All I wiſh is that I may
Hear that voice, and ſee that ſight,
Then in types and outward ſhow,
I ſhall have a heav'n below.

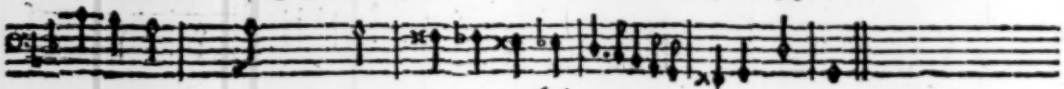


Is not 'ith' po'r of all thy ſcorne or un-relenting hate, to quench my

flames, or make them burne with heat more temperate: ſtill doe I ſtruggle with diſpaire, and ever

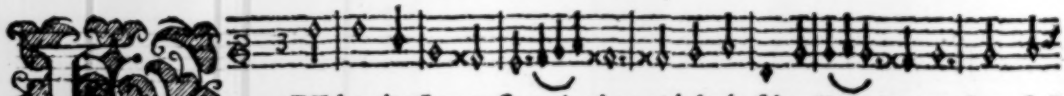


court diſdain; and though you ne're prove leſſe ſeve re, Ile doat upon my paine.

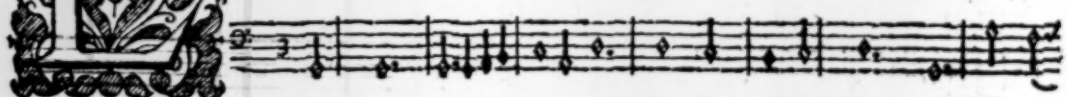


(2)

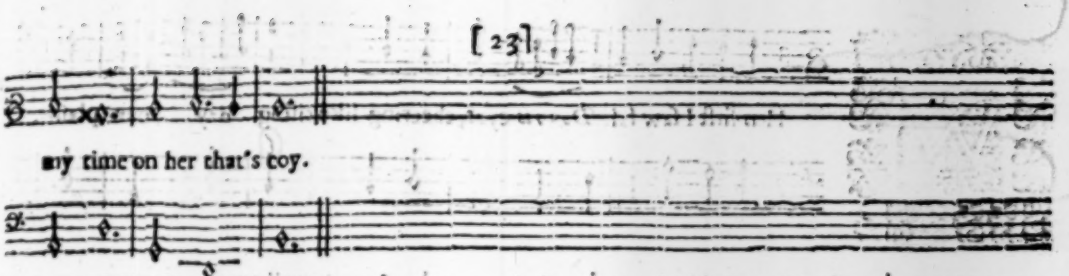
Yet meaner beauties cannot claime
In Love this tyranny,
They muſt pretend an equall flame,
Or elſe our paſſions die:
You fair *Clarinda* you alone
Are priz'd at ſuch a rate
To have a Votary of one
Whom you doe reprobate.



ET longing Lovers ſit and pine, and the forſaken Willow wear, Love ſhall



not blaſt this heart of mine, with ling'ring hope or killing feare: Ile never love till I injoy, or loſe



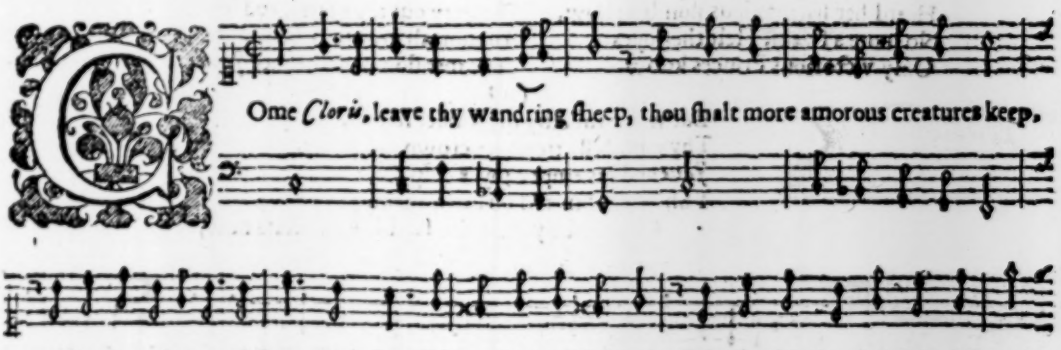
my time on her that's coy.

(2)

If Ladies call us to the field,
And all their colours there display,
Alasse, they needs must to us yeeld,
Since we are better arm'd then they;
Tis folly then to beg or whine
For us that are boro Masculine.

(3)

Then Lovers learn your strength to know,
And you may overcome with ease,
Your enemy fights with a Bow
That cannot wound unlesse you please,
And he that pines because shee's coy,
Wants wit, or courage, women say.



COme *Cloris*, leave thy wandring sheep, thou shalt more amorous creatures keep.

and be the only envi'd dame, that moves upon this grassie frame: for thou shalt heards of *Cupids* have,

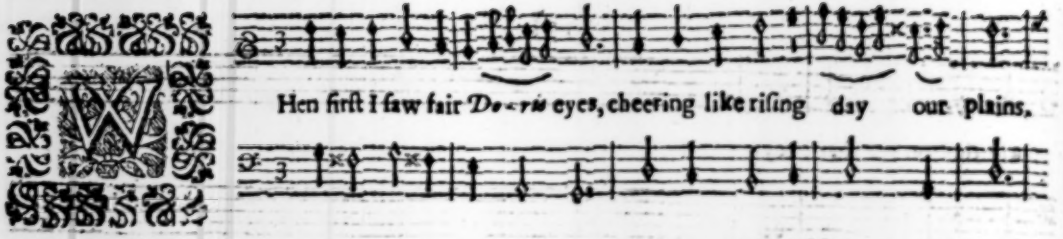
and love and I will be thy slave.

(2)

Nymphs, Satyrs, and the Sylvian Fawns,
Shall leave the woods and narrow Lawns,
To wait on *Cloris*, and adore
Their *Cytherea*, now no more
The name of *Cloris* shall create
A servitude in every state.

(3)

In yonder Mertill grove wee'le dwell
With more content then tongue can tell,
Where hungry Moules shall not affright
Thy tender Lambs, or thee by night:
There we the wanton theeves will play,
And steale each others hearts away.



The Lady *Deerings* Composing.

(2)

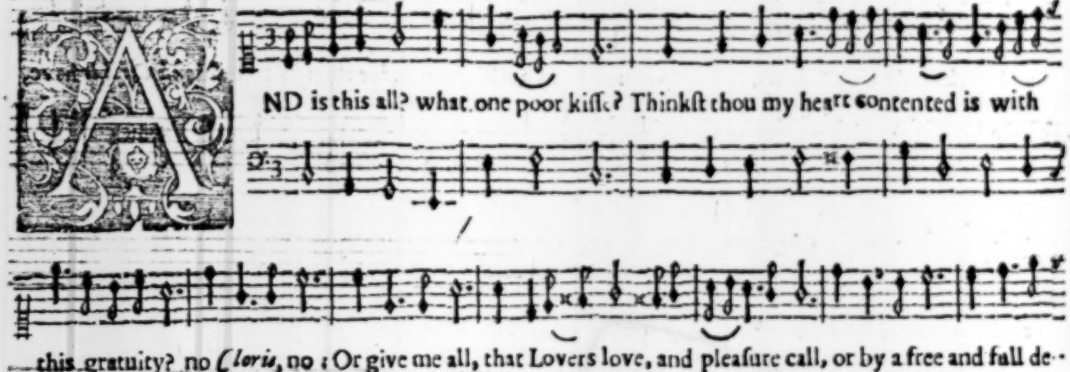
More blessed yet when my rude eare
Heard her harmonious numbers flow,
No more a swain, I felt the joyes
Only victorious Princes know.

(3)

Since which alowd, on thy free lip
To story out my hopes, and love,
Immortall grown, I held aloft
The mansion of dethroned *Jove*.

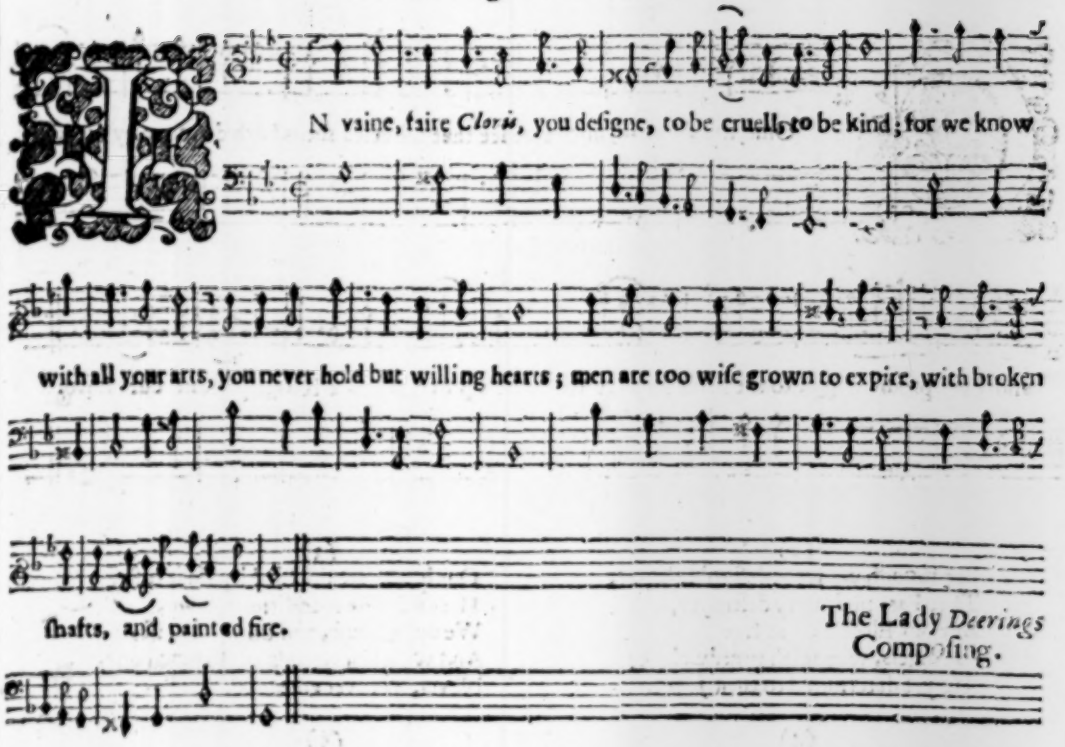
(4)

But when rul'd by my kinder starres,
Thy nameless treasures crown my paine,
Jove and his empty joyes despis'd,
I Shepheard turn'd on earth again.
Gods, take your own, sayd I. vain altars now,
I chuse a happy fate with her below.



The Lady *Deerings* Composing.

A falſe deſigne to be cruell.



(2)

And if among a thouſand ſwains
Some one of Love, or fate complains,
And all the ſtars in heav'n defie,
With *Cloris* lip, or *Celia's* eye:
'Tis not their love the youth would chuſe,
But the glory to refuſe.

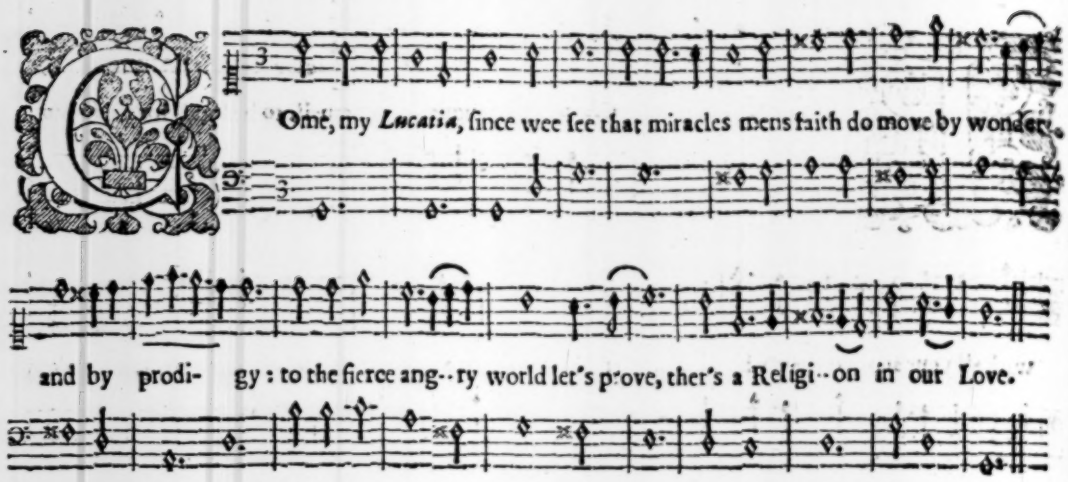
(3)

Then wiſely make your prize of thoſe
Want wit, or courage to oppoſe,
But tempt not me that can diſcover
What will redeeme the fondeſt Lover,
And flie the liſt, leſt it appear,
Your pow'r is meaſur'd by our fear.

(4)

So the rude wave ſecurely ſhocks
The yeelding Bark, but the ſtiffe rocks
If it attempt, how ſoon again
Broke and diſſolv'd it fills the Main:
It foams and roars, but we deride
Alike its weakneſs, and its pride.

Mutuall Affection betweene *Orinda* and *Lucatia*.



(2)

For though we were design'd t'agree,
That Fate no liberty destroyes,
But our Election is as free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determin'd to their joyes.

(3)

Our hearts are doubled by their losse,
Heer mixture is addition grown,
We both defuse, and both ingrosse,
And we whose minds are so much one,
Never, yet ever are alone.

(4)

We court our owne captivity,
Then Thrones more great and innocent,
T'were banishment to be set free,
When we wear fetters whose intent
Not bondage is, but ornament.

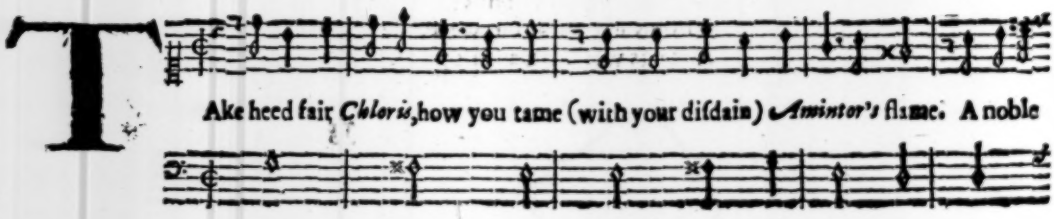
(5)

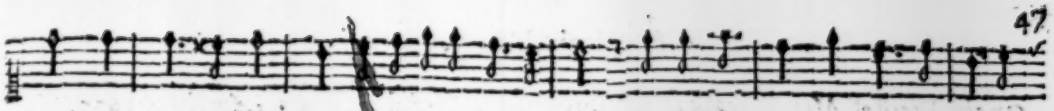
Divided joyes are tedious found,
And griefs united easier grow,
We are our selves but by rebound,
And all our titles shuffl'd so,
Both Princes, and both Subjects too.

(6)

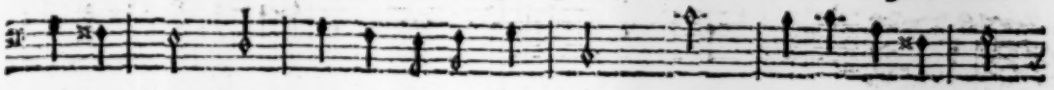
Our hearts are mutuall victims layd,
Which they (such pow'r in friendship lies)
Are Altars, Priests, and Offrings made,
And each heart which thus kindly dies,
Graces deathlesse by the sacrifice.

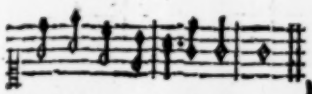
Disdaine.





heart, when once delpis'd, ſwels unto ſuch a height of pride, 'twill rather burſt then deigne to bee a





worſhipper of cruel-ty.

(2)

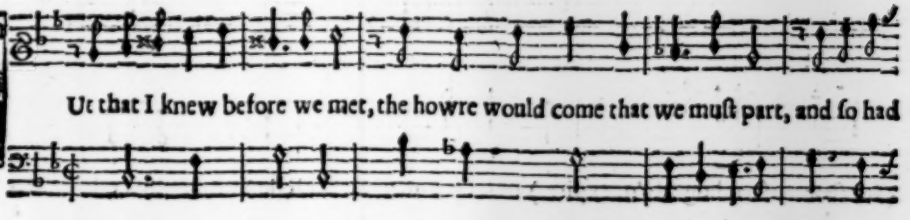
You may uſe common ſhepherds ſo,
My flames at laſt to ſtorms will grow,
And blow ſuch ſcorn upon thy pride,
Will blaſt all I have magnifi'd:
You are not fair when Love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

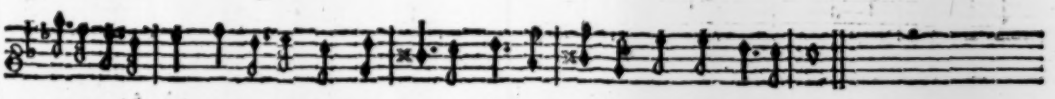
(3)

O dee not for a flock of ſheep,
A golden ſhowr when as you ſleep,
Or for the tales ambition tells,
Forſake the houſe wher honor dwels
In *Damons* palace you'l nee'r ſhine,
So bright as in theſe arms of mine.

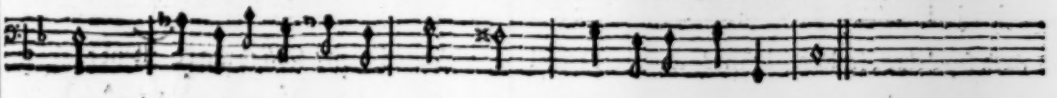
Parting.

But that I knew before we met, the howre would come that we muſt part, and ſo had





fortifi'd my heart, I hardly could eſcape the net, my Paſſions for my Reaſon ſet.



(2)

But why ſhould Reaſon hope to win
A Victory that's ſo unkind,
And ſo unwelcome to my mind,
To yeeld is neyther ſhame nor ſin.
Beſieg'd without, betray'd within.

(3)

But Friends ne're part (to ſpeak aright)
For who's but going is not gone;
Friends like the Sun muſt ſtill move on,
And when they ſeem moſt out of ſight,
Their abſence makes at moſt but night?

(4)

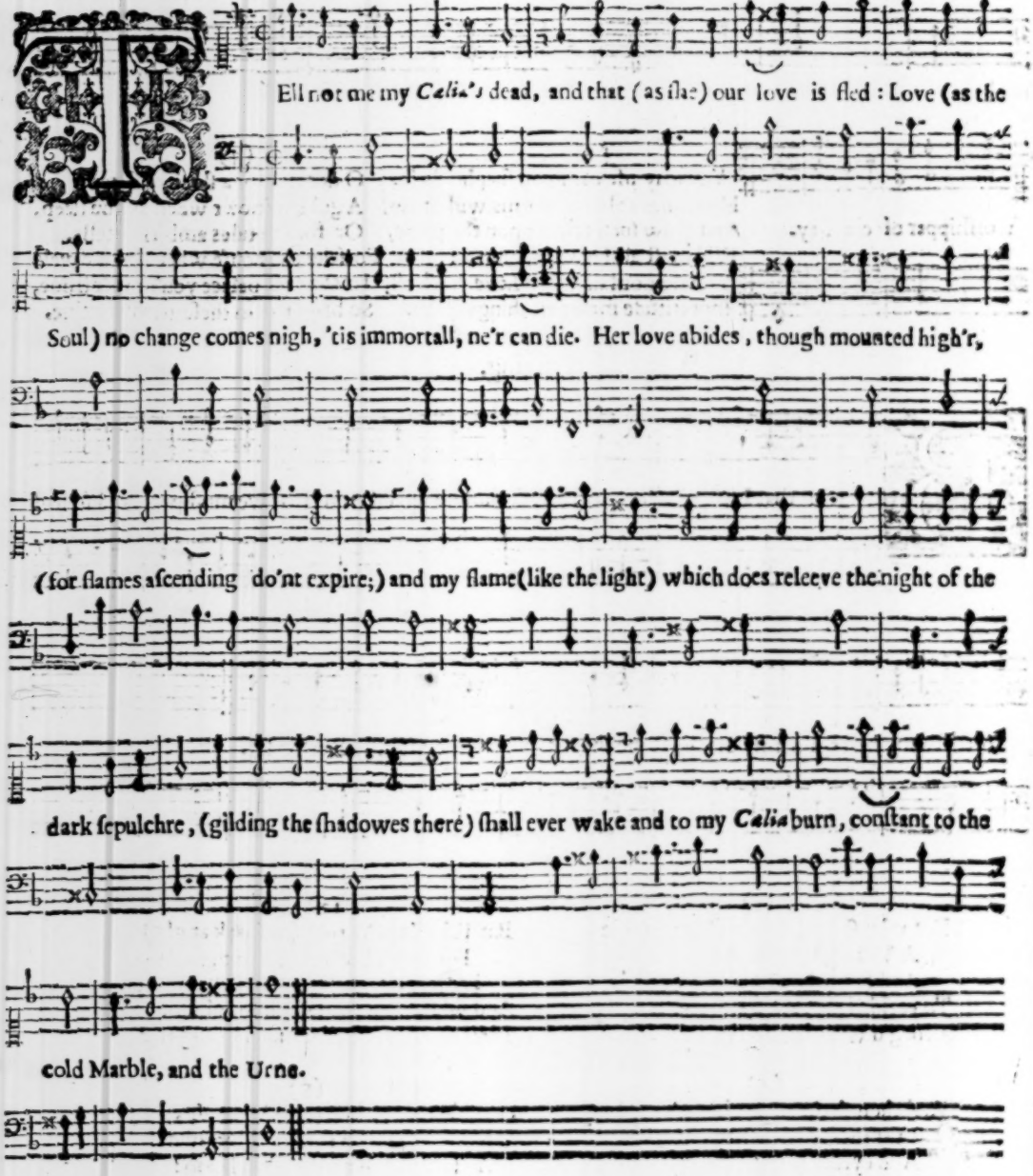
And though that night be ne're ſo long,
In it they eyther ſleep or wake,
And eyther way enjoyments take,
In Dreams or Viſions which belong
Thoſe to the old, theſe to the yong.

(5)

I'm old when going, gone 'tis night,
My Parting then ſhall be a Dreame,
And laſt till the auſpicious Beams
Of our next meeting gives new light,
And the beſt Viſion that's your ſight.

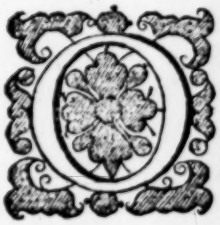
An Elegiack Song,

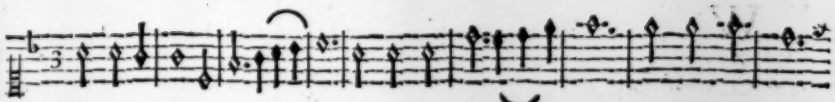
On the Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Sambroke, *who Died at Salisbury, April* 11. 1655.



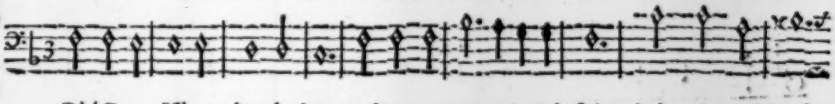
On a Pint of Sack.

For two V.yces.

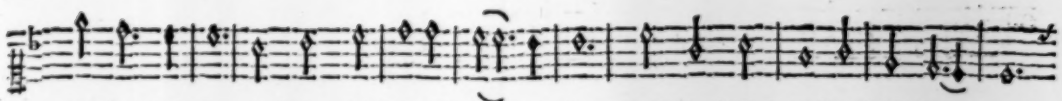




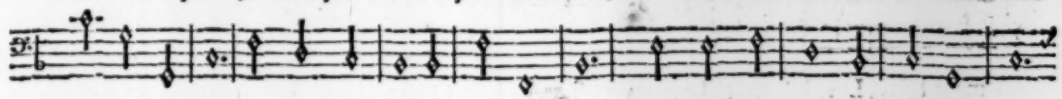
Ld Poets Hipocrin admire, and pray to water to inſpire their wit and Muſe



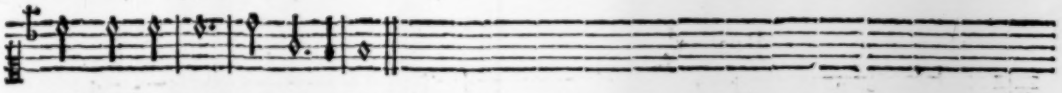
Old Poets Hipocrin admire, and pray to water to inſpire their wit and Muſe



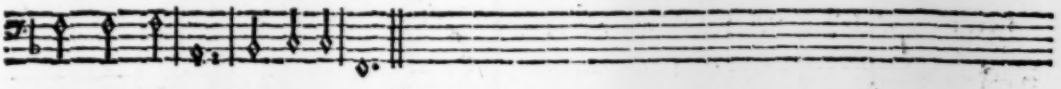
with heav'nly fire; had they this heav'nly fountain ſeen, Sacke both their well and Muſe had beene,



with heav'nly fire, had they this heav'nly fountaine ſeene, Sacke both their well and Muſe had been,



and this pint-pot their Hipocrin.



and this pint-pot their Hipocrin.

(2)

Had they truly diſcoverd it
They had like me thought it unfit
To pray to water for their wit,
And had ador'd Sack as divine,
And made a Poet God of Wine,
And this pint-pot had been a ſhrine.

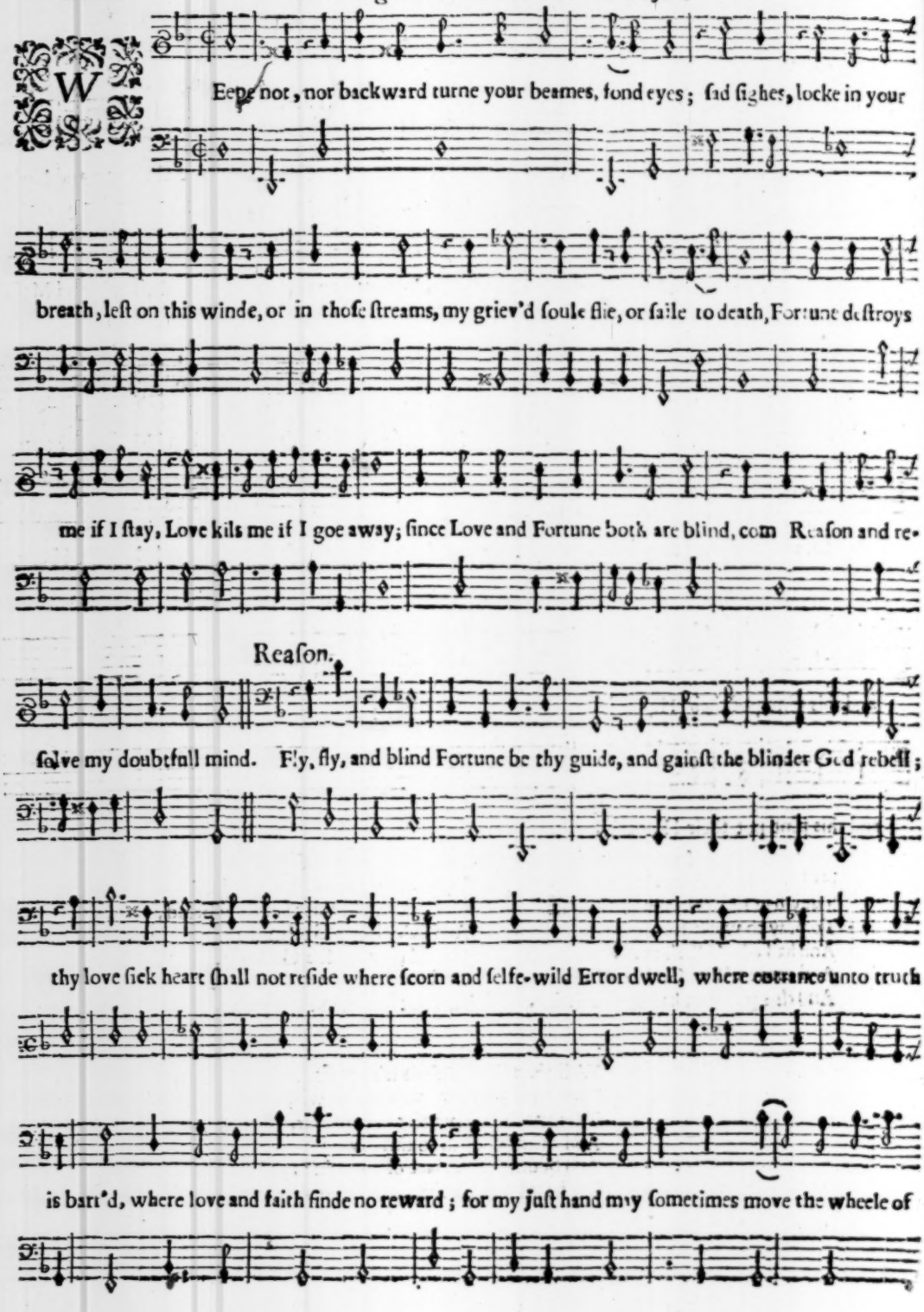
(3)

Sack unto them had been in ſtead
Of Nectar, and their heav'nly bread,
And ev'ry boy a Ganimed;
Or had they made a God of it,
Or ſtil'd it patron of their wit,
This pot had been a temple fit.

(4)

Well then Companions is't not fit,
Since to this Jemme we ow our wit,
That we ſhould prayſe the Caboner,
And drink a health to this divine
And bounteous pallace of our wine;
Die he with thirſt that doth repine.

Love. *A Dialogue betweene a Lover and Reason.*



Cho:

Fortune, not the ſphere of Loue. Fly, fly, and blind Fortune bee thy guide, and gainſt the

Cho:

Fly, and blind Fortune bee thy guide, and gainſt the

blinder God rebell, thy love-ſick heart ſhall not reſide where ſcorn and ſelfe-willd Error dwell.

blinder God rebell, thy love-ſick heart ſhall not reſide where ſcorn and ſelfe-wild Error dwell.

A Dialogue between *Phillida* and *Coridon.*

Phil.

AH, *Coridon,* contentedly we tend our bleating flocks, but think not of our end

Coridon.

Faire *Phillida,* our life that's innocent, cannot be guilty of an ill event: 'tis true, but yet me thinks

diſeas'd old age, ſhould make us weary of our pilgrimage: our age points to our end; in this we're

Cho:

blest, that after all our pains, w'are neer our rest. In this w'are blest, that after all our pains, w'are

Cho

In this w'are blest, that after all our pains, w'are

neere our rest. But wher's our rest? must we not fight with death, and gainst him lose our life for

neere our rest.

want of breath; Death hasts us to our graves, if well we die we shall have heav'n, we shall have

Cho·

heav'n in change for misery. Then welcome death, obey, obey our destiny, And change our

Cho.

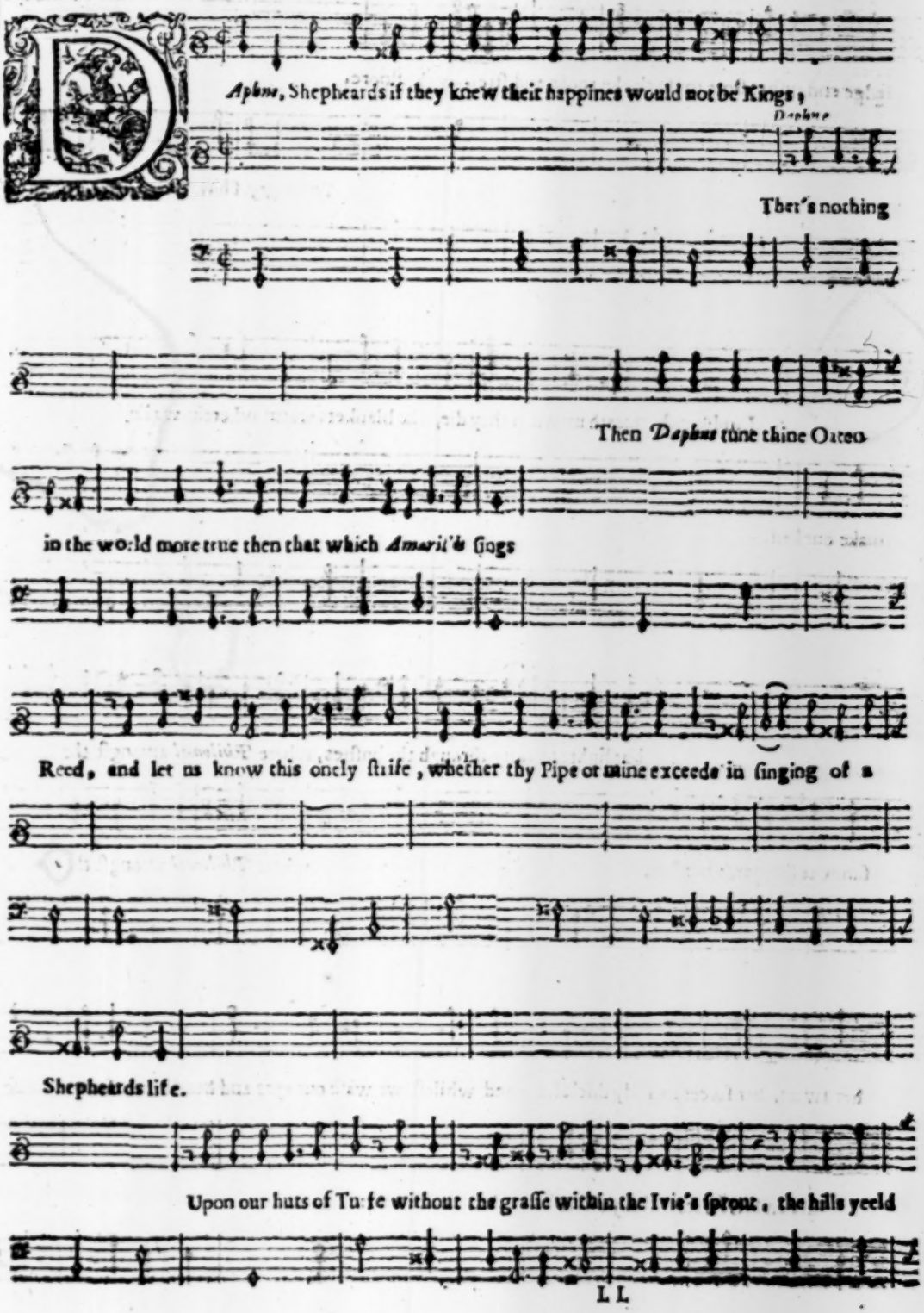
Then welcom death, obey, obey our destiny, And change our

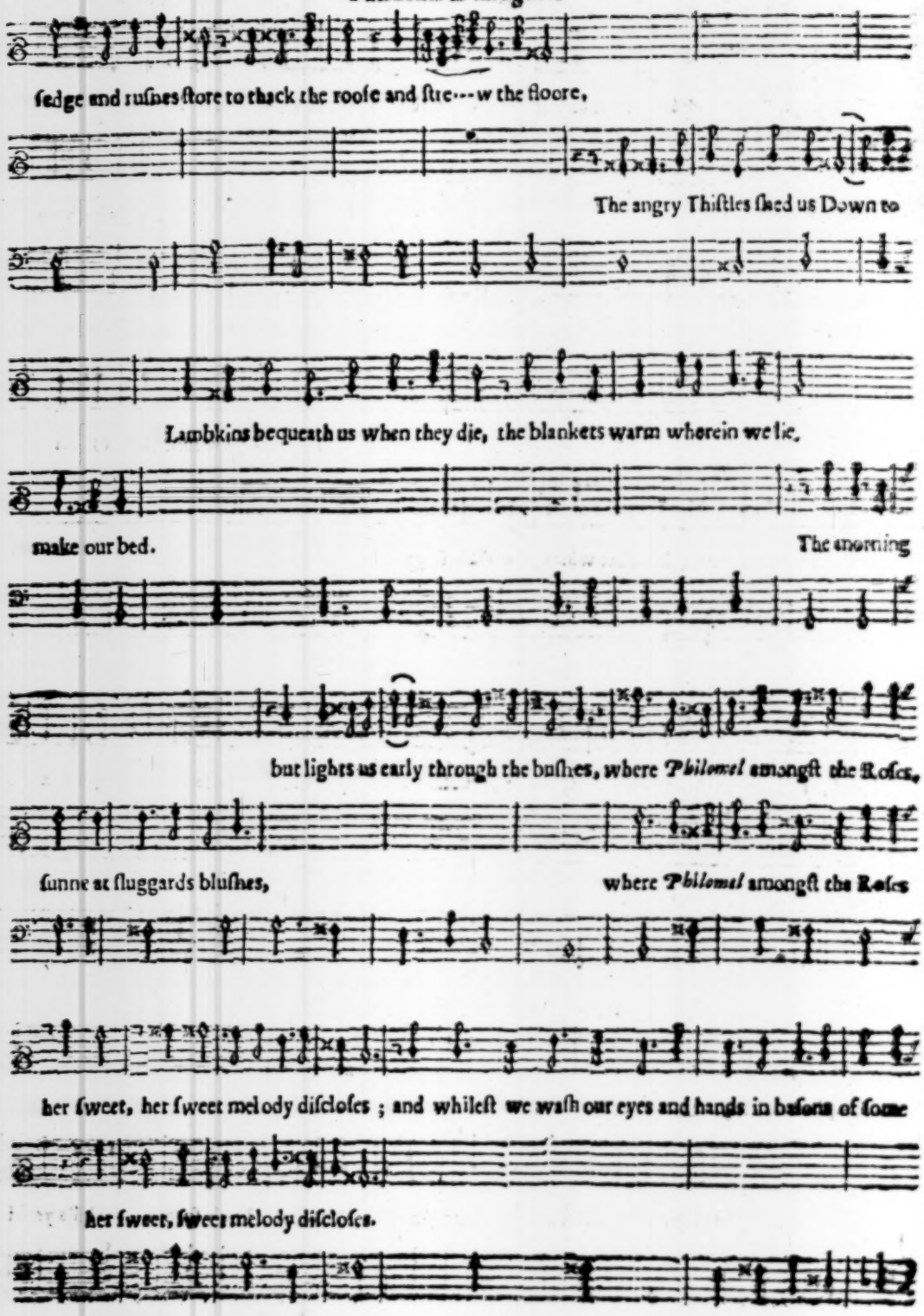
frailty our frail-ty for eternity,

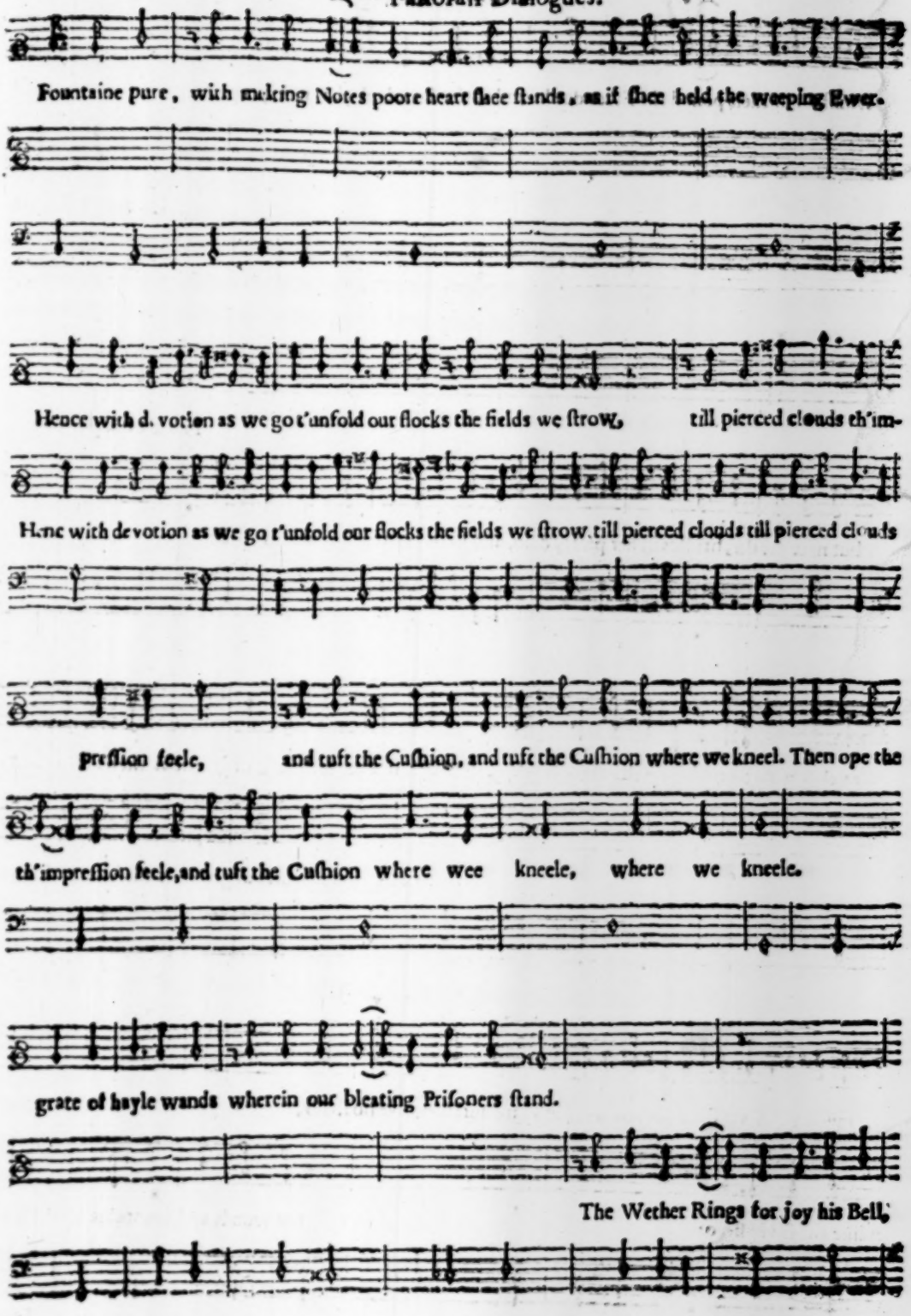
frail-ty for eter-ni-- ty.

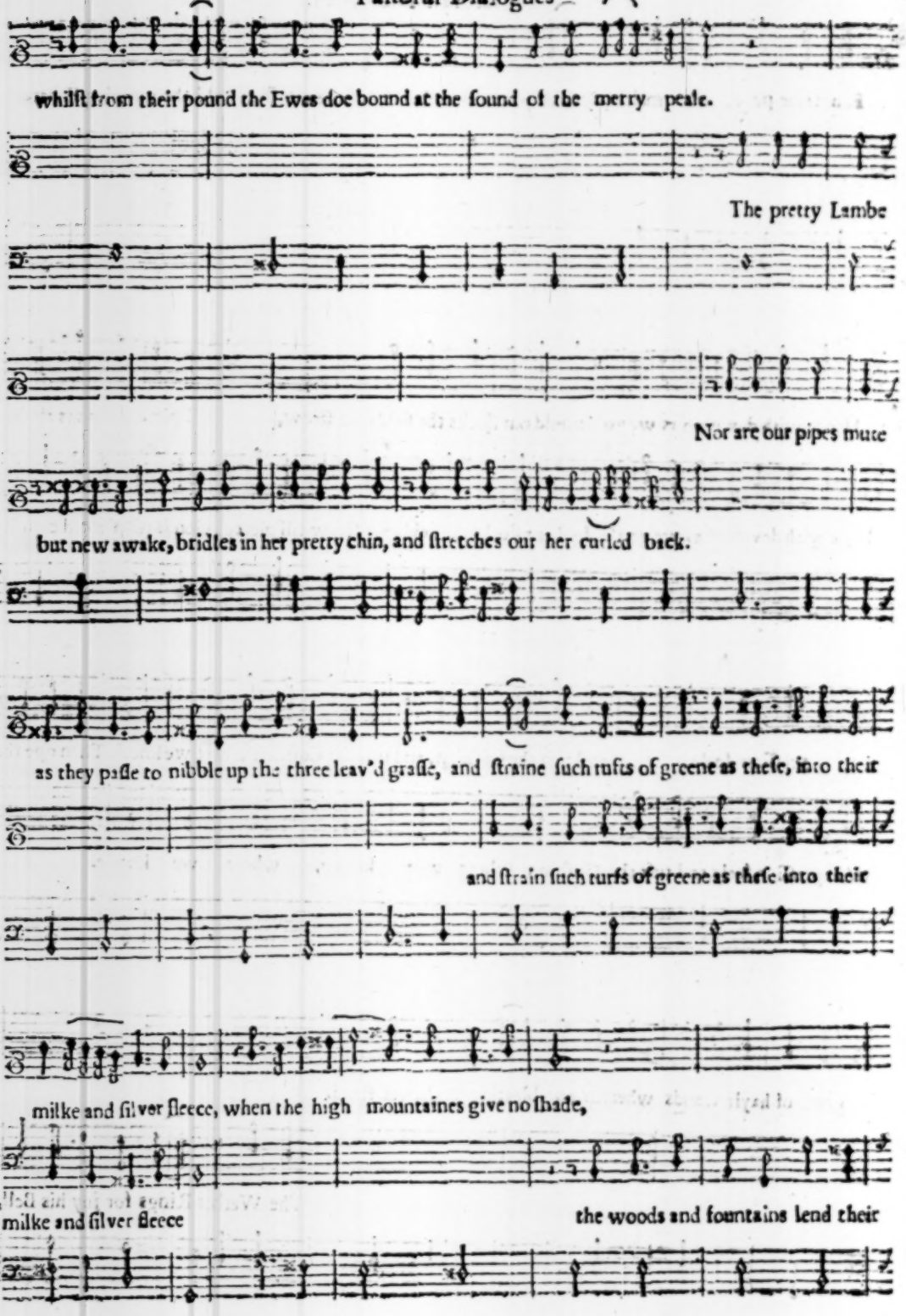
A Paſtorall Dialogue between two Nymphs *Amarillis* and *Daphne*.

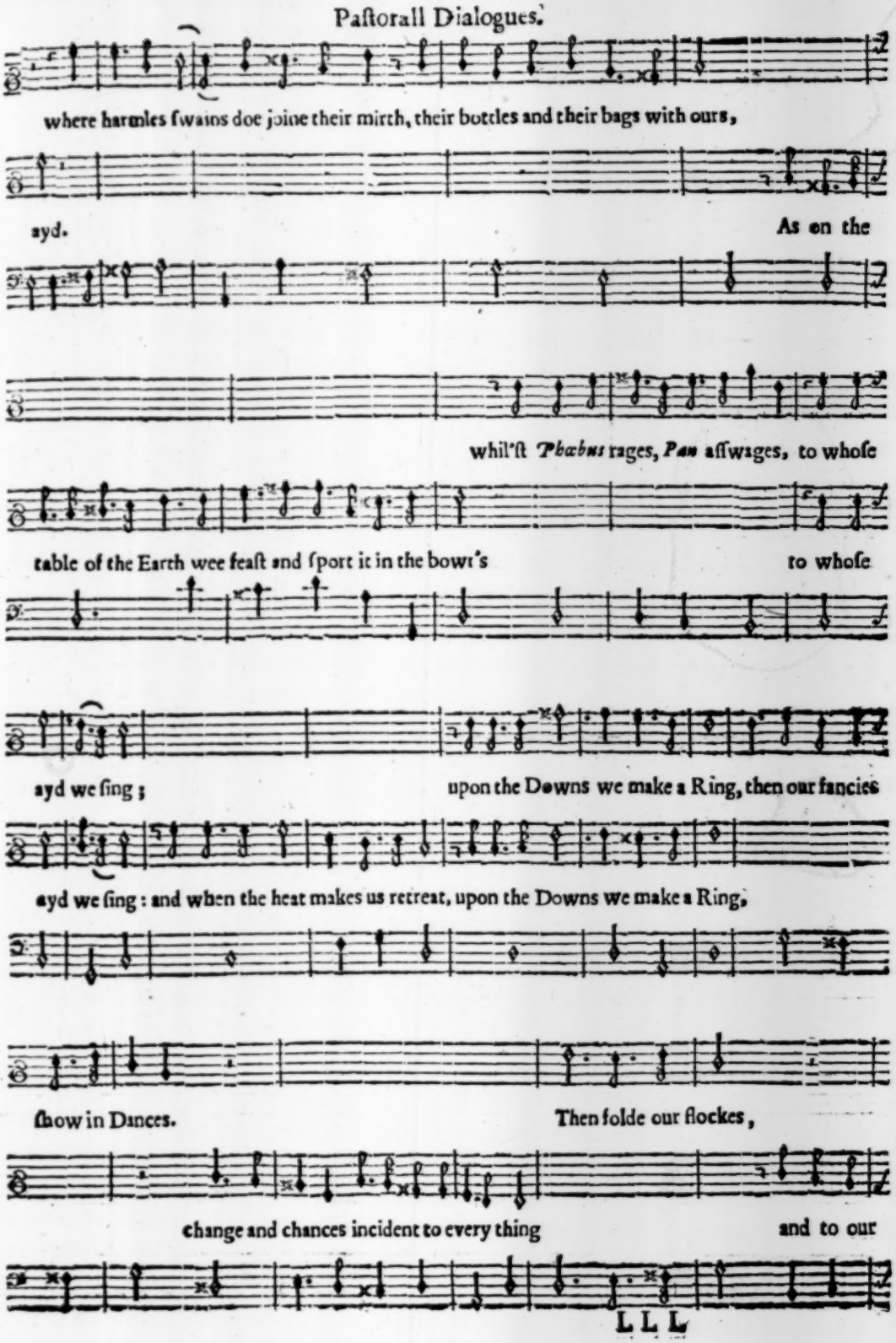
For 2. Trebles or Tenors.

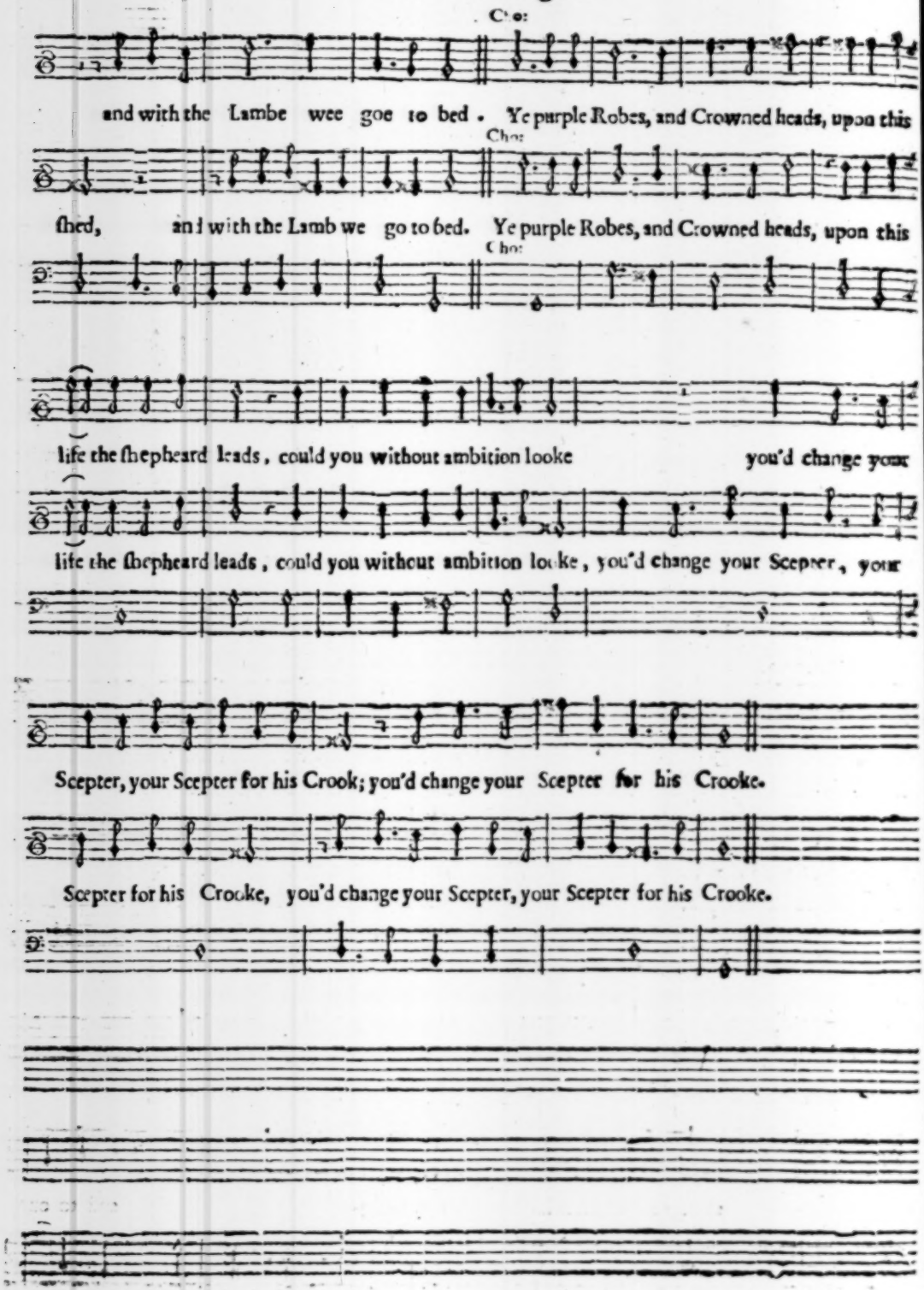



ſedge and ruſhes ſtore to thack the rooſe and ſtre---w the floore,
The angry Thiſtles ſhed us Down to
Lambkins bequeath us when they die, the blankets warm wherein we lie,
make our bed.
The morning
but lights us early through the buſhes, where *Philomel* amongſt the Roſes,
ſunne at ſluggards bluſhes,
where *Philomel* amongſt the Roſes
her ſweet, her ſweet melody diſcloſes ; and whileſt we waſh our eyes and hands in baſons of ſome
her ſweet, ſweet melody diſcloſes.

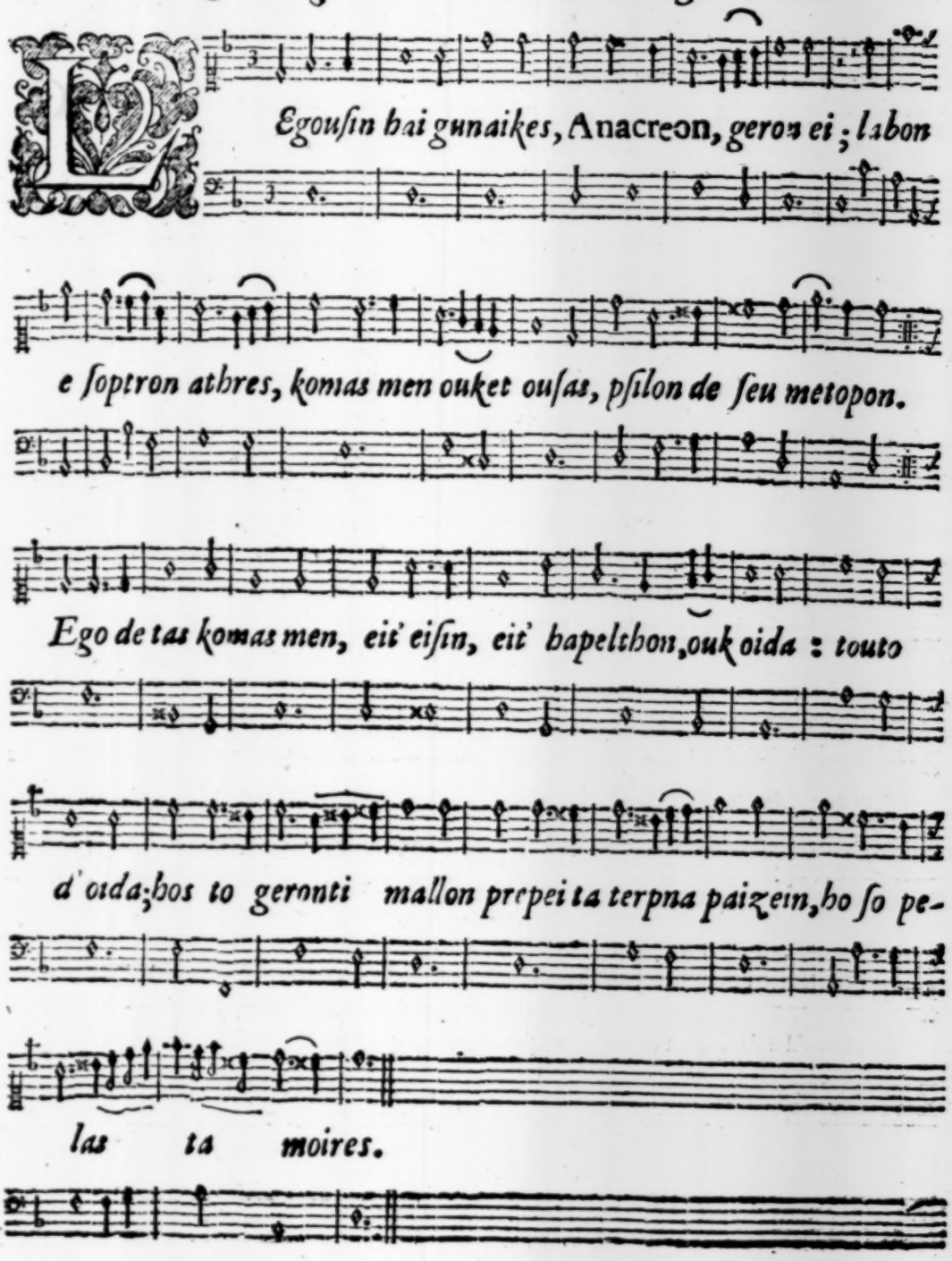

Fountaine pure, with making Notes poore heart ſhee ſtands, as if ſhee held the weeping Ewer.
Hence with d. votion as we go t'unfold our flocks the fields we ſtrow, till pierced clouds th'im-
Hence with devotion as we go t'unfold our flocks the fields we ſtrow till pierced clouds till pierced clouds
preſſion feele, and tuft the Cuſhion, and tuft the Cuſhion where we kneel. Then ope the
th'impreſſion feele, and tuft the Cuſhion where wee kneele, where we kneele.
grate of hayle wands wherein our bleating Priſoners ſtand.
The Wether Rings for joy his Bell,


whilſt from their pound the Ewes doe bound at the ſound of the merry peale.
The pretty Lambe
Nor are our pipes mute
but new awake, bridles in her pretty chin, and ſtretches our her curled back.
as they paſſe to nibble up the three leav'd graſſe, and ſtraine ſuch tufts of greene as theſe, into their
and ſtrain ſuch turfs of greene as theſe into their
milke and ſilver fleece, when the high mountaines give no ſhade,
milke and ſilver fleece
the woods and fountains lend their


where harmles ſwains doe joine their mirth, their bottles and their bags with ours,
ayd.
As on the
whil'ſt *Phœbus* rages, *Pan* aſſwages, to whoſe
table of the Earth wee feaſt and ſport it in the bowr's
to whoſe
ayd we ſing;
upon the Downs we make a Ring, then our fancies
ayd we ſing: and when the heat makes us retreat, upon the Downs we make a Ring,
ſhow in Dances.
Then folde our flockes,
change and chances incident to every thing
and to our


Cho:
and with the Lambe wee goe to bed. Ye purple Robes, and Crowned heads, upon this
Cho:
ſhed, and with the Lamb we go to bed. Ye purple Robes, and Crowned heads, upon this
Cho:
life the ſhepheard leads, could you without ambition looke you'd change your
life the ſhepheard leads, could you without ambition looke, you'd change your Scepter, your
Scepter, your Scepter for his Crook; you'd change your Scepter for his Crooke.
Scepter for his Crooke, you'd change your Scepter, your Scepter for his Crooke.

ANACREONS Ode concerning himselfe.



ANACREONS *Ode Engliſhed.*

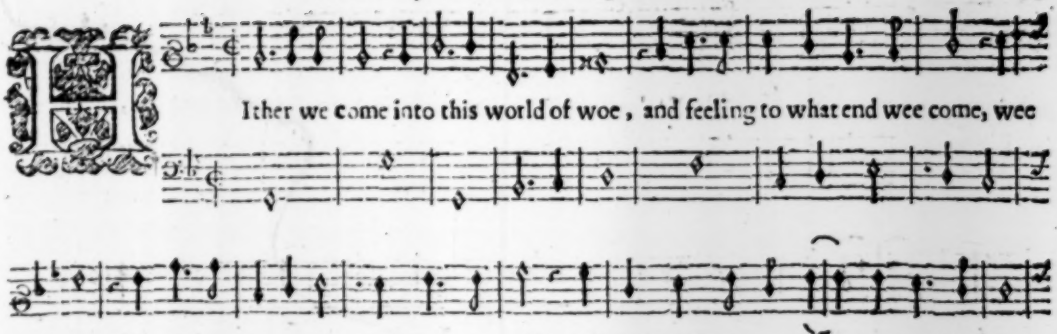
Way, away, *Anacreon*, (now women ſay) thou'rt old and done; Read thine owne

glaſſe, and there thoul't ſee, not one haire left to credit thee: That head of thine (ſtript of its Robe)

look's like a bald unwritten Globe. Whether my hayre doe come or goe, I cannot tell; but this I

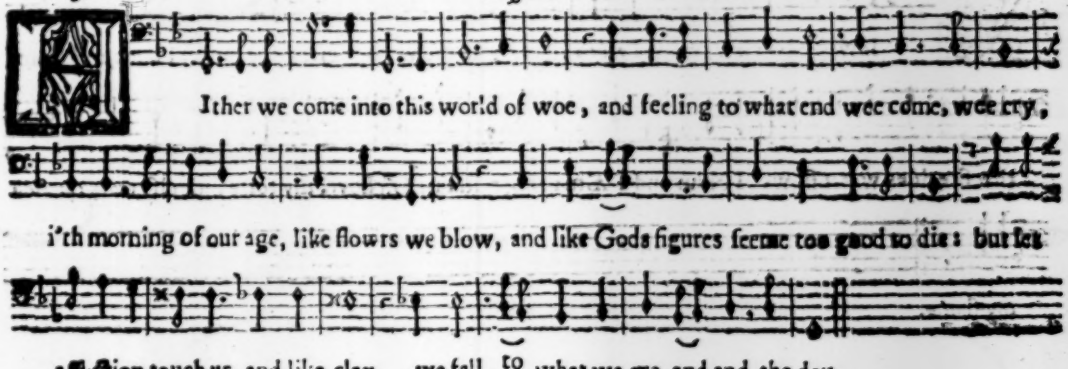
know, an old man more ſhould cheere his heart, as hee drawes neerer to depart; That his laſt breath

be crown'd and bleſt, not in a ſigh, but with a jeſt.



2. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

2. 3. Voc. *Bassus.*



View *Lesbia* view, view *Lesbia* view, how my various cares doe grow, I burne

and from that fire does water flow. I Nilus and I Ætna am, restrain, Oh Love, my tears, or else tears

quench my flame.

or else tears quench my flame.

from that fire does water flow. I Nilus and I Ætna am; restrain, Oh Love, my tears,

View *Lesbia* view, view *Lesbia* view, how my various cares doe grow, I burne and

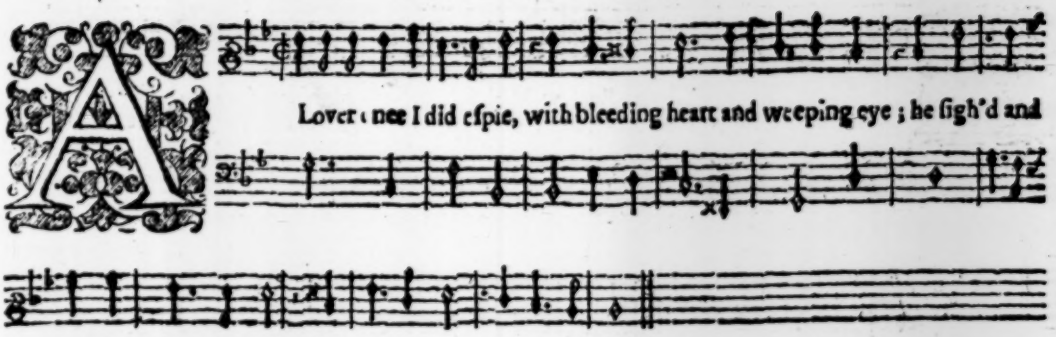
a. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. voc. *Bassus.*

View *Lesbia* view, view *Lesbia* view, how my various cares doe grow, I burn, and from

that fire does water flow. I Nilus and I Ætna am; restrain, Oh Love, my tears, or else tears quench

my flame.

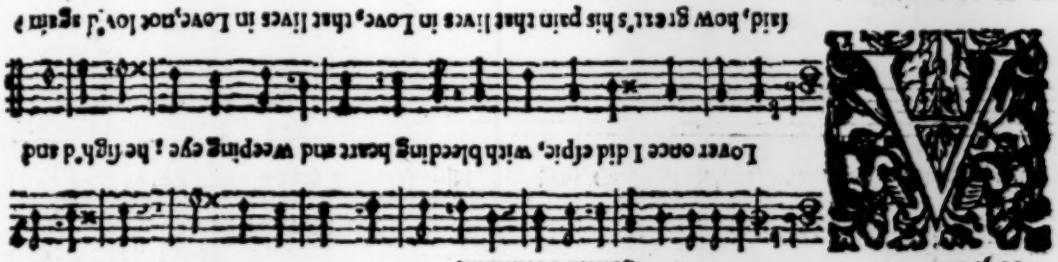


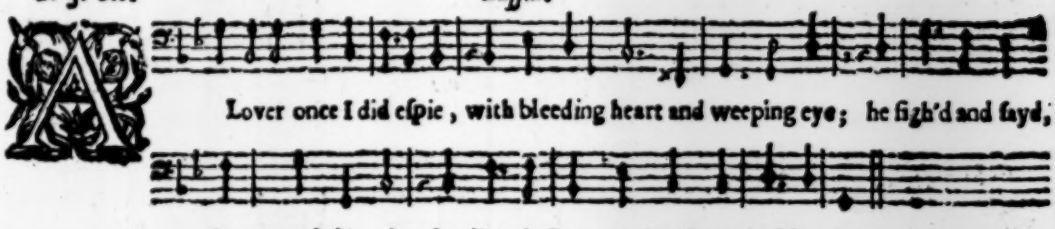
A Lover once I did eſpie, with bleeding heart and weeping eye; he ſigh'd and

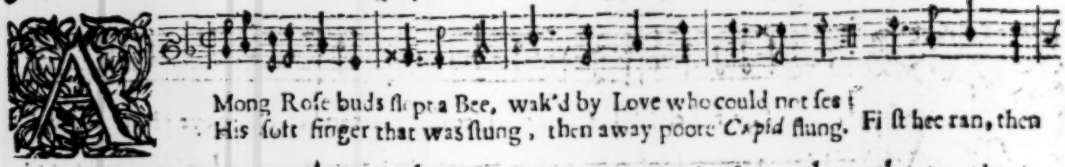
ſayd, how great's his paine that lives in Love, not lov'd again?

Can there (ſaith he) no cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Then let me dye, which ile endure,
Since ſhe wants charity to cure.

Yet let her one day feele the paine,
To wiſh ſh' had lov'd but wiſh in vaine,
For withered cheekes may chance recover
Some ſparks of Love, but not a Lover.

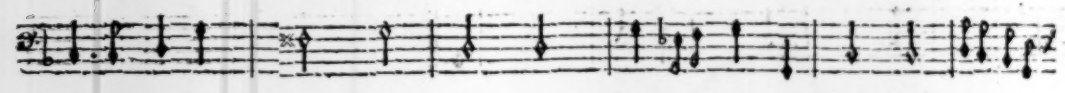




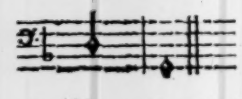


Among Roſe buds ſlept a Bee, wak'd by Love who could not ſee;
His ſoft finger that was ſtung, then away poore *Cupid* flung. Firſt hee ran, then

flew about, and to *Venus* thus cry'd out; Help, Mother help, oh! I'm undone, a Scorpi-on hath

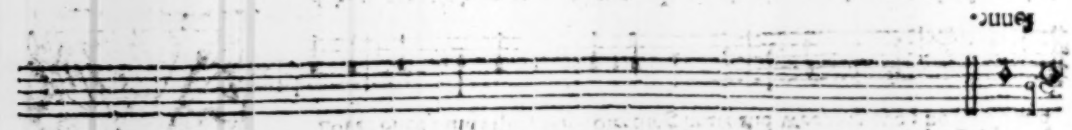


ſtung your ſon.



'Twas a Serpent, it could flie,
For't had wings as well as I;
Country ſwains call this a Bee
But oh this hath murthred me.

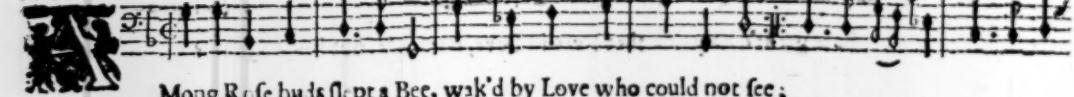
Sonne, ſayd *Venus*, if the ſting
Of a Flie ſuch torment bring,
Think, O think, on all thoſe hearts
Pierced by thy burning darts.



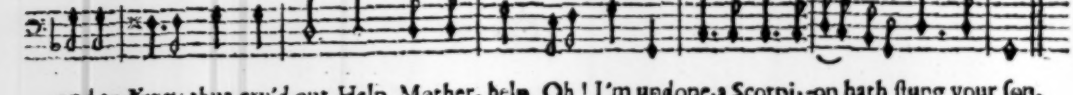
Among Roſe buds ſlept a Bee, wak'd by Love who could not ſee;
His ſoft finger that was ſtung, then away poore *Cupid* flung. Firſt hee ran, then flew
about, and to *Venus* thus cry'd out Help Mother, help, Oh! I'm undone, a Scorpion hath ſtung your
ſonne.

a. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus*

a. 3. voc. *Bassus.*



Among Roſe buds ſlept a Bee, wak'd by Love who could not ſee;
His ſoft finger that was ſtung, then away poore *Cupid* flung. Firſt he ran, then flew about



and to *Venus* thus cry'd out, Help, Mother, help, Oh! I'm undone, a Scorpi-on hath ſtung your ſon.

N the non-age of a winters day, *Lavinia* glorious as May, to give the morn an eaſier

birth, pac'd a league of cruſted earth, where ev'ry place by which ſhe came, from her veins conceiv'd a

Flame.

Lavinia ſtood amaz'd to ſee
Things of yeerly conſtancy
Thus to rebell againſt their ſeaſon,
And though a ſtranger to the reaſon,
Back returning quench'd the heat
And winter kept its former ſeat.

came, from her veins conceiv'd a Flame.

an eaſier birth, pac'd a league of cruſted earth, where ev'ry place by which ſhe

N the non-age of a winters day, *Lavinia* glorious as May, to give the morn

a. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. voc. *Baſſus.*

N the non-age of a winters day, *Lavinia* glorious as May, to give the morn an

eaſier birth, pac'd a league of cruſted earth, where ev'ry place by which ſhee

came, from her veines conceiv'd a Flame.

All the ſpring with all her Flowrs, bid the winged Syrens ſing, let Loves keen

Arrows from the Bowrs be ſhot by ev'---ry warbling ſtring.

M/ *Ama·illis* never drew
Her ſhining dart and ſounding Bow,
But then as many graces flew,
And yet ſhe is a fiel'd of ſnow.

Arrows from the Bowrs be ſhot by ev-'ry warbling ſtring.

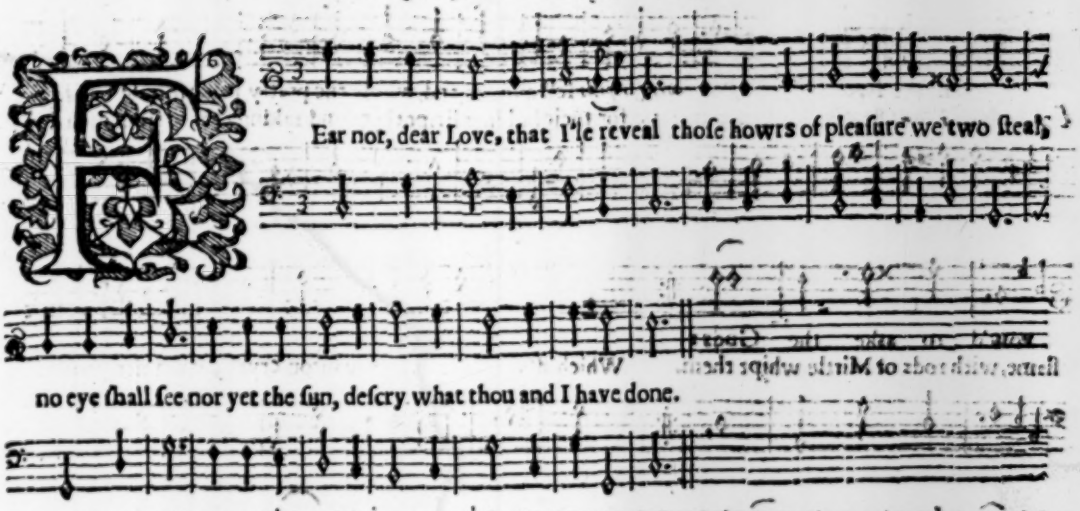
All the Spring with all her Flowrs, bid the winged Syrens ſing, let Loves keene

a. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. voc. *Baſſus.*

All the Spring with all her Flowrs, bid the winged Syrens ſing, let Loves keen

Arrows from the Bowrs be ſhot by ev'ry warbling ſtring.

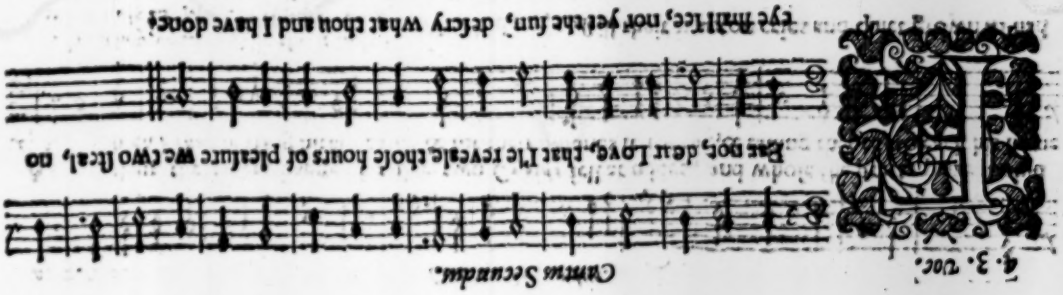


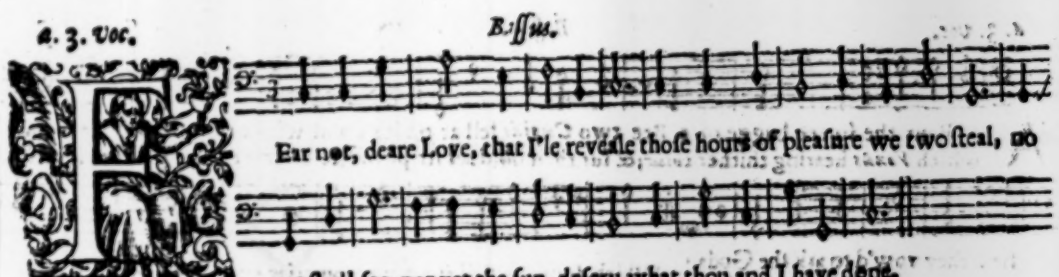
(2)

No ear shall hear our Love, but we
As silent as the night will be,
The God of Love himselfe, (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)
Shall never know that we can tell.
What sweetnes sholn embraces dwell;
This only means may find it out,
If when I die, Physitians doubt.

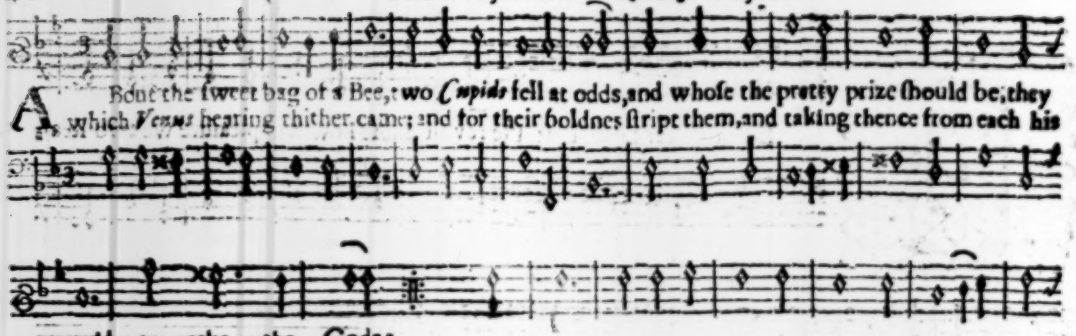
(4)

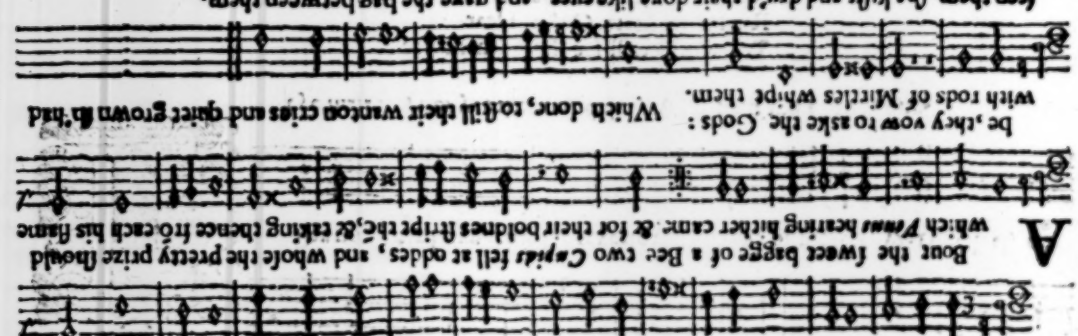
What caus'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgements which was true;
Rip up my heart, O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

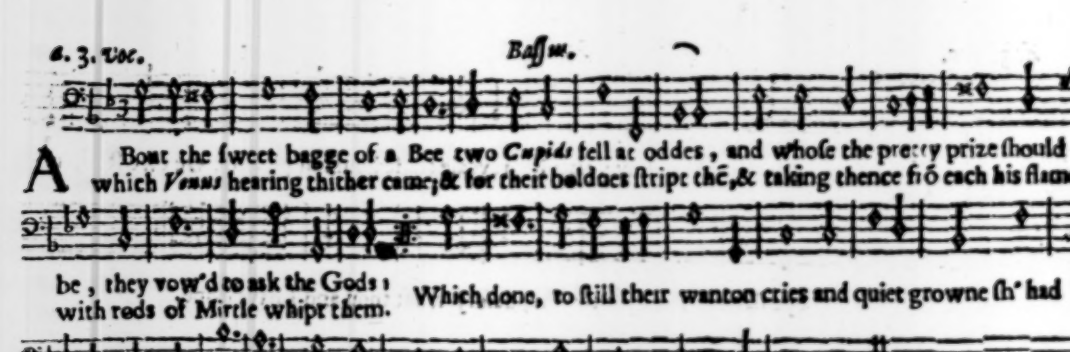




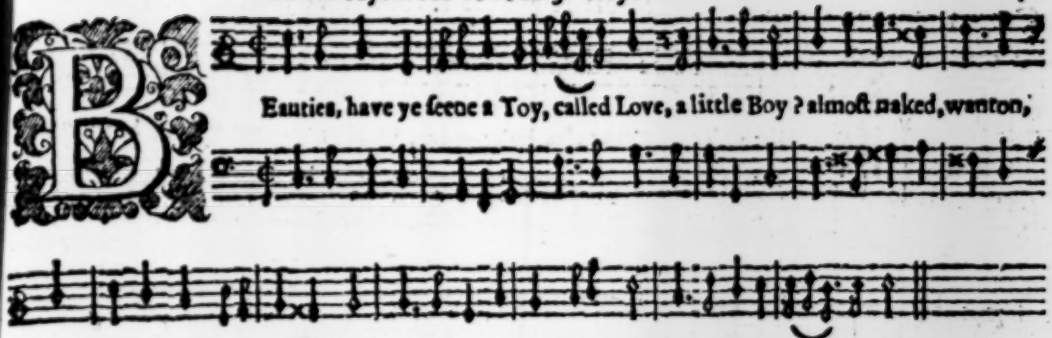
a. 3. Voc.


A Bout the ſweet bag of a Bee, two Cupids fell at odds, and whoſe the pretty prize ſhould be, they
which Venus hearing thither came; and for their boldnes ſtript them, and taking thence from each his
vow'd to aske the Gods
flame, with rods of Mirtle whipt them. Which done, to ſtill their wanton cryes, and quiet grown
ſh'had ſeen them, ſhe kiſt and dri'd their dovelike eyes, and gave the bag between them.


A Bout the ſweet bagge of a Bee two Cupids fell at oddes, and whoſe the pretty prize ſhould
which Venus hearing hither came; & for their boldnes ſtript thē, & taking thence frō each his flame
be, they vow'd to ask the Gods:
with rods of Mirtle whipt them. Which done, to ſtill their wanton cries and quiet grown ſh' had
ſeen them, ſhe kiſt and dry'd their dove like eyes, and gave the bag between them.


A. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.
A Bout the ſweet bagge of a Bee two Cupids fell at oddes, and whoſe the pretty prize ſhould
which Venus hearing hither came; & for their boldnes ſtript thē, & taking thence frō each his flame
be, they vow'd to ask the Gods:
with rods of Mirtle whipt them. Which done, to ſtill their wanton cries and quiet grown ſh' had
ſeen them, ſhe kiſt and dry'd their dove like eyes, and gave the bag between them.

A. 3. Voc. Baſſus.
A Bout the ſweet bagge of a Bee two Cupids fell at oddes, and whoſe the pretty prize ſhould
which Venus hearing thither came; & for their boldnes ſtript thē, & taking thence frō each his flame
be, they vow'd to ask the Gods:
with rods of Mirtle whipt them. Which done, to ſtill their wanton cries and quiet growne ſh' had
ſeen them, ſhe kiſt and dry'd their dove like eyes, and gave the bag between them.



Beauties, have ye seene a Toy, called Love, a little Boy? almost naked, wanton,

blind, cruell now, and then as kind: If he be amongst you, say, he is *Venus* run away.

(1) She that will but now discover
Where this winged wag doth hover,
Shall to night receive a kisse,
How, or where her selfe would wish;
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kisse and another.

(2) He doth beare a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of Arrowes that outbrave
Dians shafts; what if he have
Any head more sharp then other?
With that kisse he strikes his mother.

(3) Marks he hath about him plenty,
You shall know him among twenty,
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That brings shot (like lightning) in
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

(4) Wings he hath which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lips, and heart,
But nee'r stay in any part:
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himselfe in kisses.

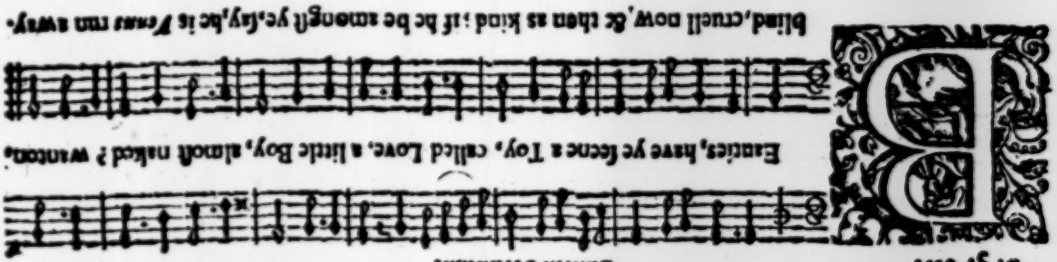
(5) Still the fairest are his fuell,
When his daies are to be cruell,
Lovers hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood,
Nought but wounds his hands doth fea-

(6) Trust him not, his words though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet,
All his practise is deceit,
Ev'ry gift it is a bait,
Not a kisse but poyson beares,
And most treason in his teares.

(7) Idle minutes are his reigne,
Them the stragler makes his gaine,
By presenting Mayds with toyes.
And would have ye think 'em joyes;
'Tis th'ambition of the Elfe,
To have all child sh as himselfe.

(8) If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties be not nice, but show him,
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now I hope yee'l not abide him:
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that hee's Venus run away.

Beauties, have ye seene a Toy, called Love, a little Boy, almost naked? wanton.
blind, cruell now, & then as kind: if he be amongst ye, say, he is *Venus* run away.

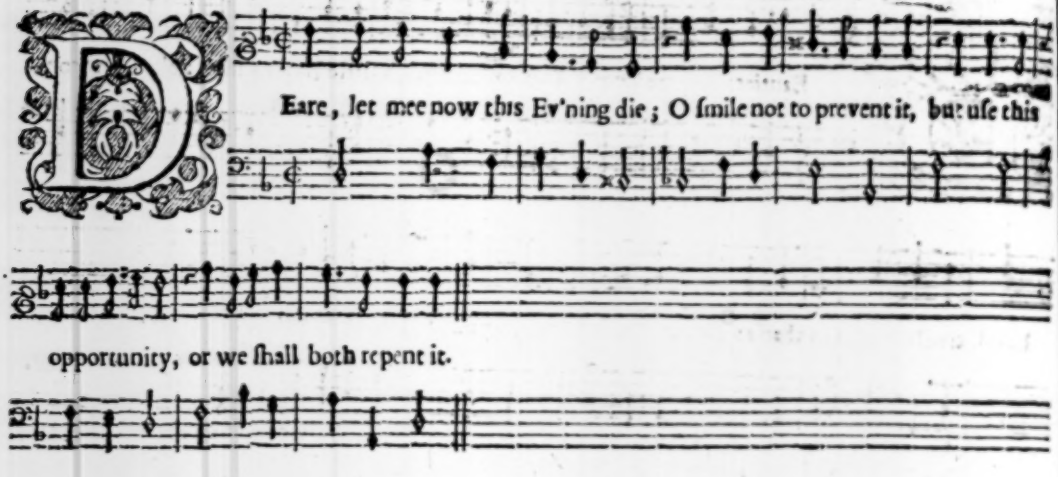


a. 3. voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. voc. *Bassus.*

Beauties, have ye seen a Toy called Love, a little Boy? almost naked, wanton, blinde

cruell now, and then as kind: If he be amongst ye, say, he is *Venus* run away.



(2)

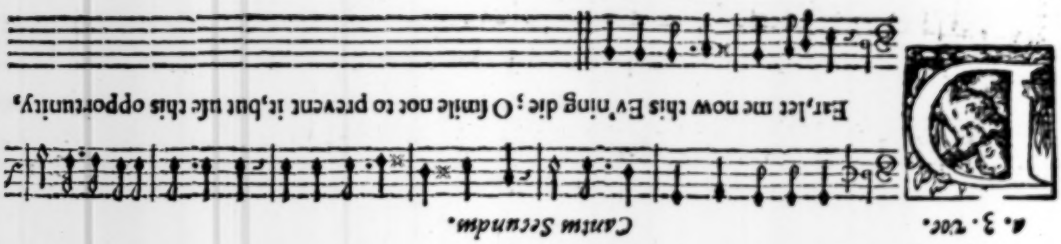
Frown quickly then and break my heart,
That ſo my way of dying
May (though my life were full of ſmart)
Be worth the worlds envying.

(3)

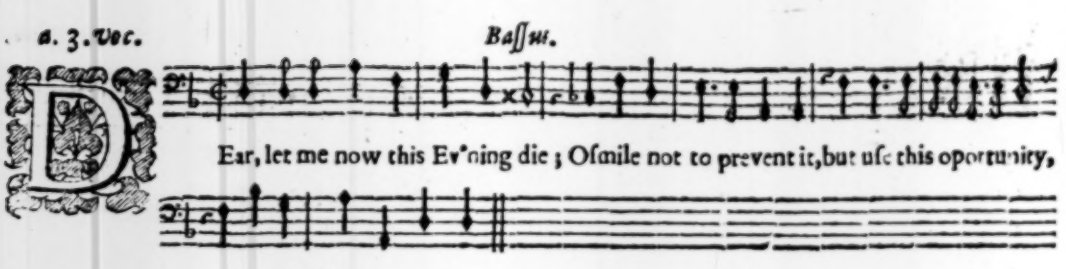
And now thou frownſt, and now I die,
My Corps by Lovers follow'd,
Which ſhall by dead Lovers lie,
For that grounds only hallow'd.

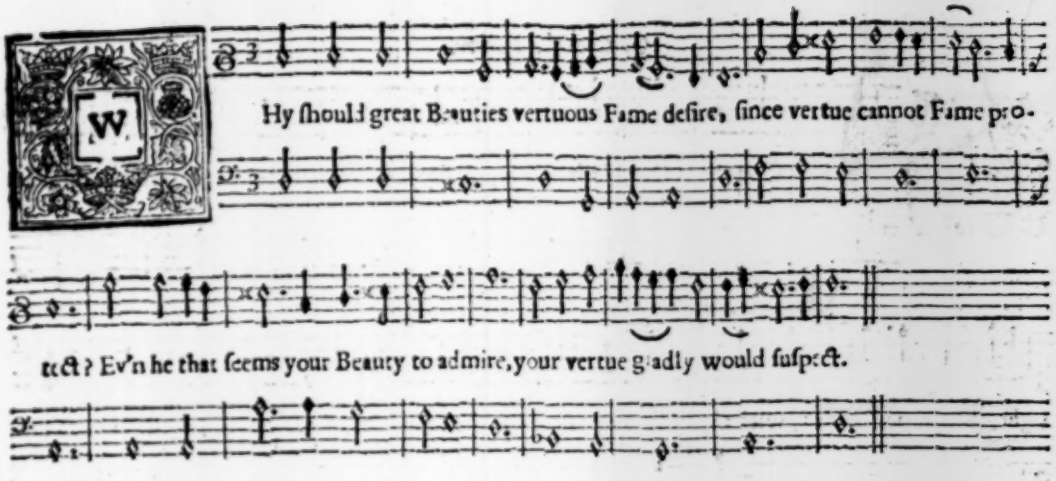
(4)

If Prieſts tak't ill I have grave,
My death not well approving,
The Poets my Eſtate ſhall have
To teach them th'Art of Loving.



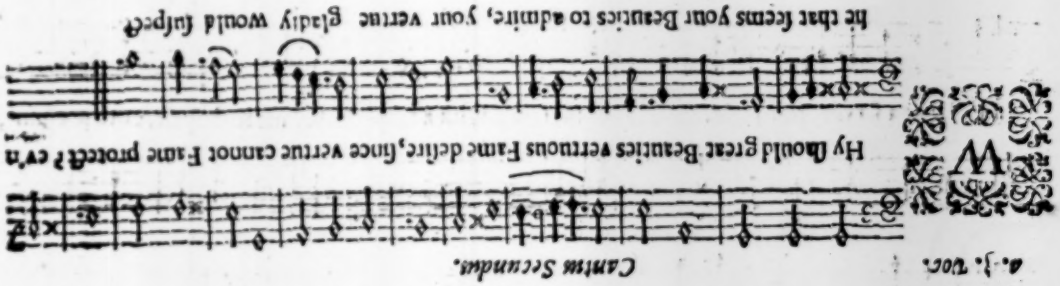
a. 3. voc. Cantus Secundus.

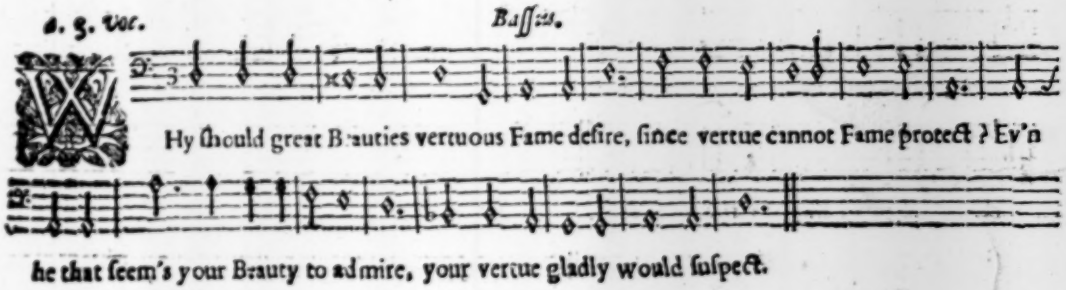




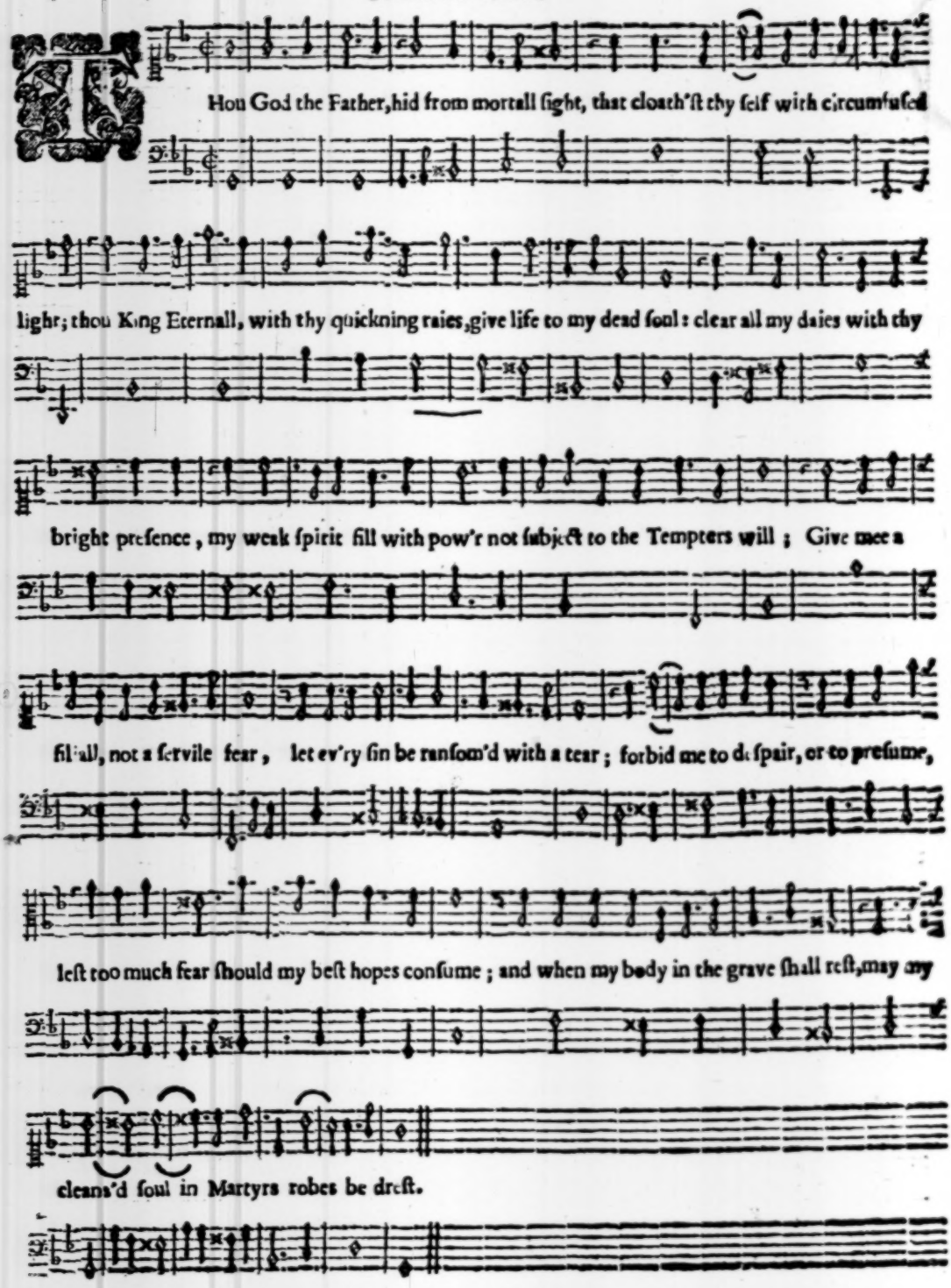
(2)

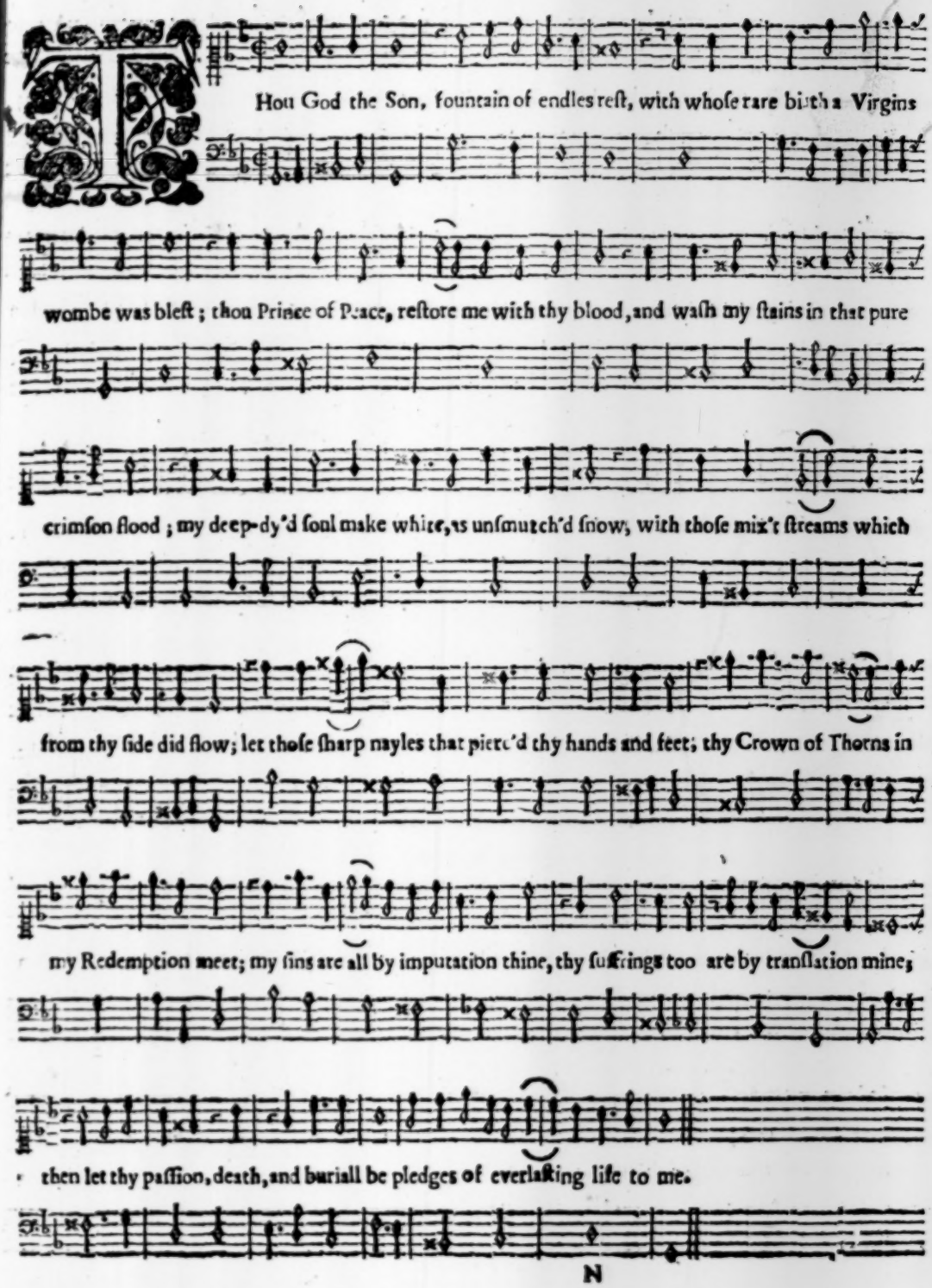
Men having little vertue of their owne;
Vnge reason for their jealousie,
That women weaker themselves have none,
So each Admirer is a spie.

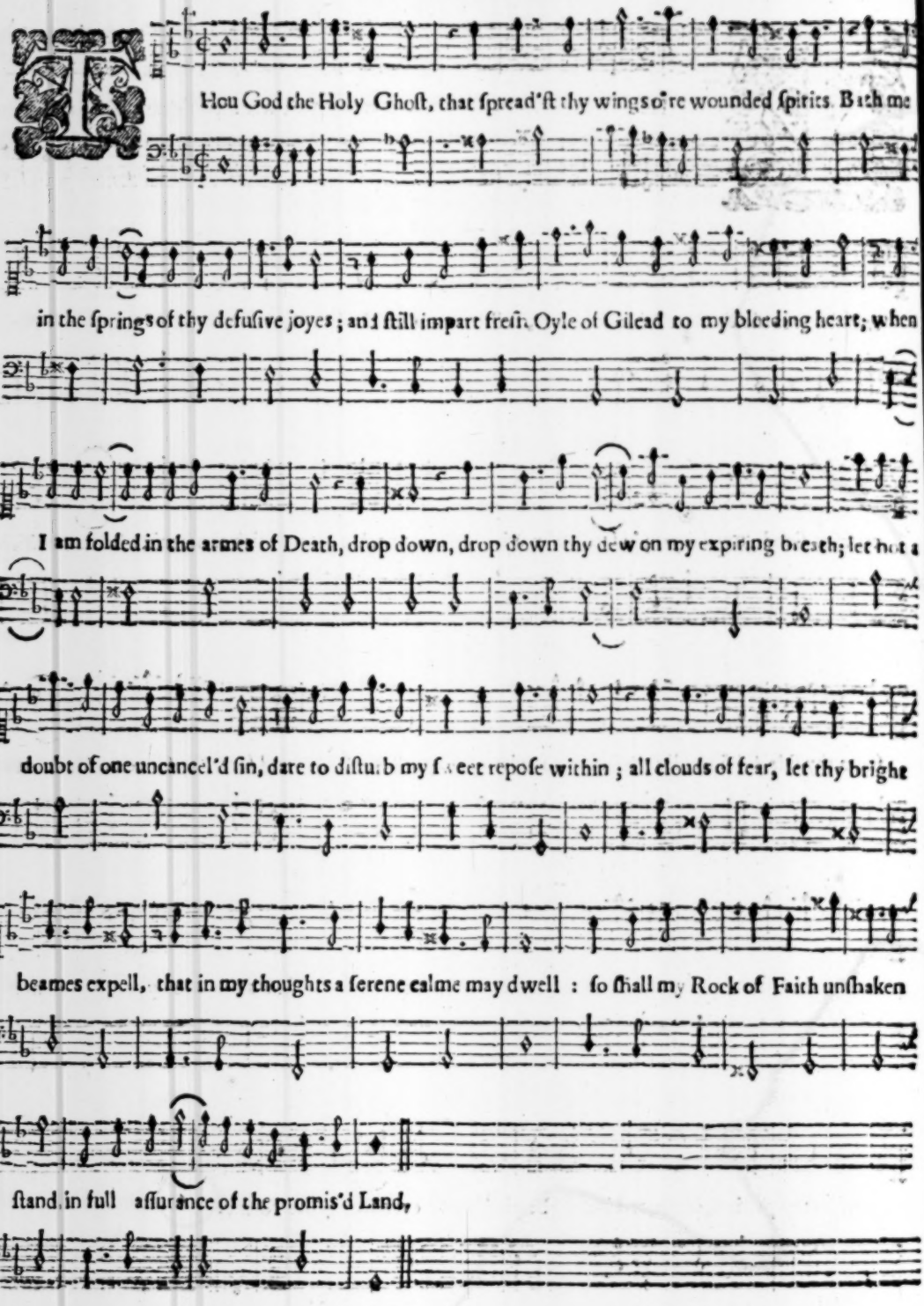




To God the Father.

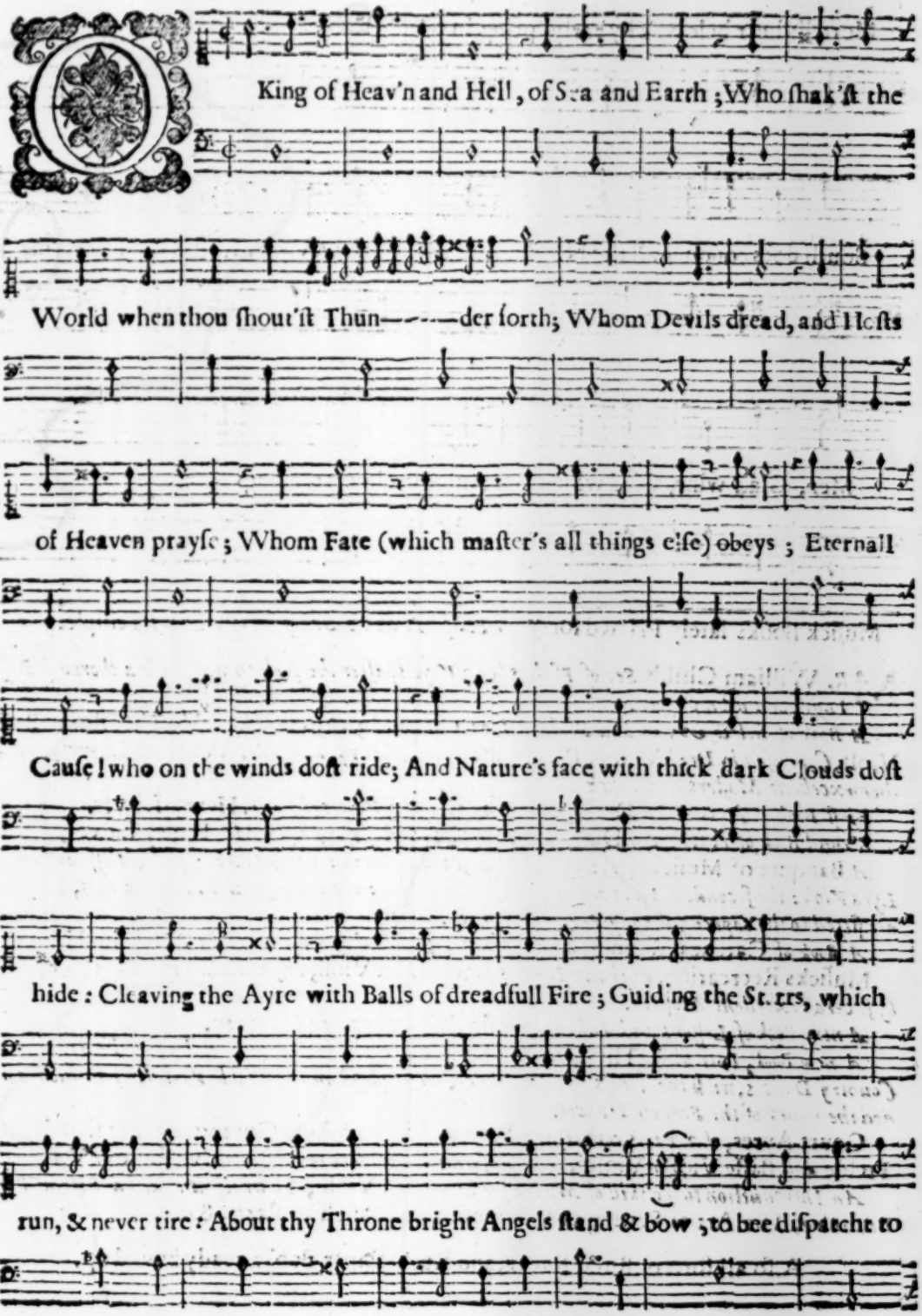


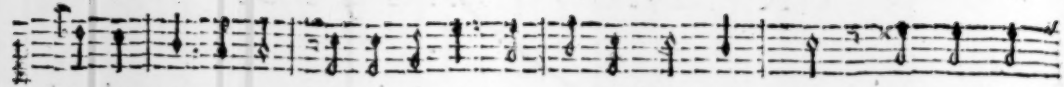

THou God the Son, fountain of endles reſt, with whoſe rare birth a Virgins
wombe was bleſt; thou Prince of Peace, reſtore me with thy blood, and waſh my ſtains in that pure
crimſon flood; my deep-dy'd ſoul make white, as unſmutch'd ſnow, with thoſe mix't ſtreams which
from thy ſide did flow; let thoſe ſharp nayles that pierc'd thy hands and feet, thy Crown of Thorns in
my Redemption meet; my ſins are all by imputation thine, thy ſufferings too are by tranſlation mine;
then let thy paſſion, death, and buriall be pledges of everlaſting life to me.


Hou God the Holy Ghoſt, that ſpread'ſt thy wings o're wounded ſpirits. Bath me
in the ſprings of thy defuſive joyes; and ſtill impart freſh Oyle of Gilead to my bleeding heart; when
I am folded in the armes of Death, drop down, drop down thy dew on my expiring breath; let not a
doubt of one uncancel'd ſin, dare to diſturb my ſweet repoſe within; all clouds of fear, let thy bright
beames expell, that in my thoughts a ſerene calme may dwell: ſo ſhall my Rock of Faith unſhaken
ſtand in full aſſurance of the promis'd Land,

ORPHEUS *Hymn to* GOD.

Αἰθέρος ἠδ' ἄιδου.

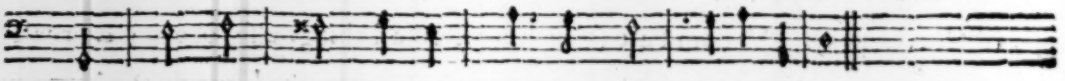

O King of Heav'n and Hell, of Sea and Earth; Who shak'st the
World when thou shout'st Thun------der forth; Whom Devils dread, and Hosts
of Heaven prayse; Whom Fate (which master's all things else) obeys; Eternall
Cause! who on the winds dost ride; And Nature's face with thick dark Clouds dost
hide: Cleaving the Ayre with Balls of dreadfull Fire; Guiding the Starrs, which
run, & never tire: About thy Throne bright Angels stand & bow; to bee dispatcht to



Mortalls heer below. Thy early ſpring in purple Robes comes forth : Thy Summers

South does conquer all the North : And though thy Winter freeze the Hearts of

Men, Glad wine, Glad wine from Autumn cheers them up again.



Muſick Books lately Printed for *John Playford*, at his Shop in the Inner Temple.

MR. William Childs *Set of Pſalms for 3 Voyces, after the Italian way, with a thorough Baſſe Ingraven upon Copper.*

A Book of Sele& Ayres and Dialogues for 1, 2, *and* 3 *Voyces to ſing to the* Theorbo *or* Baſſe Violl, *Compoſed by Dr.* Wilſon, *Dr.* Colman, *Mr.* Henry, *and Mr.* William Lawes, *and other excellent Maſters in Muſick*

Firſt Book of Ayres *and* Dialogues *for* 1, 2, *and* 3 *Voyces, by Mr.* Henry Lawes.

Second Book of Ayres *and* Dialogues, *for* 1, 2, *and* 3 *Voyces, by Mr.* Henry Lawes.

A Banquet of Muſick, *ſet forth in three ſeverall varieties of Muſick : firſt, Leſſons for the Lyra Violl : the ſecond, Ayres and Jiggs for the Violin : the third, Rounds and Catches, all which are fitted to the capacity of yong Practitioners in Muſick.*

A Book of Catches, Rounds, *and* Canons, *Collected and Publiſhed by Mr.* John Hilton.

Muſicks Recreation, *or choice Leſſons for the* Lyra Violl, *to ſeverall new tunings, Compoſed by ſeverall excellent Maſters.*

A new Book of Leſſons and Inſtructions for the Cythern *and* Gittern.

A new Book, Intituled, The Dancing Maſter, *or plaine and eaſie Rules for the Dancing of Country Dances, with the Tunes to each Dance, to be playd on the Treble Violin. To which is added the tunes of the French Dances.*

Court Ayres, *of* 2 *Parts, containing* Pavans, Almains, Ayrs, Corants, *and* Sarabands, *for a* Treble *and* Baſſe Viol *or* Violin, *to be performed in conſort to the* Theorbo, Lute *or* Virginall.

An Introduction to the skill of Muſick for Song *and* Violl ; *To which is added a Seaven Part, Entituled,* The Art of Setting or Compoſing of Muſick in Parts, &c.

Alſo all ſorts of Rul'd Paper, and Rul'd Paper Books ready bound up.

AYRES,
AND
DIALOGUES,
For One, Two, and Three VOYCES.
BY

HENRY LAWES Servant to his late Ma:tie in his publick and private Musick.

W: Faithorne fecit

THE THIRD BOOK.

LONDON,
Printed by *W. Godbid* for *John Playford*, at his Shop in the *Inner Temple*, neer the Church dore. M. DC. LVIII.

To the Right Honourable

The Lord *COLRANE.*

MY LORD,

Had ſome thoughts to forbear in this kind any farther Publication: but though my Reaſons were ſtrong enough for my ſelf, they were not able to conquer others; who (for all I could ſay) expect my Promiſe to give them yet more of my *Compoſitions*. I confeſs I have no fear of being exhauſted: but though I am not tired, it became me to doubt I might tire others; whereof ſince I find there is leſs danger, I ſhall thankfully comply with the Publick Deſire. And I wiſh thoſe, who ſo warmly pretend the Common Benefit, would tread the ſame path, and not take upon them to mend the World, till they have ſome Call to it. This my Profeſſion (as well as others) may fairly complain of; for none judge ſo ſowerly on us and our labours, as they who were never born to be *Muſicians*. For my own part, I ſend not theſe abroad to get a Name; Were that my Deſigne, I have other *Compoſitions*, fitter for ſuch as are Maſters in our Art, when the Seaſon calls for them. My poor Talent never lay in a Napkin; nor make I any precarious uſe of this Publication; they were firſt begotten to gratifie my friends, and are now as freely conferr'd upon Strangers. But were all this otherwiſe, my chief and main Deſign would go on, which is a Thirſt I have to tell the World how abſolute a Votary I am to your *Lordſhip*. And were I a perfect ſtranger to your favours, I could do no leſs, ſince your excellent Underſtanding and great affection to this, as well as all other Arts and Sciences, would claim it from mee. Therefore I intended to offer unto your *Lordſhip* ſome of your own *Conceptions* tun'd by my *Notes*; as alſo ſome others written by that rare Gentleman Mr. *Henry Hare*, your *Lordſhip*'s moſt hopefull Son, who eminently expreſſes both your *Lordſhip* and your Brother Mr. *Nicholas Hare*, whoſe Memory is ſtill precious among all ingenuous Souls. But thoſe I preſerve for a fairer opportunity, and in this Book preſent you with Others Poetry, eſpecially of Doctor *Hughes*, who was Author of all theſe Single *Ayres*, and of many others, ſtoln into the Preſs without my Conſent as well as his. Such as they are I humbly bring them before your *Lordſhip*, as a ſmall but Gratefull Teſtimony of

(MY LORD)

Your Lordſhips moſt humble and

moſt faithful Servant

Henry Lavves.

To his Honoured Friend Mr. *HENRY LAWES*,

Upon his Annual Book of AYRES.

BRave LAWES! *Thou art Return'd again: the Sun*
And You do thus your Emulous Courſes Run.
And whiles you both in different Orbes appear,
He onely Makes, but Thou doſt Crown the Year.
That if the Old Philoſophy were true,
What his Spent Fires could not, thy Lyre would doe;
Make Old Time Vigorous ſtill, confeſſing more
Thy Fam'd Layes now, then all his Beams before.
Nature her ſelf ſhould thus thy Learn'd Aid crave,
From whoſe Stockt Brain all that we have, we have.
Whoſe Yearly Spendings *Shew, not waſt thy Store,*
Who *after Numerous Births can yet give more.*
Still whole, Unſpent that when the Year doth ceaſe
(As Ægypt Nile's *) We wait thy Next Encreaſe.*
Then High, and Rich as He Thou Flow'ſt: We ſee
What all elſe cannot, and what Thou can'ſt be.
And till We paſs the Spheres, muſt ſtill attend,
To know what Height Muſick hath yet t' aſcend.
For Thou Graſp'ſt all; We the rude Matter give,
Thou into Verſe breath'ſt Soul, and bid'ſt it Live.
Endu'ſt it with that Plaſtick Pow'r to Spring
What Thou would'ſt have it, This, That, any Thing.
Doſt in thy Mould our Wit new Shape, and Caſt,
Giv'ſt it New Salt, the Haut Gouſt, and Rich Taſt.
It Lives with us, doth Flouriſh in thy Ayre,
Born from our Brains, but Educated there.
Things that from us flat and inſipid flow,
Voic'd once by Thee, ſtraight into Raptures grow.
When from her Mine Invention Fancy brings,
Thy compoſition a New Fancy ſprings.
Thus whiles all comes Exact, Watch'd, Humour'd, Hit,
Thy Ayre's Ingenuous, and makes Muſick Wit.
Nor doſt Thou, Narrow, only dwell among
The Eaſie Rhimes of thine own Time, and Tongue:
Thy Reaching, Ventring Soul doth Wit purſue
Setting of *Anacreon's* Odes. *Thorough all Languages, and all times too;*
That which ſome Twenty Ages ſince firſt grew,
Thou Retriv'ſt now, and we admire as New.
Compar'ſt and tri'ſt how th' Ancient Pipes will ſound,
Mak'ſt Old wit ſtronger by the New Rebound:
Who are, and who are not, Obliged bee,
Poet, and Poetry it ſelf to thee.
What She ſuggeſts comes a miſhapen Birth,
Till Thou ſtep'ſt in, and thence ſtrik'ſt Muſick forth.
Admired LAWES! *thy Happy Ayres have knit*
Eternall Leagues 'twixt Harmony and wit:

Which

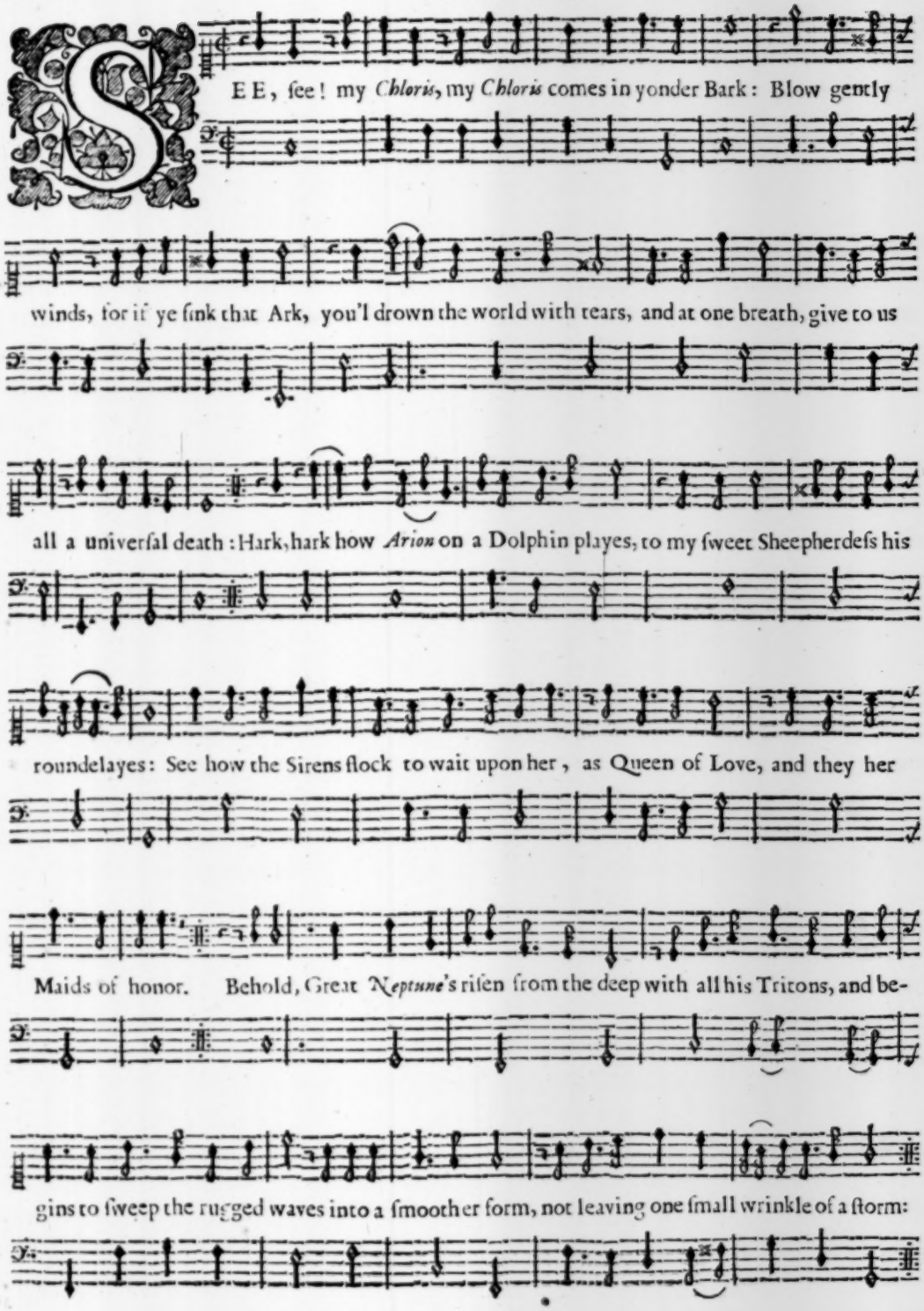
Which none but thoſe thy Richer Robes will know,
When ſhe keeps State, or would in Triumph go.
We drink in Thouſand Pleaſures from One Song,
Which Charms us all, the Learned and the Throng.
We are Tranſported, Loſt! thy Notes betray,
Drop on the Senſe, and melt us quite away.
And when we're Extaſy'd, Expiring, then
Thy Next Note Wooes, and calls us back agen.
At once Thou Steal'ſt, and can'ſt invade us too,
Straight Rouze thoſe pow'rs which were all Lodg'd but now.
Thou like ſome Mighty Monarch doſt controul,
Diſpence, Rule, Work, and Reign o're all the Soul.
Thou ſhoot'ſt New Beings: For we are no more,
When we hear Thee, that which we were before.
But as that Begger who in's Raving Fits,
Got Crowns and Scepters when he loſt his Wits;
Cur'd, and himſelf again, Griev'd ſtraight to paſs
Into that poor, ſhrunk Nothing that he was:
So when thy Strains Feaſt our low Fancies high,
We Trample Earth, and Mounting, Knock the Sky.
But when They ceaſe, All Mourn that we have loſt
Thoſe Tow'ring Thoughts our then Rapt Souls engroſs'd.
Thou, like a Generall Influence, Sway'ſt in All,
Doſt Touch the Mind, and her glad Motions call.
Whiles We our Conſtant Acclamations bring
To the ſtill New Choice Graces that Tou Sing.
Thus doſt Thou Govern all (Harmonious Soul!)
And through the Great whole Orbe of Muſick Rowl.
Break'ſt from thy Self, Scatt'ring Day every where,
Not leaving one Dark Part in all the Sphere.
All Native, Genuine, and Unborrow'd ſtreams,
The Sun and Lavves *know not to Owe their Beams.*
Who on the Wings Thou Imp'ſt Verſe with, haſt Spread
Thy Fame far as the Roman *Eagle fled.*
Thoſe Judging Few who can Compare, admire,
And find Thine Match the beſt Italian *Lyre;*
Thou ſtill Stand'ſt High; thy Rules ſo True, Severe!
All by thy Card, Thou by thine Own doſt ſteere.
Like the Firſt Mover, Uncontrol'd doſt Move,
(He which makes peace, Turnes, and Tunes *all Above.)*
Even, and Juſt as he: whiles all doth ſhew
What Harmony, that is, what Lavves *can do.*
And ſuch! ſo Full! ſo Mighty is thy Vein,
Thou haſt ſcarce Thought when all flowes from thy Brain.
As Things firſt met in the Creation, All,
Doth of it ſelf ſtraight into Concord fall;
Which iſſuing free as Springing Light from th' Morn,
Shews Thee Muſician, *like the Poet Born.*
Tou Two do Wing it ſtill in Noble Flights,
Strive, Stretch, Mount, Soar, Match, and vie Heights with Heights.
And we the while Admiring, doubtfull ſtand,
Which ſhall at laſt the Braveſt Place command.

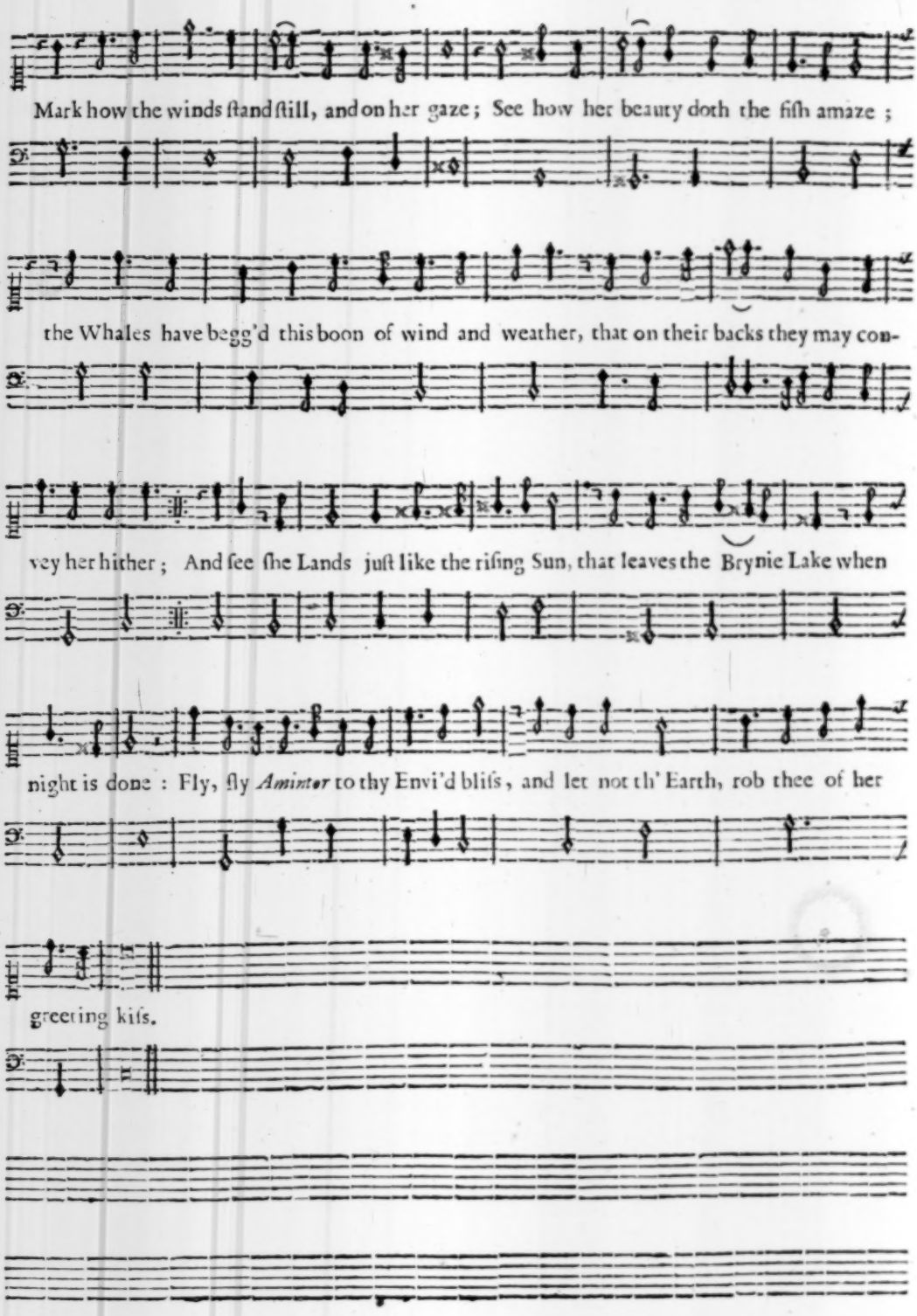
With

With Words and Ayres our Ears are doubly fed,
What e're thou ſet'ſt is at once Sung *and ſe'd.*
Thou doſt ſtill Apt, Complying Notes *diſpenſe,*
True to the Words, but truer to the ſenſe.
The Tunes *Rehearſe: no Crowd of Graces throng,*
And Fuſtle all the Words out of the Song.
But are ſo ſcatter'd here, and there, ſo ſowne,
It hath them all, and yet is vex'd with None.
Thy Jewels with ſuch Art are plac'd and worne,
That they ne'r Cloud the part they ſhould adorne.
Thus doth thy Fquall Skill not more delight,
To do thy Self, then do the Poet Right.
Thou Maim'ſt not him to come forth Conquerour, Thine,
Steales none o'th Bullion when it adds the Coin.
No tedious, long, deviding tricks betray
His ſenſe; and vapour all his Words away.
Yet when a Word comes fit t' Eſpouze a Grace.
Thou marri'ſt both, and know'ſt the Rites, and place.
Then Fancy humour'd ſhews the guilded Beam,
That Glitt'ring Plays, and Quavers *on the ſtream.*
Both Cloſe, and Kind as Life and Spirit ſit,
Thy Ayres ſtill Quicken, never ſtifle Wit.
And as One Dram of Gold can ne'r be loſt,
Though in a Thouſand Fires Try'd, Vex'd, and Forc'd,
Diſolv'd, mix'd with all Elements, we ſee,
Expans'd to Infinite, what was will Bee.
So with the ſame Entireneſs Numbers do,
From all thy Artfull Compoſitions *flow.*
Which though through all thy Flats *and* Sharps *expreſs'd*
In thy Rich Notes, *and various humours dreſs'd.*
Are ſtill the ſame: if any Change appear,
Stamp'd now by Thee, they'r better than they were.
Where Words, Senſe, Tunes *Embrace, ſo Kiſs, Twiſt Hit,*
Thy whole Age hath not loſt One Grain of Wit.
Go on Great Maſter of thy Art! Strike dumb,
And with thy Tones *Calm the Tempeſtuous Drum.*
Tune, *Recollect, Pleaſe, and reform us; Thine,*
Come at once Muſick *too, and* Diſcipline.
Let thy ſoft Notes *invite us, ſlide, and Steal,*
Rock this Frow'rd Age, and with their Balſam Heal.
Shew all the Miracles thy voice can do,
Our Orpheus *and our* Æſculapius *too.*
And when theſe Revolutions make thy Shine
Compleat, and Thou haſt woave thy great Deſigne:
Huſh'd all our Noiſe, ſpread Calms made all ſerene,
And with thy Ayres *at laſt ſhut up the Scene:*
All Done, Thou ſhalt (though late, we hope) Remove,
And change thy Muſick *here for that Above.*
Where thou ſhalt here how Saints their Anthems *ſing,*
And ſhalt thy Self another Anthem *bring.*
Thou who did'ſt Tune *the World, whiles Thou wert here,*
Shall take an Angels place, and Tune *a Sphere.*

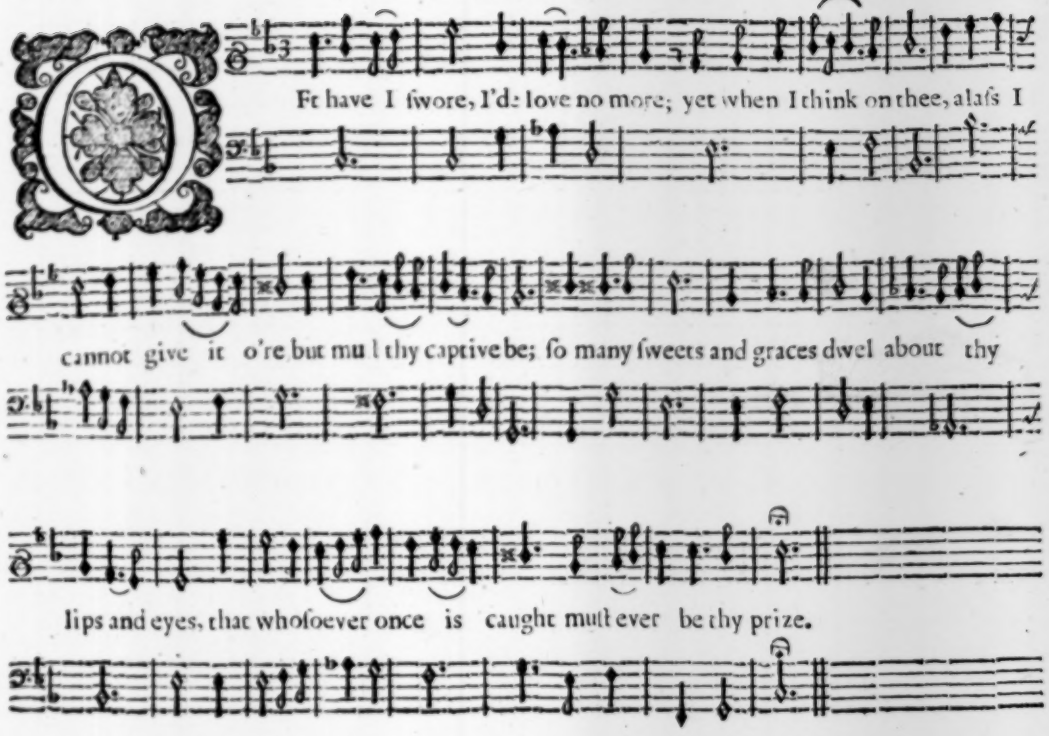
HORATIO MOORE.

Amintor. Cloris *landing at* Berlington.




Mark how the winds ſtand ſtill, and on her gaze; See how her beauty doth the fiſh amaze;
the Whales have begg'd this boon of wind and weather, that on their backs they may con-
vey her hither; And ſee ſhe Lands juſt like the riſing Sun, that leaves the Brynie Lake when
night is done: Fly, fly *Amintor* to thy Envi'd bliſs, and let not th' Earth, rob thee of her
greeting kiſs.

Conſtancy proteſted.



(2)

Sure thou haſt got ſome cunning net
Made by the god of Fire,
That doth not only catch mens hearts
But fixeth their deſire.

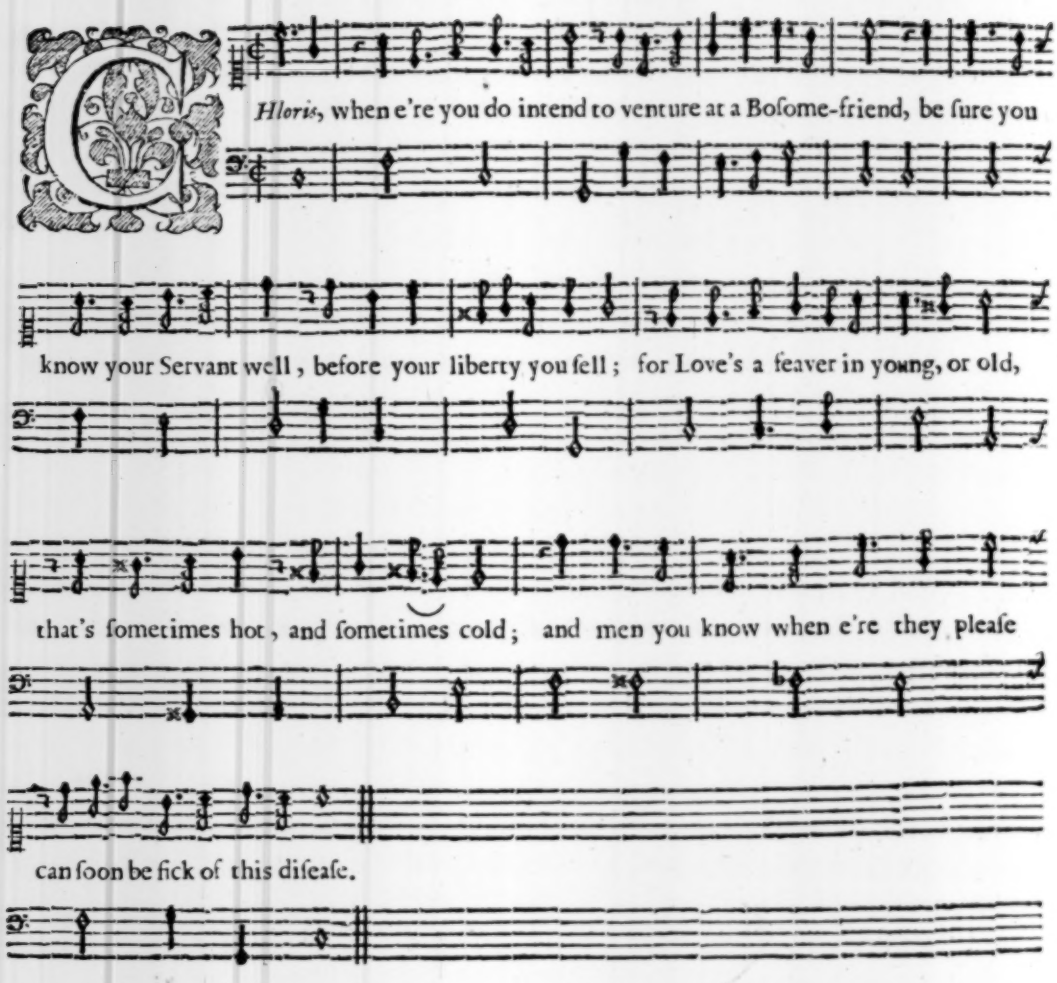
For I have laboured to get looſe
Some dozen years and more,
And when I think to be releas'd
I'me falter than before.

(3)

Then welcome ſweet captivity,
I ſee there's no relief,
Yet though ſhe ſteal my liberty,
I'le honor ſtill the theife

And when I cannot hope to ſee
Thee Miſtris of my pain,
My comfort is that I do love
Where I am lov'd again.

Counſel to a Maid.

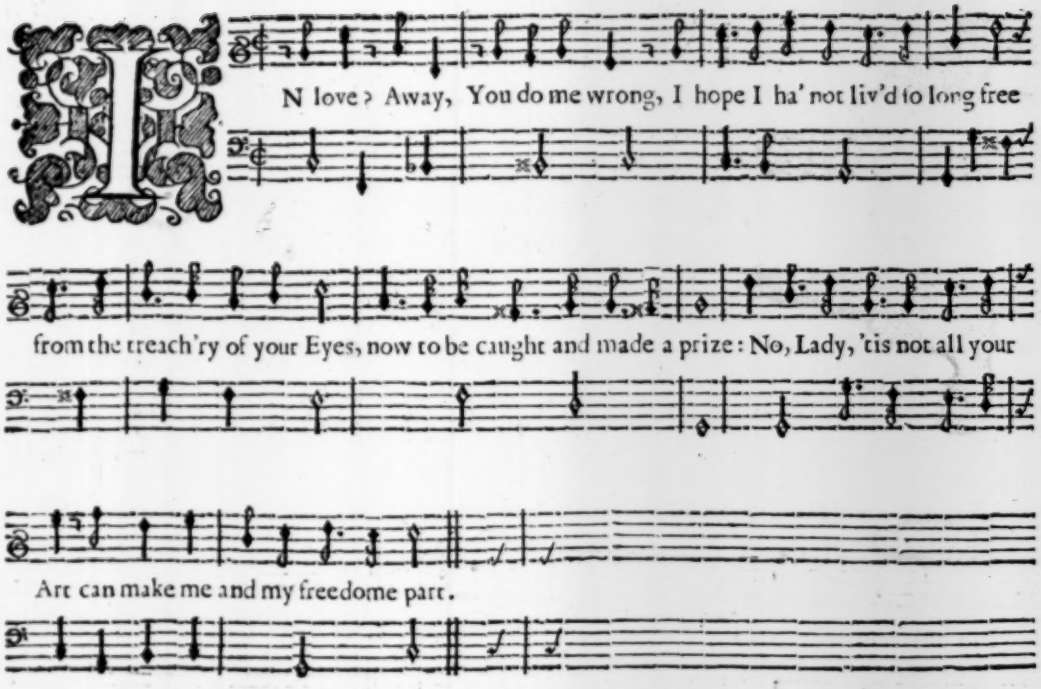


(2)

Then wiſely chuſe a Friend that may
Laſt for an age, not for a day;
Who loves thee nor for Lip or Eye,
But from a mutual Simpathie:

To ſuch a Friend this heart ingage,
For he will court the in old age,
And kiſs thy ſhallow, wrinkl'd brow,
Whith as much Ioy, as he now.

Love deſpis'd.

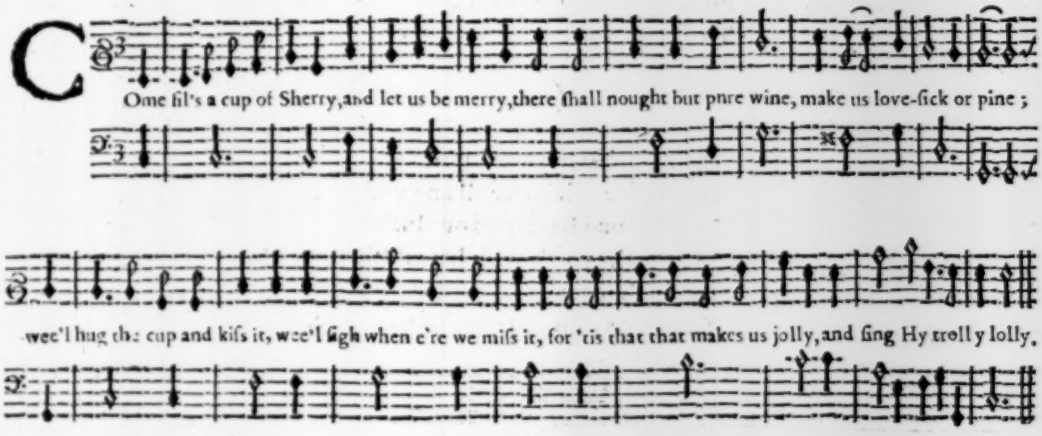


II.

In Love! 'tis true, with Spaniſh wine,
Or the French juice Incarnadine,
But truly not with your ſweet face,
This dimple, or that hidden grace;
Ther's far more ſweetneſſe in pure wine,
Then in thoſe lips or eyes of thine.

III.

Your god you ſay can ſhoot ſo right
Hee'l wound a heart i'th darkeſt night;
Pray let him throw away a dart,
And try if he can hit my heart:
No *Cupid*, if I ſhall be thine,
Turn *Ganimed*, and fill us wine.



Hopeleſſe love cur'd by deriſion.

Hat? wilt thou pine, or fall away, becauſe thy *Daphne* ſays thee nay? Wilt

croſs thine arms, or willow wear, becauſe that Shee is ſo ſevere? Fye Shepherd,

Fye, this muſt not bee, thy *Daphne* then will laugh at thee.

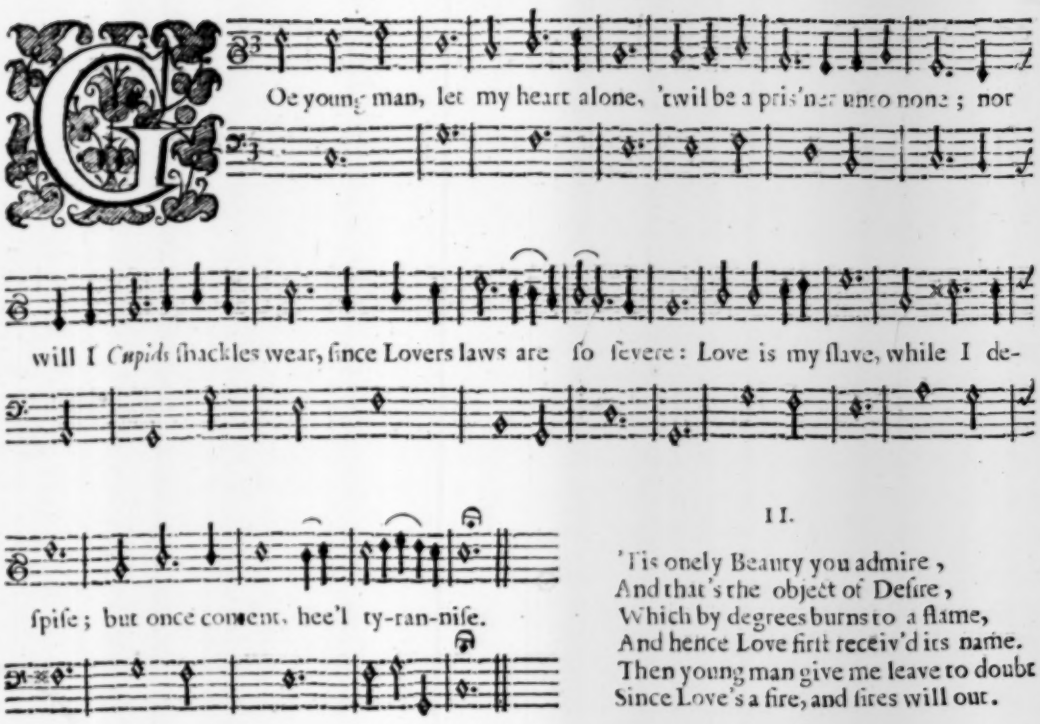
(2)

No, if She needs will be unkind,
On ſomewhat elſe divert thy mind:
Go ſport with wanton *Amarillis*,
And dance with lovely nut-brown *Phillis*.
For Love 's a ſhadow will deny
To follow thee, until thou fly.

(3)

Then *Choridon*, do not deſpair
For *Daphne*, whom we all know fair;
Let no proud Beauty on our Plains
Deſtroy thy youth with her diſdains:
But if thou find her ſcorning thee,
Think thus, She was not born for mee.

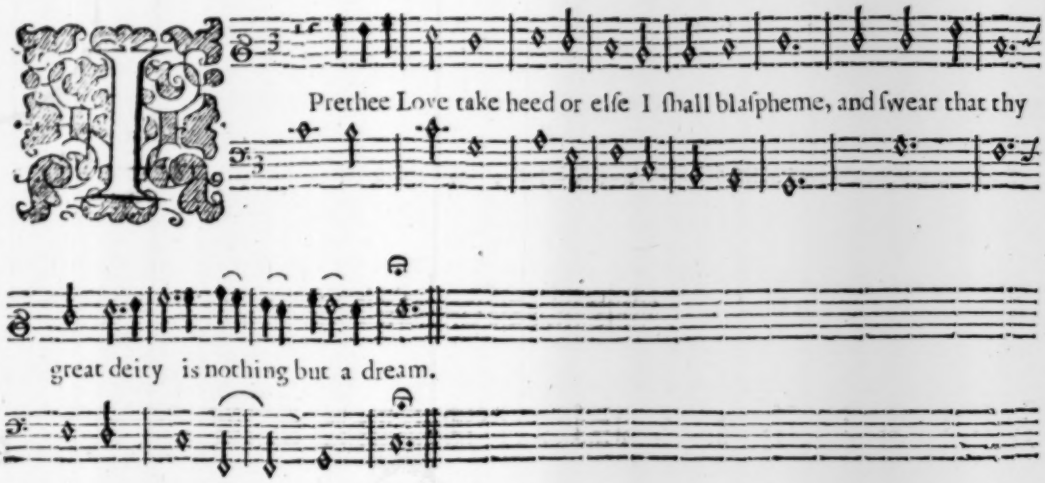
A young Maids Reſolution.



II.

'Tis onely Beauty you admire,
And that's the object of Deſire,
Which by degrees burns to a flame,
And hence Love firſt receiv'd its name.
Then young man give me leave to doubt
Since Love's a fire, and fires will out.

Cupid no god.



II.

How can't thou be a god
When ſubtle womens hearts
Are grown ſo wiſe
To blind thine eyes
And rob thee of thy darts.

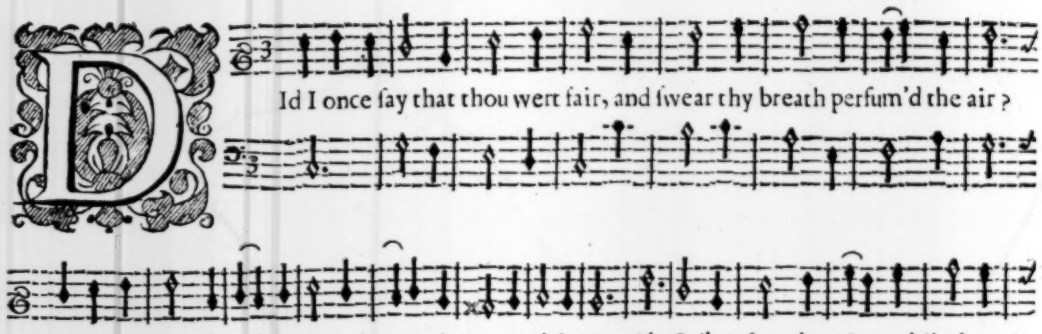
III.

See where a Lady ſtands
With Quivers in her Eyes,
And ſwears that ſhee
Hath conquer'd thee,
And ſold thee for a prize.

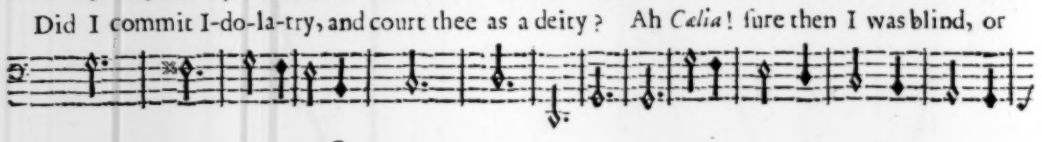
IV.

If thou be Womans prize,
Alaſs, then what are wee
Who borrow light
From thy blind ſight,
And know not what we ſee.

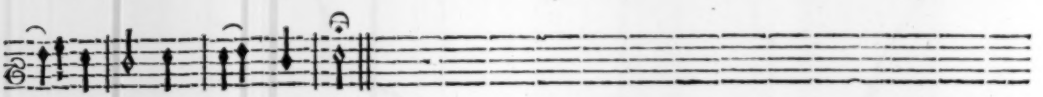
Inconſtancy return'd.



Did I once ſay that thou wert fair, and ſwear thy breath perfum'd the air?



Did I commit I-do-la-try, and court thee as a deity? Ah *Celia*! ſure then I was blind, or



elſe it was when thou wert kind.

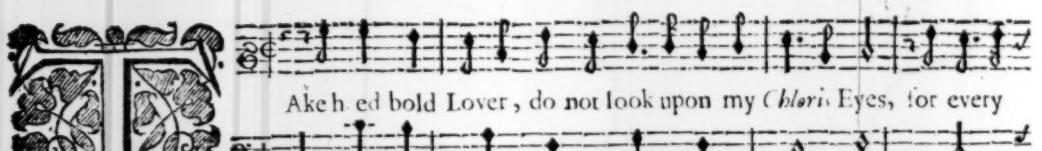
II.

Did I once beg a wanton kiſs,
And thought there was no higher bliſs?
Did I all other objects flye
To live i'th ſun-ſhine of thine eye?'
'Tis true I did, but *Celia* then
Return'd as much to me agen.

III.

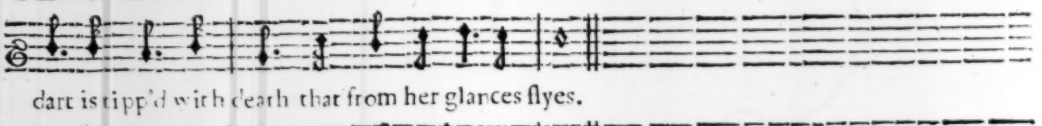
Now *Celia*'s chang'd and ſo am I,
Love feeds upon variety;
My conſtant thoughts could never find
The pleaſures of a Fickle mind,
Till thy example did invite
My appetite to new delight.

His Rivals danger.



Ake h ed bold Lover, do not look upon my *Chloris* Eyes, for every

dart is tipp'd with death that from her glances flyes.



II.

Nor do not think to ſave thy ſelf
From danger, or from harmes,
By any virtue in her ſmiles,
Or other ſecret charmes.

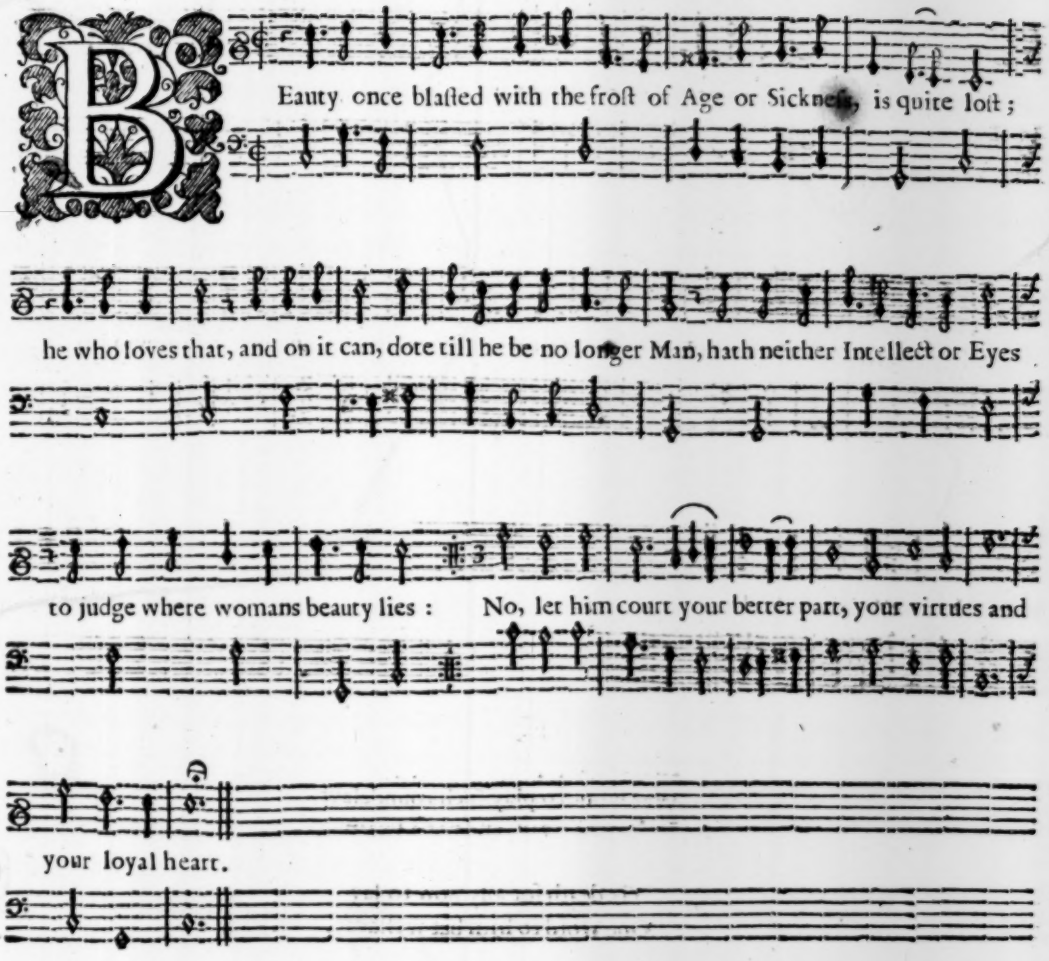
III.

Love hath commanded her to cure
No other heart but mine,
There is no hope that Shee can be
So mercifull to thine.

IV.

For though her Eyes be Murderers,
She hath reſerv'd for me,
A Balſam in her Coral lips
That gives Eternitie.

To his Platonick Miſtris.



II. If nought but beauty in you be,
Your Picture ſeems as fair to me;
He that admires your red and white,
Is Traytor to his own delight;
And with thoſe ſhadows growes ſo blind
He never can your ſweetneſſe find.
Then let me court your better part,
Your vertues, and your loyall heart.

III. Yet do I never hope to ſee
Goodneſſe lodg'd in deformitie;
Though devils oft take ſhapes divine,
Angels take none but ſuch as thine;
This made me make my choice of thee
The emblem of divinitie;
That I might court your better part,
Your vertues, and your loyal heart.

Aminters welladay.

Chloris now thou art fled away, *Aminter*'s ſheep are gon aſtray; and all the

joy he took to ſee, his pretty Lambs run after thee, is gon is gon, and he alone, ſings nothing

now but welladay, welladay.

II.

His Oaten pipe that in thy praiſe
Was wont to play ſuch roundelays,
Is thrown away, and not a ſwain
Dares pipe, or ſing, within his plain;
'Tis death for any now to ſay
One word to him but welladay.

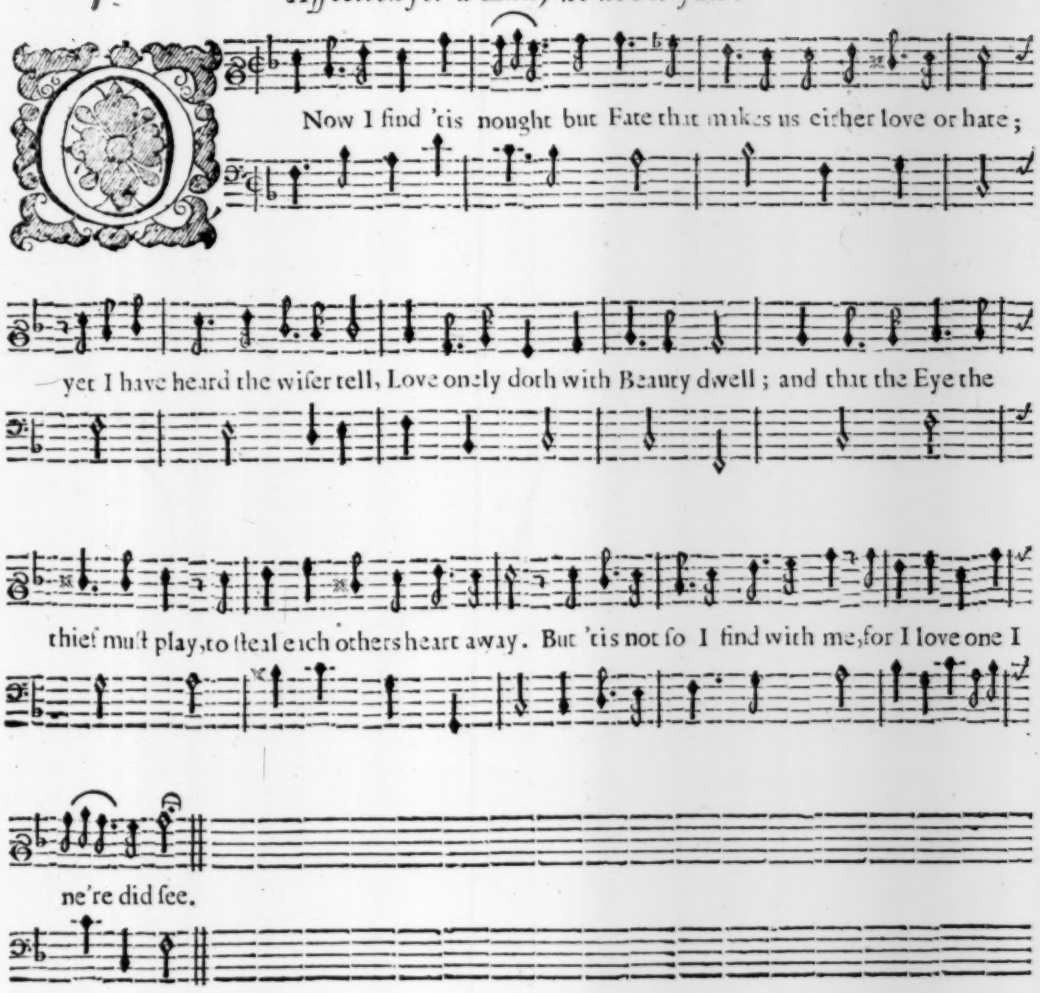
III.

The Maypole where thy little feet
So roundly did in meaſures meet,
Is broken down, and no content
Comes near *Aminter* ſince you went.
All that I ever heard him ſay
Was *Chloris*, *Chloris*, welladay.

IV.

Upon thoſe Banks you us'd to tread
He ever ſince hath laid his head,
And whiſper'd there ſuch pining woe,
As not a blade of graſs will grow;
O *Chloris! Chloris!* come away,
And hear *Aminter*'s welladay.

I. *Affection for a Lady he never ſaw.*



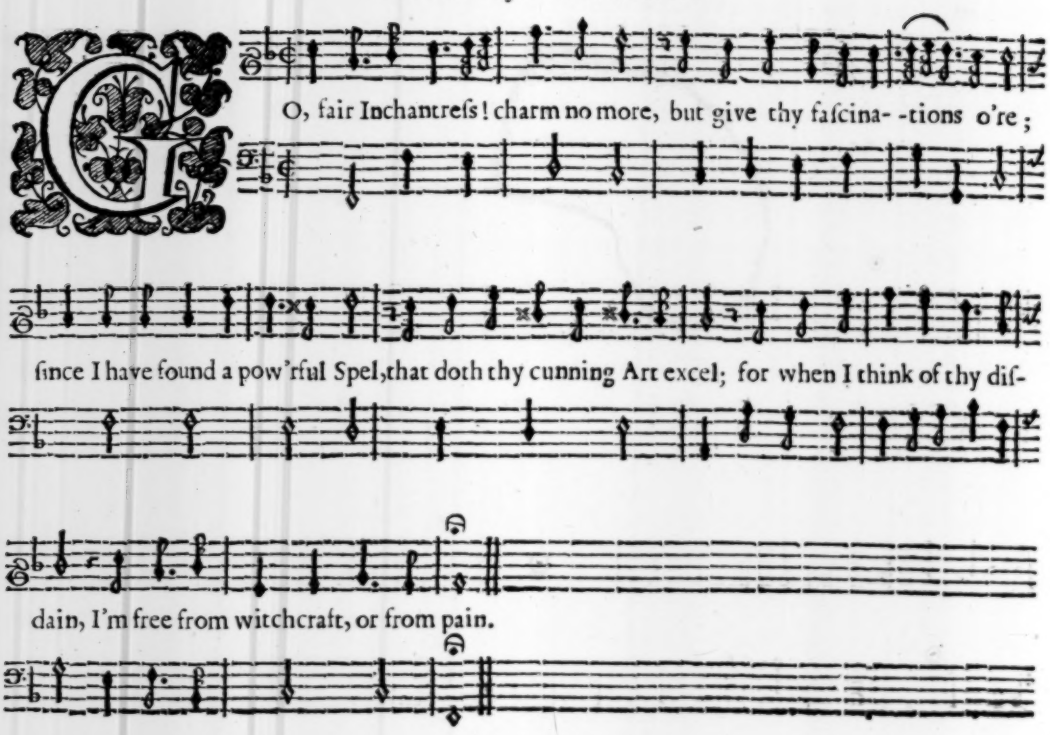
II.

There's a Divinity in Love,
That doth inſpire us from above;
Which needs no tutoring from the eyes,
To make our hearts to Sympathize.
Such Noble and Platonick fires,
Will know no Object for deſires:
But Love's the good that dwels with thee,
Although thy ſelf they ne're did ſee.

III.

Thy ſoul, not this, or t'other part,
Hath ſent her Cupids to my heart;
And there like little Angels tell,
What hidden vertues in thee dwell,
Prompting my reaſon to ſuppoſe
Thy Shape's Angelicall like thoſe;
Which I ſhall pray I ne're may ſee,
Left I ſhould more diſtracted be.

Freedome from Charmes.



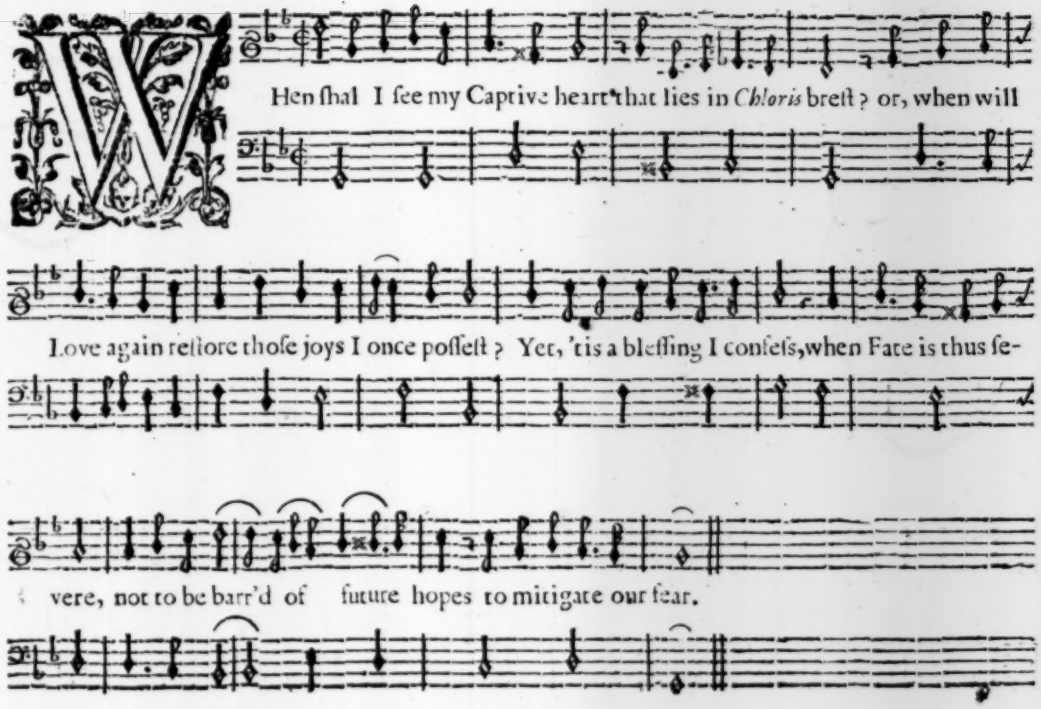
II.

When I was young and unbetray'd,
All then was Oracle you ſaid;
So innocent I was of guile,
I thought love dwelt in every ſmile:
But now that cloud of youth is ſpent,
I find you'r all but complement.

III.

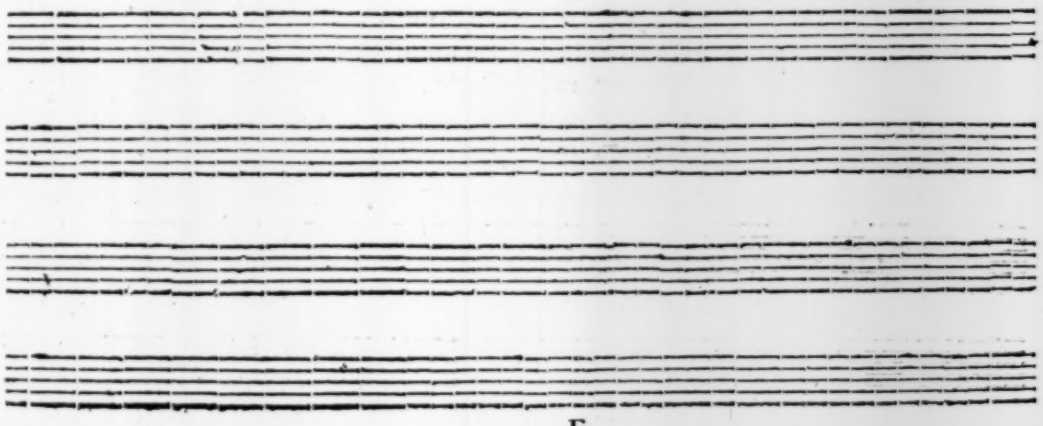
I'le love no more, I'le learn to hate,
I'le ſtudy to equivocate,
And all my pleaſures now ſhall be
To cozen thoſe would cozen me;
For Loves beſt muſick runs (I find)
On fickle changes of the mind.

Future Hope.

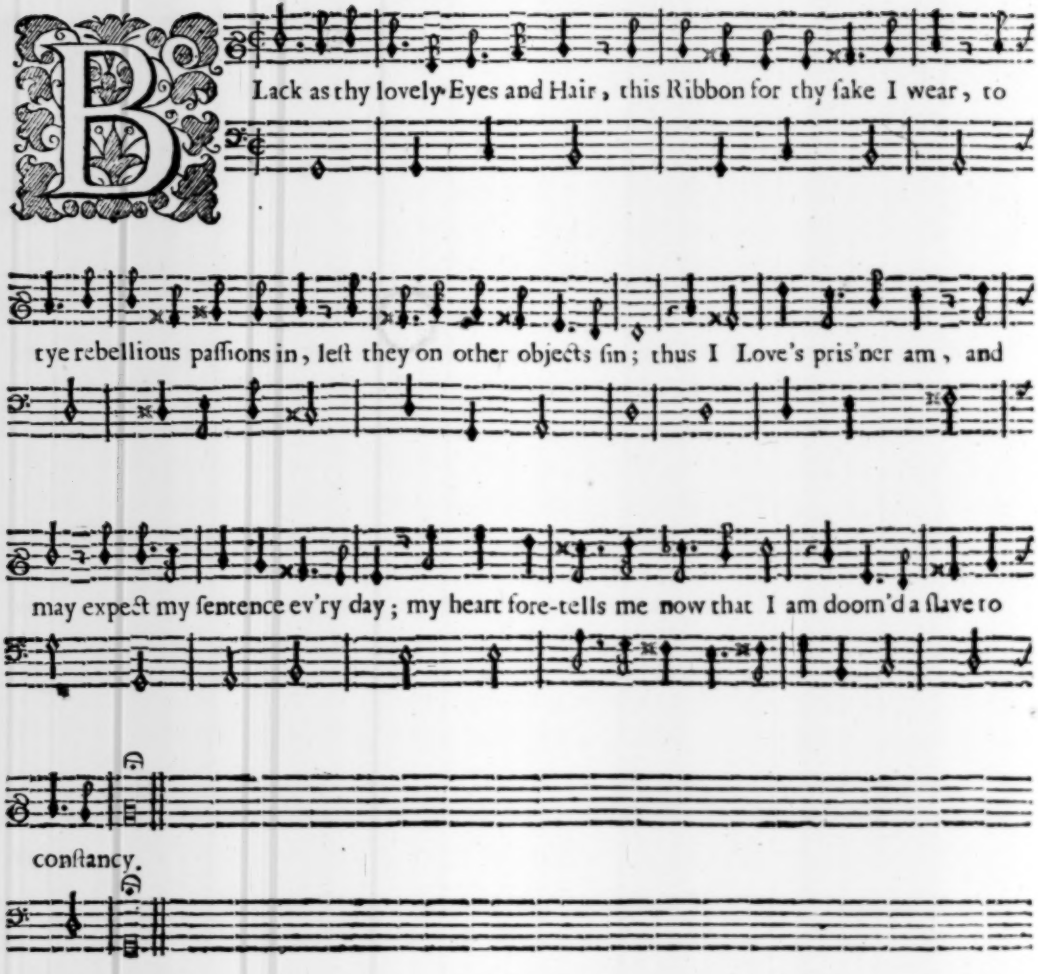


II.

The Tyrant Love would be depos'd,
And from this Empire thrown,
Were not his ſubjects fool'd with hope
That mercy would be ſhown.
Then Captive heart contented lye,
And baniſh all deſpaire,
Since there is hope that ſhe may be
As kind as ſhe is faire.



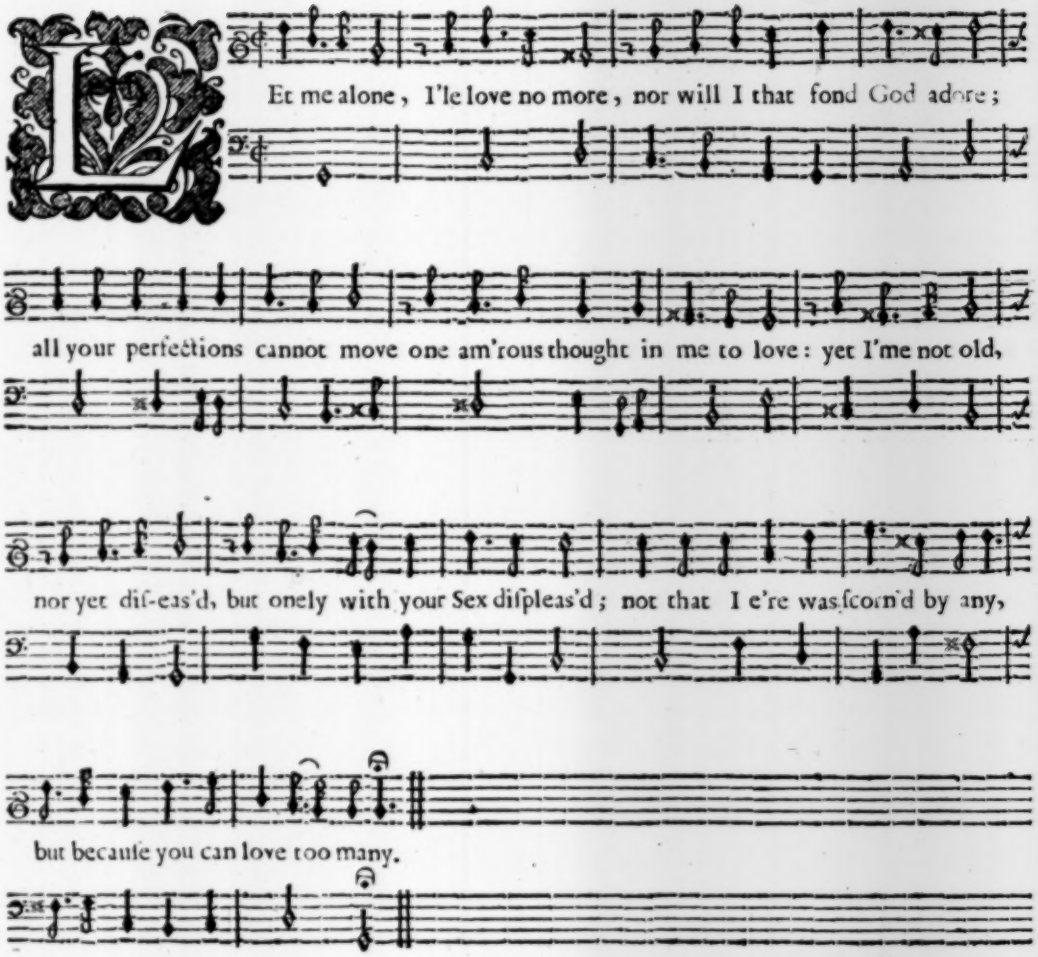
On a Black Ribbon.



II.

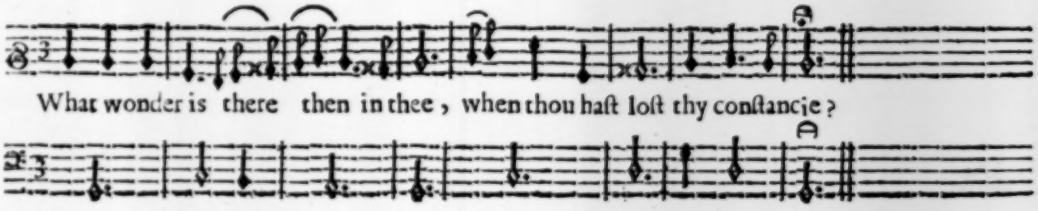
How eaſie 'tis for to confine
An am'rous and a willing minde!
Soft Silk from your fair hands I feel
Bindes faſter far than chains of Steel:
O let me ſtill thy Bond-man be!
I'le never ſue for libertie;
Let others boaſt that freedome have,
'Tis my content to be thy ſlave.

A Reſolution to love no more.

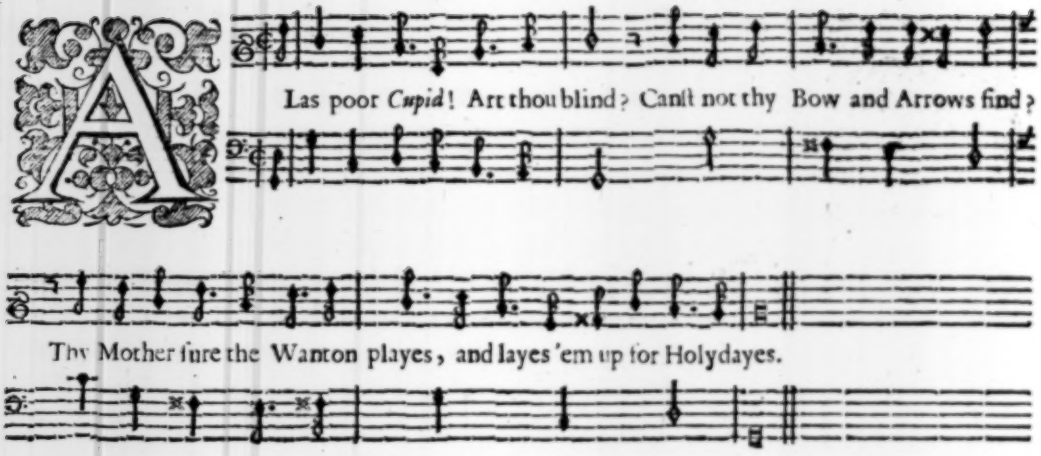


II.

Alas, where lies that great delight
Men fancy in your red and white?
The common Lilly and the Rote
Are far more beautifull then thoſe;
And many objects in the Skies
Outſhine the luſtre of your Eyes,
Though Poets pleaſe ſometimes to ſay
Your Eyes are brighter than the Day.



Cupids Artillery.

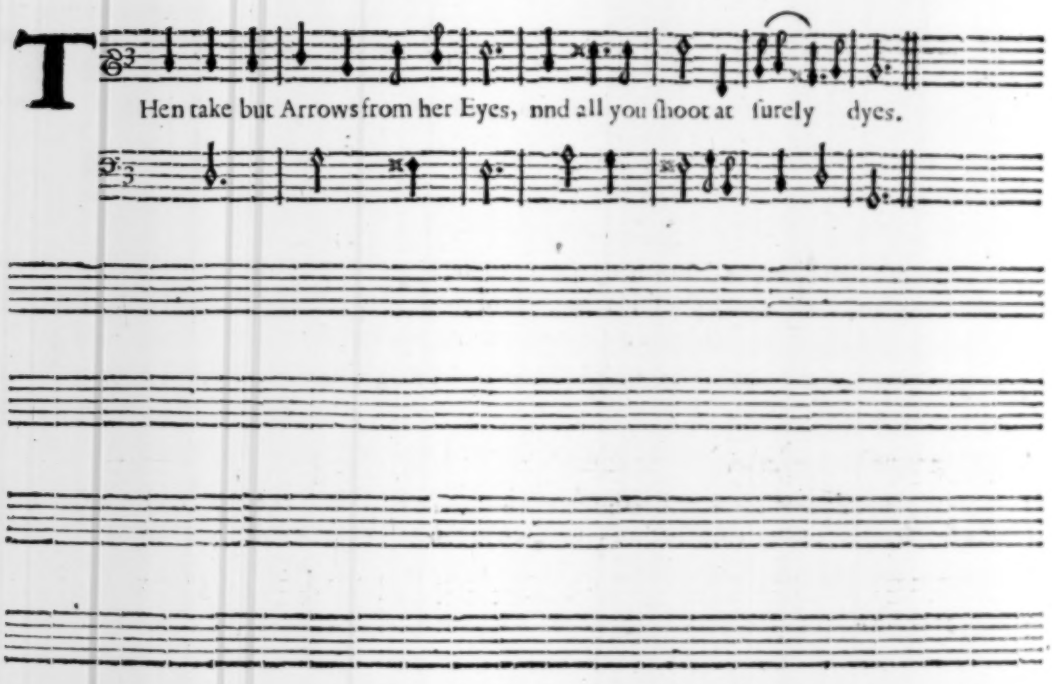


II.

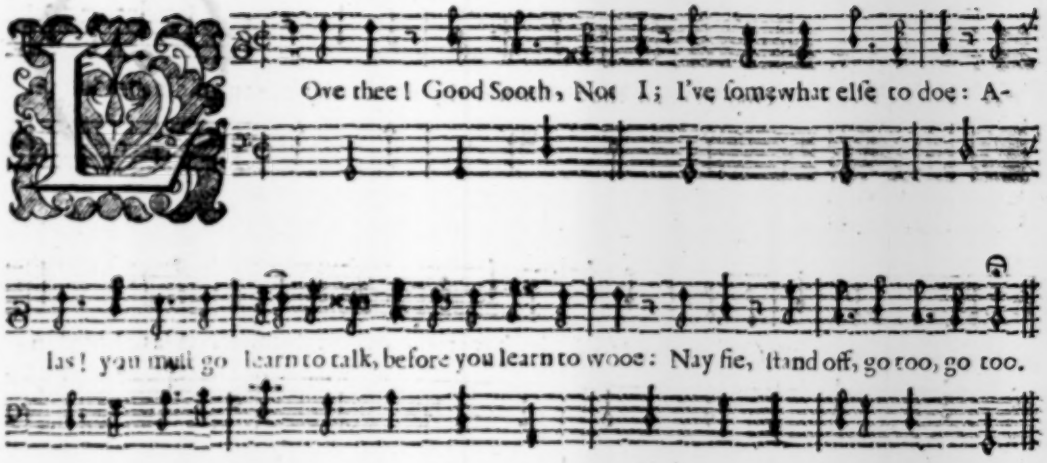
Then *Cupid* mark how kind I'le be,
Becauſe thou once wert ſo to me;
I'le arm thee with ſuch powerful darts,
Shall make thee once more god of hearts.

III.

My *Chloris* Armes ſhall be thy bow,
Which none but Love can bend you know;
Her precious Haires ſhall make the String,
Which of themſelves wound every thing.



A Lady to a young Courtier.



II.

Becauſe you'r in the faſhion,
And newly come to Court,
D'ye think your Clothes are Orators
T'invite us to the Sport?
Ha ha, who will not jeer thee for't!

III.

Ne'r look ſo ſweetly Youth,
Nor fiddle with your Band,
We know you trimme your borrow'd Curles
To ſhew your pretty Hand;
But 'tis too young for to command.

IV.

Go practiſe how to jeer,
And think each word a Jeſt,
That's the Court wit: Alas! you'r out
To think when finely dreſt,
You pleaſe me or the Ladies beſt.

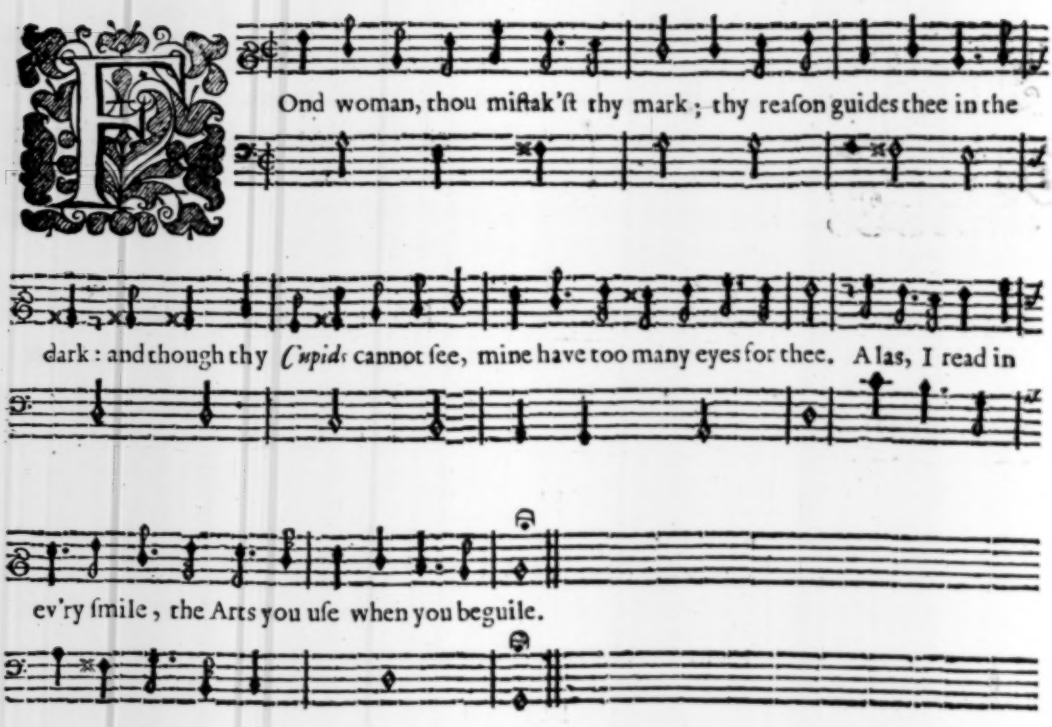
V.

And why ſo confident!
Becauſe that lately we
Have brought another lofty word
Unto our pedegree?
Your inſide ſeems the worſe to me.

VI.

Mark how Sir *Whacham* fools;
I marry there's a Wit
Who cares not what he ſayes or ſweares
So Ladies laugh at it;
Who can deny ſuch blades a fit?

Falſhood diſcovered.

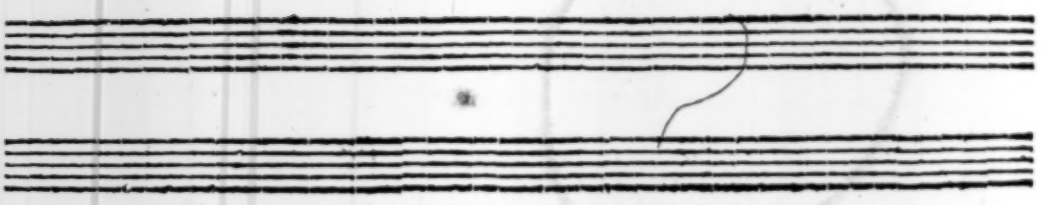


II.

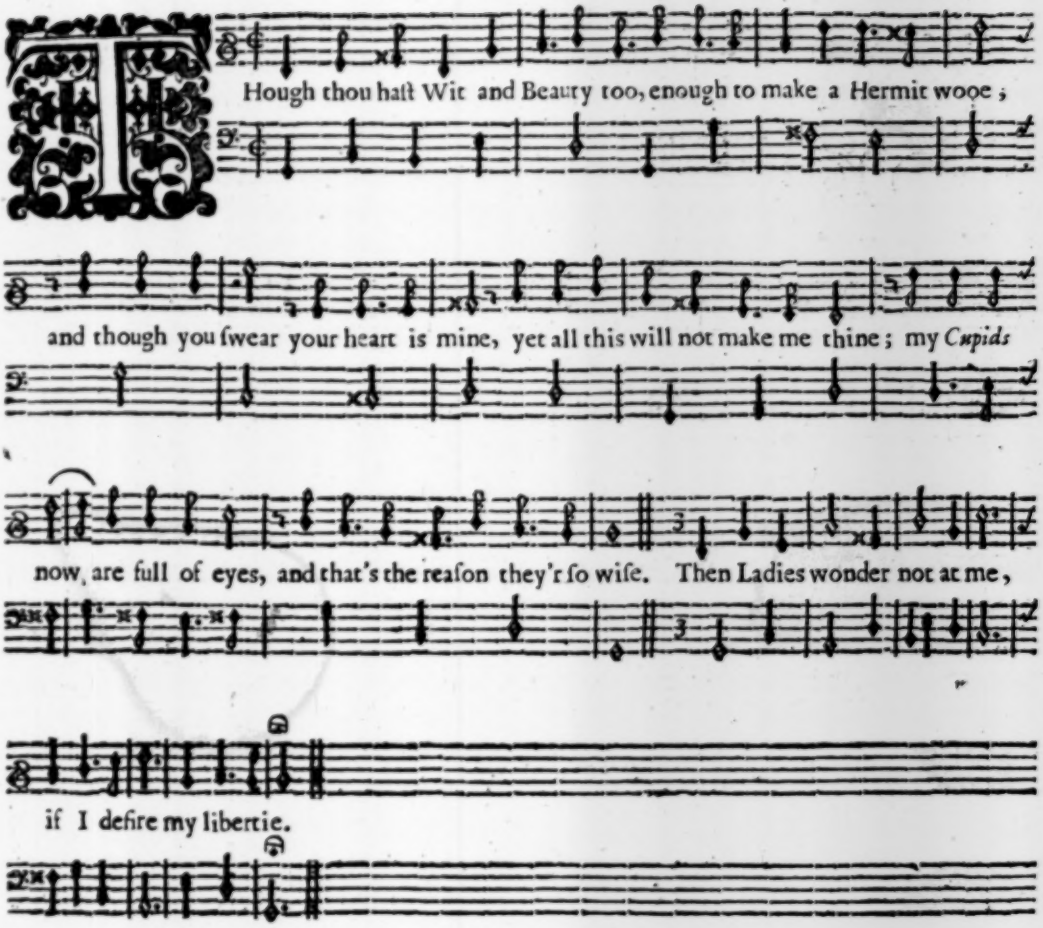
What though you ſwear to me, you love
With paſſions equal to the Dove;
And that your flames are blown no higher
Than to the Sphere of chaſte deſire?
Forgive me if I needs muſt ſay
This is the common womans way.

III.

Your Eyes like Suns I know can be
As warm to any as to me,
And yet you bluſh not oft to ſay
You love but the Platonick way;
Love how you will, and when you pleaſe,
My heart ſhall ſleep and take it's eaſe.



Liberty.



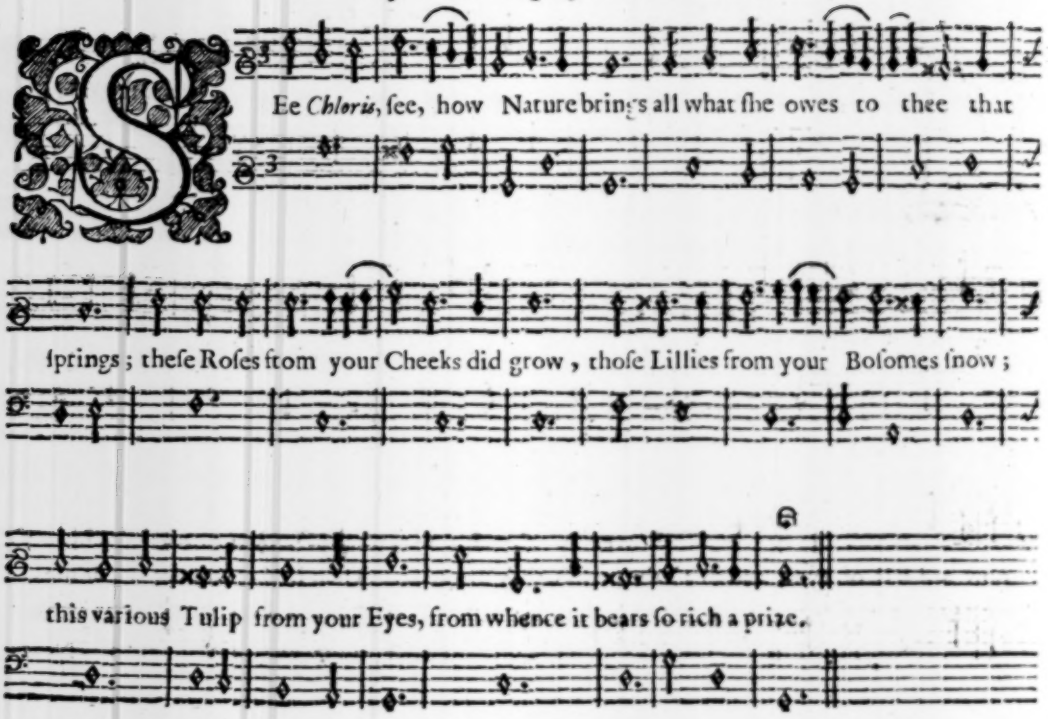
II.

'Tis time to call my paſſions in,
That have ſo long in darkneſs bin;
For now I ſee you only play
To win a heart and ſo away;
She that can number all her ſtore
Of ſervants, now is very poor:
Then Ladies wonder not, &c.

III.

Spring-garden is the Market-place
Where men are brought up for a face;
Some with their hands, ſome with their eyes,
Catch any new thing for a prize;
That Lady now grows poor and pines,
Who wants her ſlaves to dig her mines.
Then Ladies wonder not, &c.

A Pot of Flowers presented to Chloris.



II.

Those purple streams in Azure set,
Gave being to this Violet;
These sprigs of Bayes we ne'r did see
Till you taught Shepherds Poetrie:
And all these flowers of purest red
Sprung up where once your finger bled.

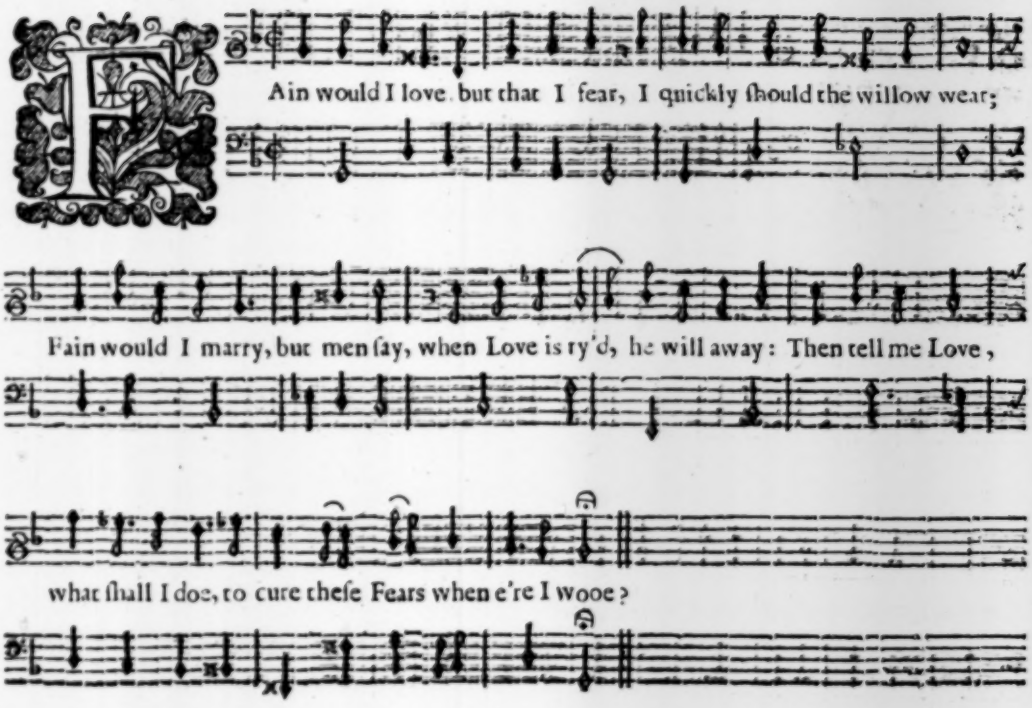
III.

These Pansyes which so low do creep,
Grew up one Night where you did sleep:
So did these Poppyes, and from thence
They have their sleepy influence;
And all their leaves became thus green
In hope by you they should be seen.

IV.

And here I bring them in an Urn
Of water, which themselves did mourn,
Fearing to wyther and grow drye
By too much Sun-shine of your Eye;
For if your Beams the World inflame,
Poor things, they needs must feel the same.

A doubt reſolv'd.



II.

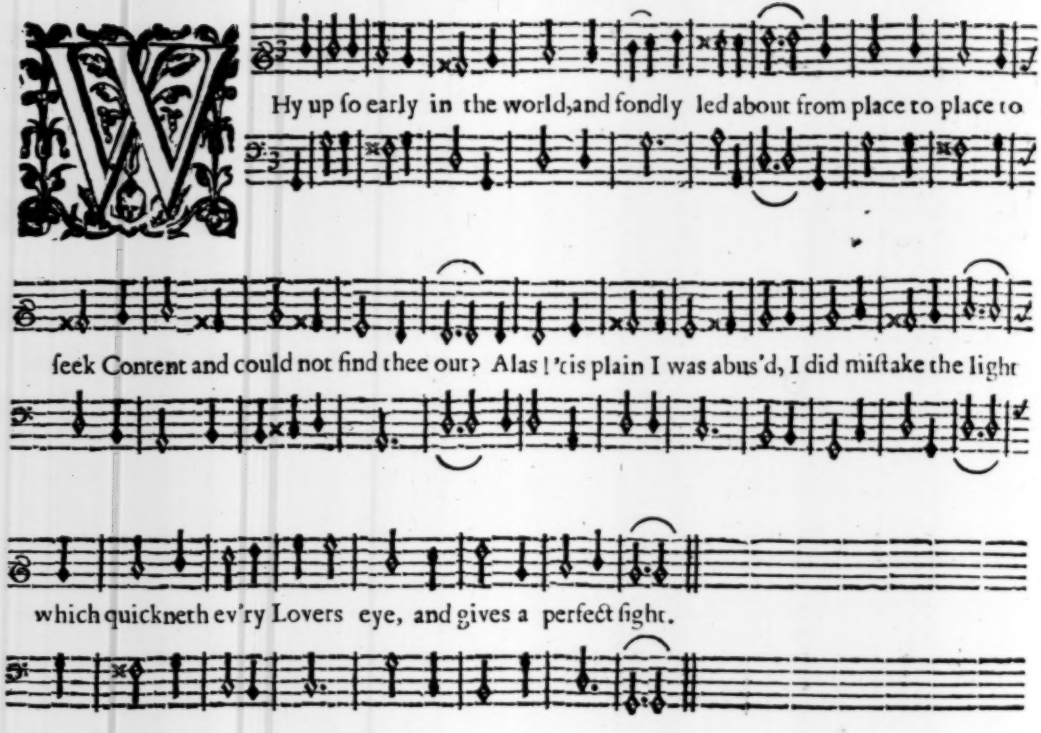
The Fair one ſhe's a mark to all;
The Brown one each doth Lovely call;
The Black's a pearl in Fair mens Eyes;
The reſt will ſtoop to any prize.
Then tell me love, &c.

III.

Reply.

Young Lover, know it is not I
That wound with Fear or ealouſie;
Nor do men ever feel thoſe ſmarts
Until they have confin'd their hearts:
Then if you'l cure your Fears, you ſhall
Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but all.

To the first object of Content.



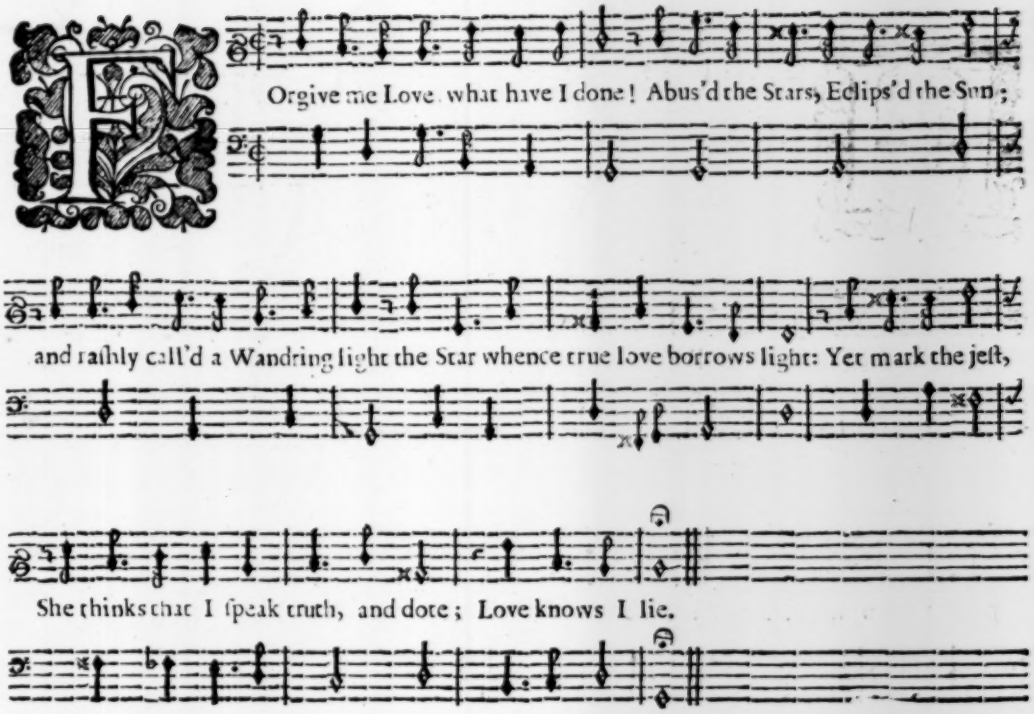
II.

Thou art the only Star that can
Direct us where to find
The way which I so long have sought
To ease a troubled mind;
Each limb of thine's so full of grace
They ravish ev'ry Eye,
And all the Musick that we know
Is from their Harmony.

III.

'Tis You alone that do create
The Beauties of the Spring,
Those Shadows which from You reflect
Adorneth ev'ry thing;
Philosophers may govern Fools,
But shall not tutor mee,
For now I find that I was blind
Until I found out thee.

A Recantation.



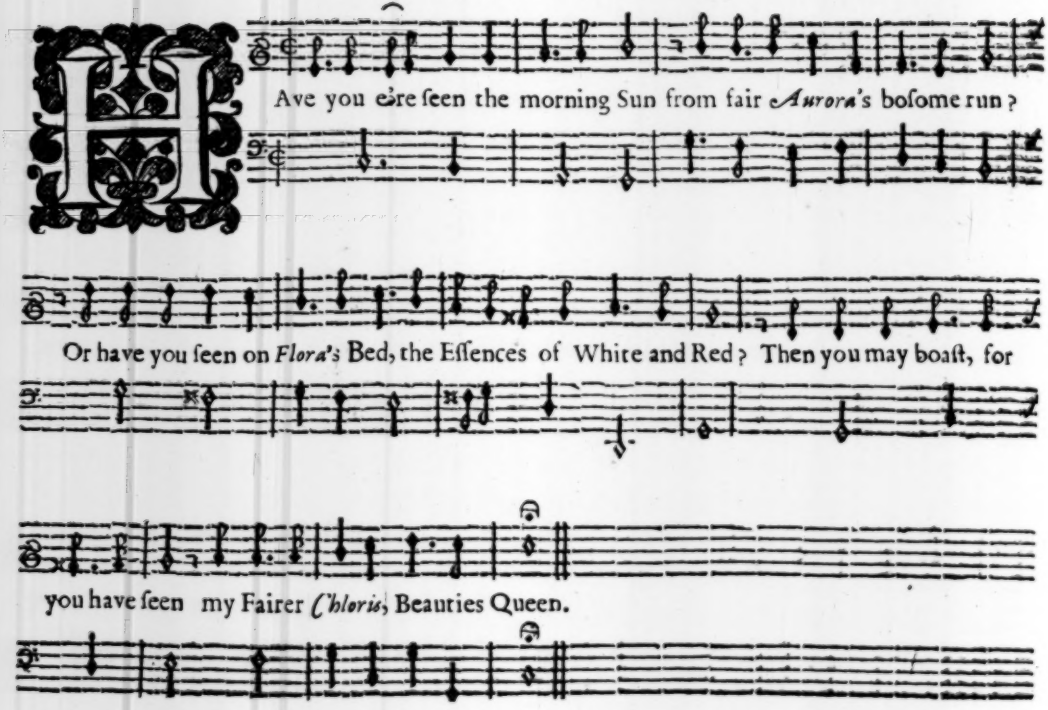
II.

Will you not give men leave to ſport,
Alas, my heart commands a fort,
Whence all the artillery of your Eyes
Can make no breach, much leſſe a prize:
How ſubtle Ladies now are grown!
Yet caught in Engines of their own.

III.

My heart's no Coward, you ſhall ſee,
To yield, becauſe you ſhot at mee;
A man o're come ſo quickly may
Be taken pris'ner every day:
Then Lady boaſt not of your prize,
My heart ſtill in his caſtle lyes.

A deſcription of Chloris.



II.

Have you e're pleas'd your skilful eares
With the ſweet Muſick of the Spheres?
Have you e're heard the Syrens ſing,
Or *Orpheus* play to Hels black King?
If ſo, be happy and rejoyce,
For thou haſt heard my *Chloris* voyce.

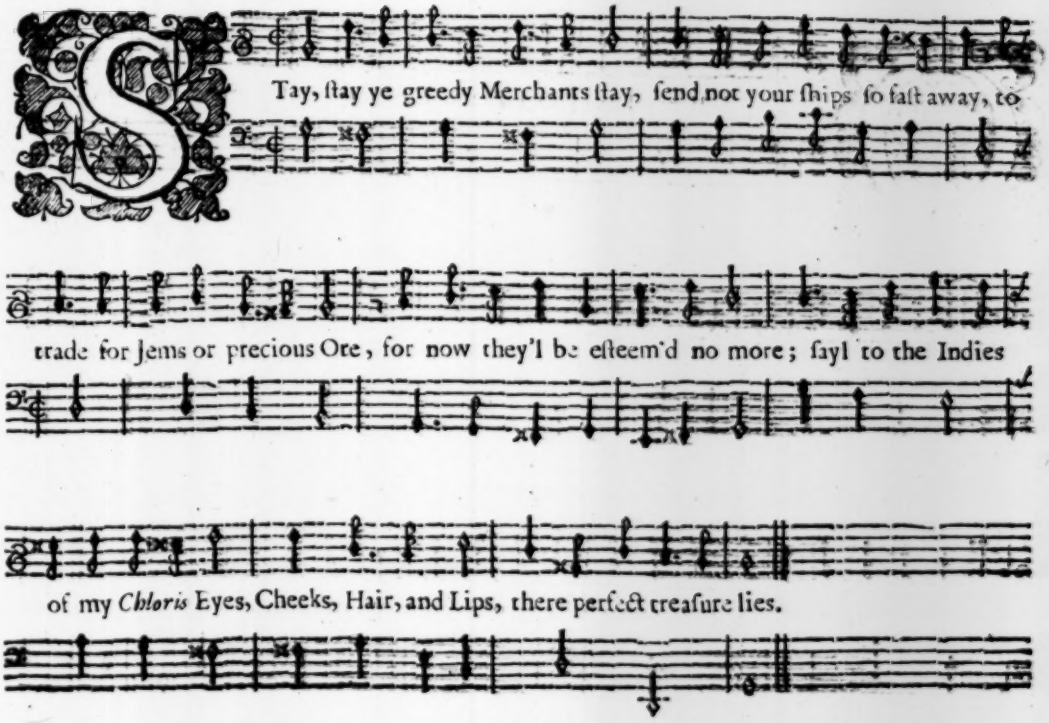
III.

Have you e're ſmelt what Chymick skill
From Roſe or Amber doth diſtill?
Have you been near that ſacrifice
The Phœnix makes before ſhe dies?
Then you can tell (I do preſume)
My *Chloris* is the worlds perfume.

IV.

Have you e're taſted what the Bee
Steals from each fragrant Flower or Tree?
Or did you ever taſte that meat
Which Poets ſay the Gods did eat?
O then I will no longer doubt
But you have found my *Chloris* out.

Chloris *a conſtant comfort.*



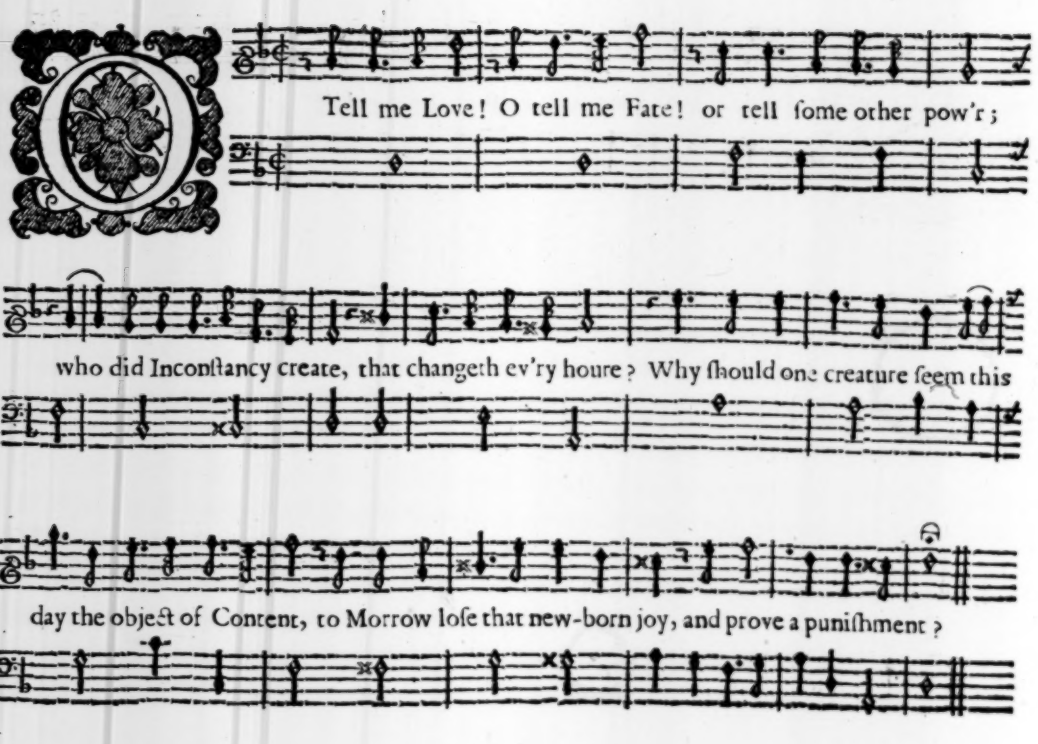
II.

Come here Loves Hereticks that can
Beleive ther's no true joy for man,
See what refined pleaſure flyes
From ev'ry motion of her eyes;
Gaze on my *Chloris* freely, then go tell
To all the world where true Content doth dwell.

III.

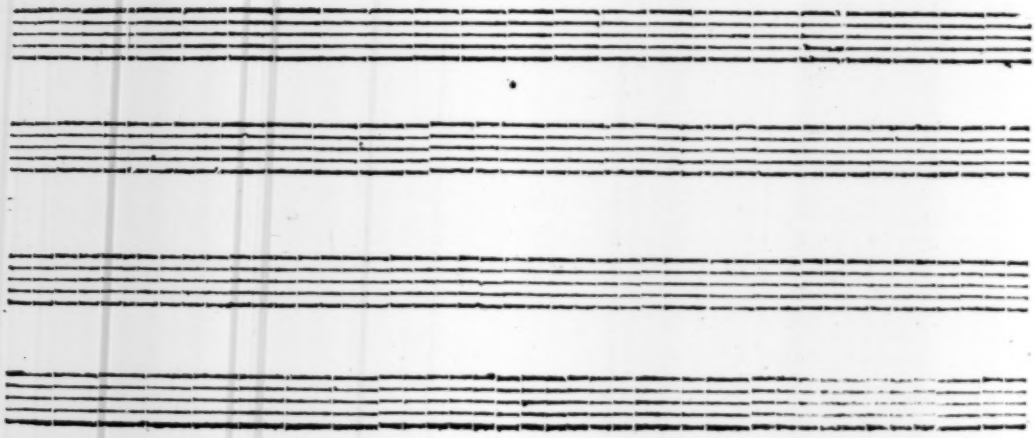
Forgive me Heavens if I adore
Your Sun, or Moon, or Stars no more;
Thoſe often are eclips'd, and can
As ſoon deſtroy as cheriſh man:
But *Chloris* like a conſtant comfort ſhines,
Not only to our Bodies but our Mindes.

Inconſtancy.

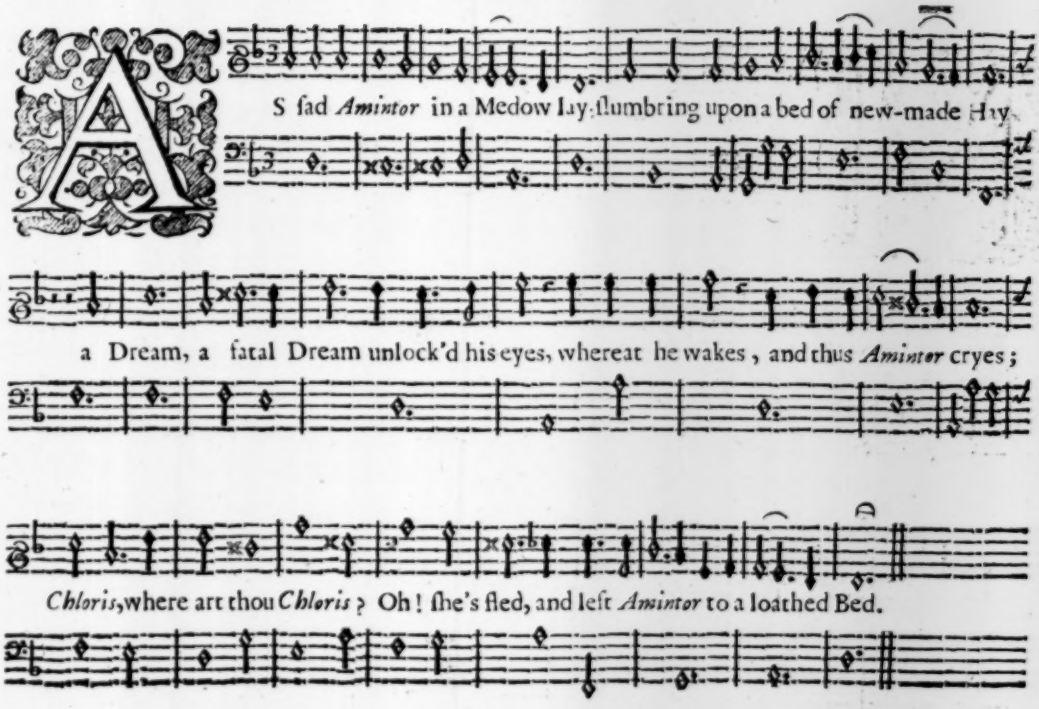


II.

Fair Shapes and guilded Honours raiſe
Rebellion in our hearts;
Then blame not *Cupid* if he ſhoot
Such ſev'rall ſorts of darts:
Such ſullen miſeries as theſe
Will wait on fickle Love;
Be thou a Saint it is decreed
She muſt inconſtant prove.



Amintor's *Dream.*



II.

Heark how the Winds conspire with storm and rain
To stop her course, and beat her back again:
Heark how the heavens chide her in her way
For robbing poor *Amintor* of his joy:
And yet she comes not. *Chloris*, O! she's fled,
And left *Amintor* to a loathed bed.

III.

Come *Chloris*, come, see where *Amintor* lies,
Just as you left him, but with sadder Eyes;
Bring back that heart which thou hast stoln from me,
That Lovers may record thy Constancie:
O no she will not. *Chloris*, O she's fled!
And left *Amintor*, &c.

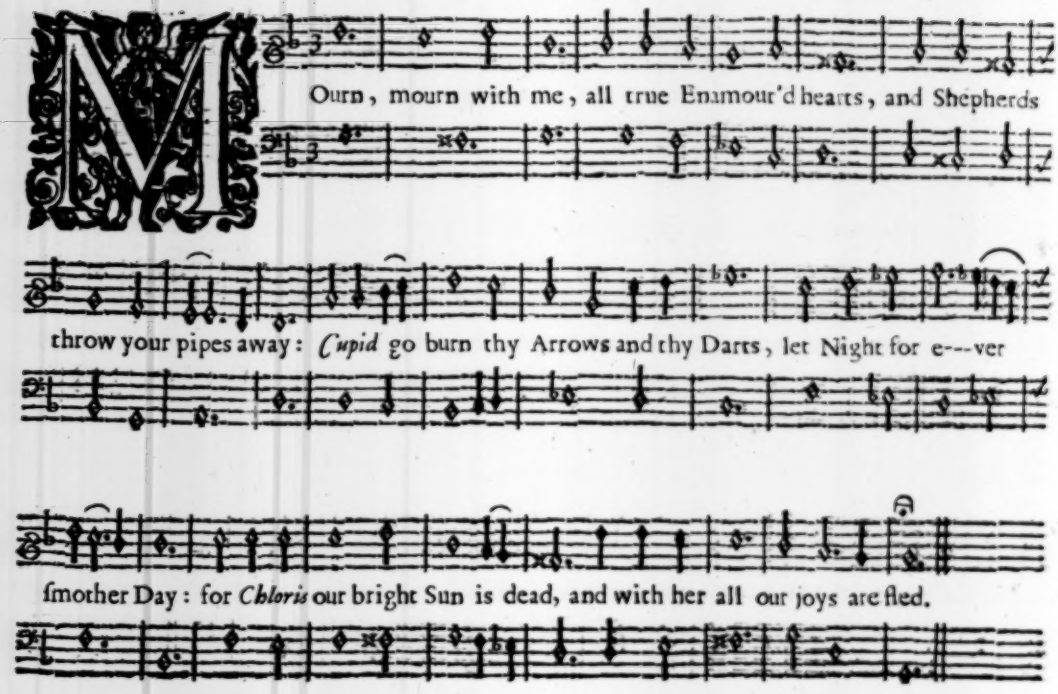
IV.

O lend me (Love) thy wings that I may flye
Into her bosome, take my leave, and dye:
What comfort have I now ith' world since she
That was my world of joy is gone from me,
My Love, my *Chloris*: *Chloris*, O she's fled
And left *Amintor* to, &c.

V.

Awake *Amintor* from this dream, for she
Hath too much goodnesse to be false to thee:
Think on her Oathes, her Vows, her Sighes, her Tears,
And those will quickly satisfie thy fears.
No no, *Amintor*, *Chloris* is not fled,
But will return into thy longing Bed.

Chloris *dead*, *lamented by* Amintor.



II.

Love is with grief congeal'd into a Stone,
And o're my *Chloris* grave ſhe lies,
Where round about the Graces ſit and moan,
Neglecting other Deities:
The valleys where her flocks ſhe fed
Are drown'd with tears ſince ſhe is fled.

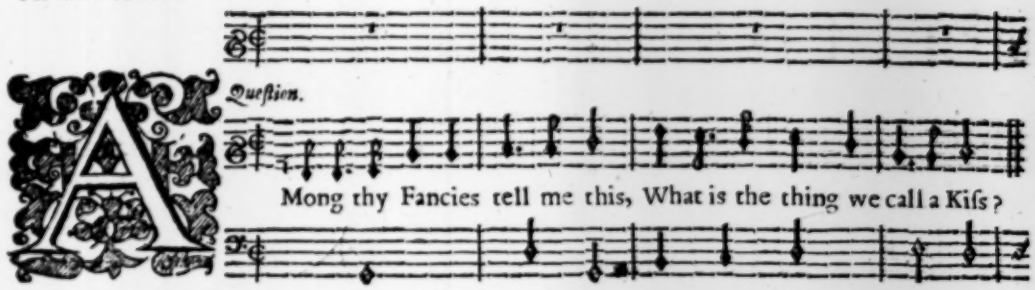
III.

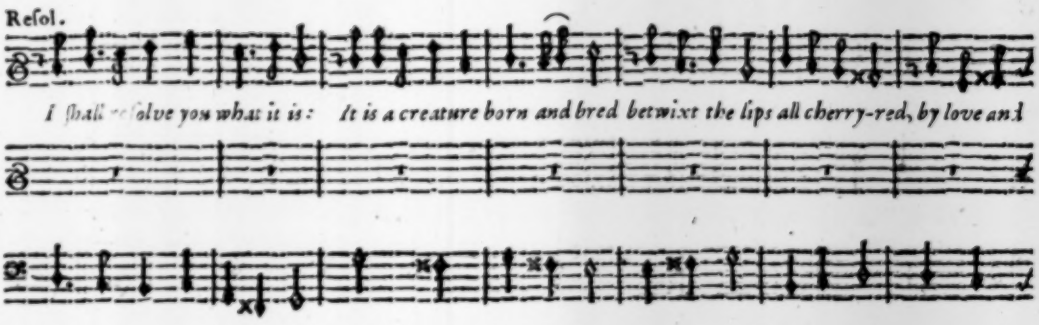
Then follow me, where comfort never ſhin'd;
Down, down into ſome darker Cell;
There ſee *Amintor* weep, till he grow blind
And comfortleſs for ever dwell:
The Gods I fear will ſoon repent
This univerſall puniſhment.

Here Endeth the Ayres for One Voyce to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Baſs-Viol.*

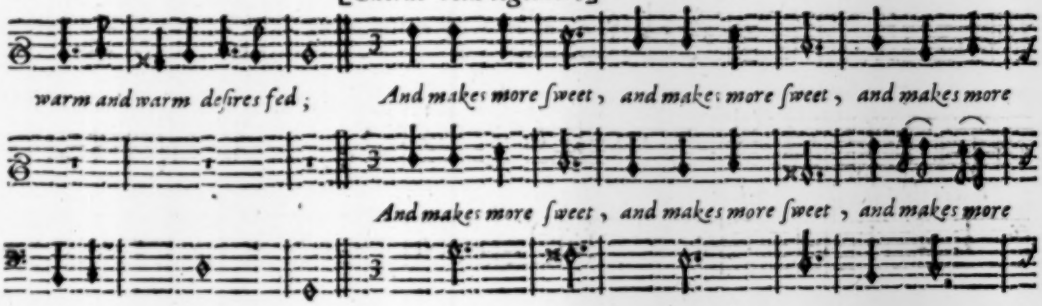
A Dialogue on a KISSE.

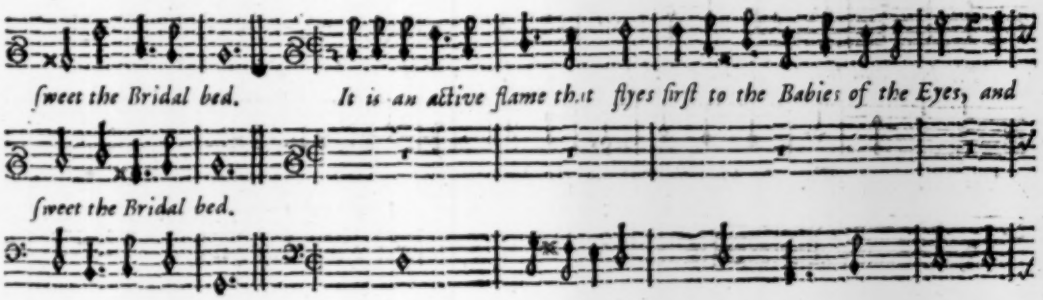
For two Trebles.

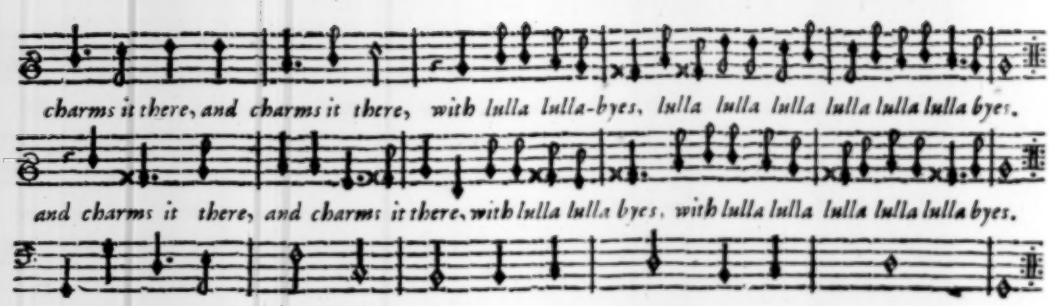




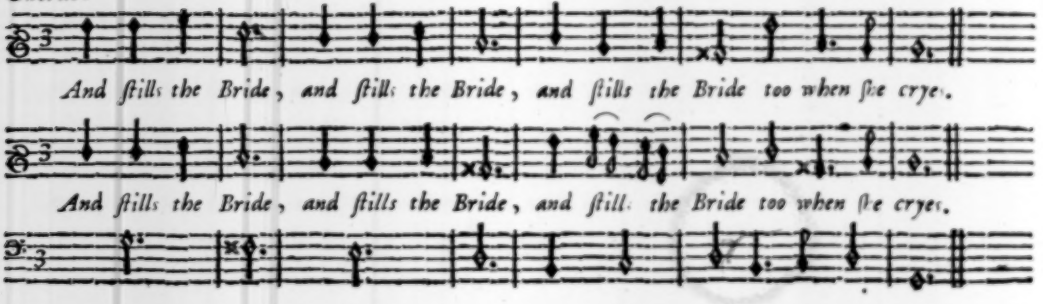
[*Chorus both together.*]

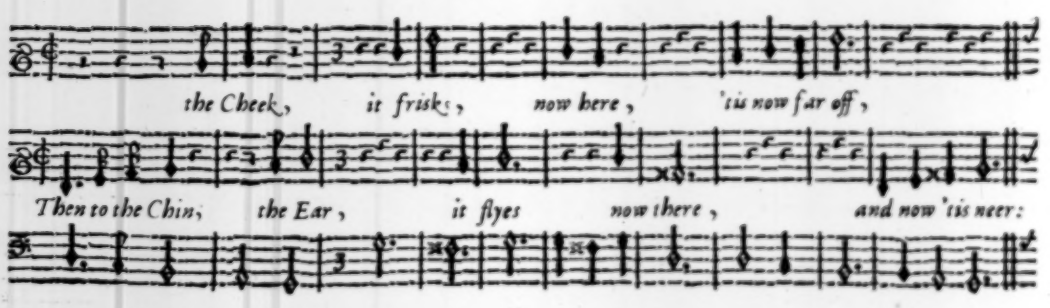




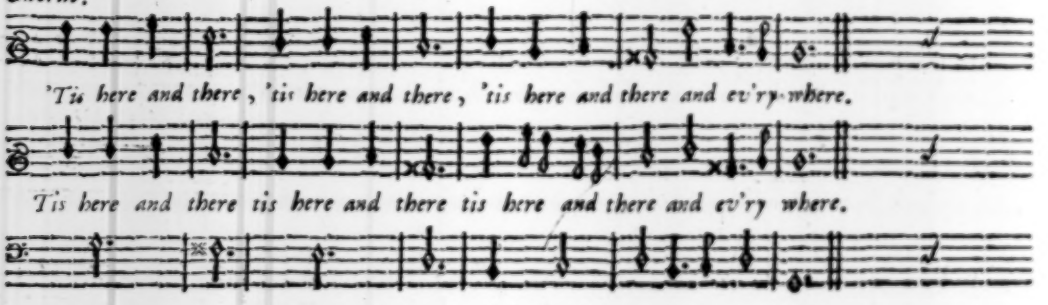


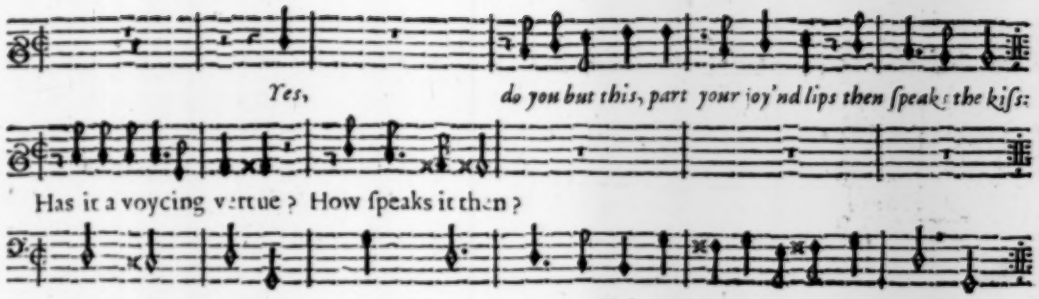
Chorus.





Chorus.





Chorus.

Chorus.

A Dialogue between a LOVER *and his* FRIEND.

For two Trebles.

Lover. Love a Nymph. *Friend. A lack a day!* Lover. But dare not ſay I love her.

Friend. Perhaps ſhe may thy love repay; ſpeak then thy thoughts, and prove her. Lover. If I reveal, and ſhe re-

Friend. ject my love, I'm quite undone. *Weomen when we do leaſt expect, we ſee are often wonne.*

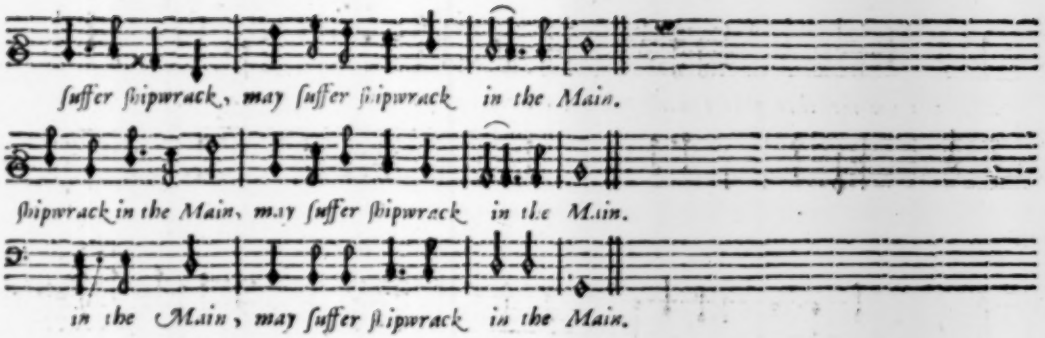
Lover. True, but her ſtate great flocks requires, mine are but poor and ſmall. *Friend. Peace Fool, love onely*

[*Chorus for three together.*]

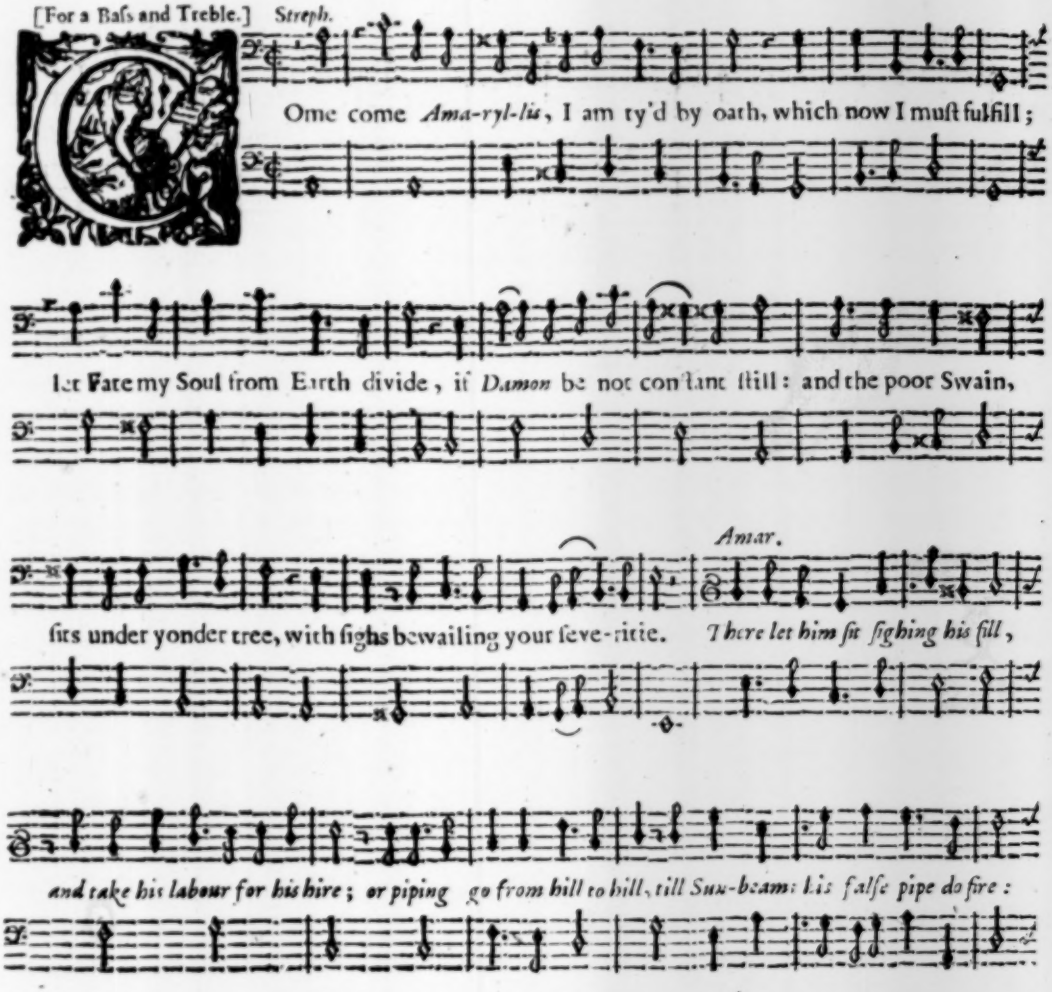
love deſires, and nothing elſe at all. They who do love for private gain, may ſuffer ſhipwrack, may

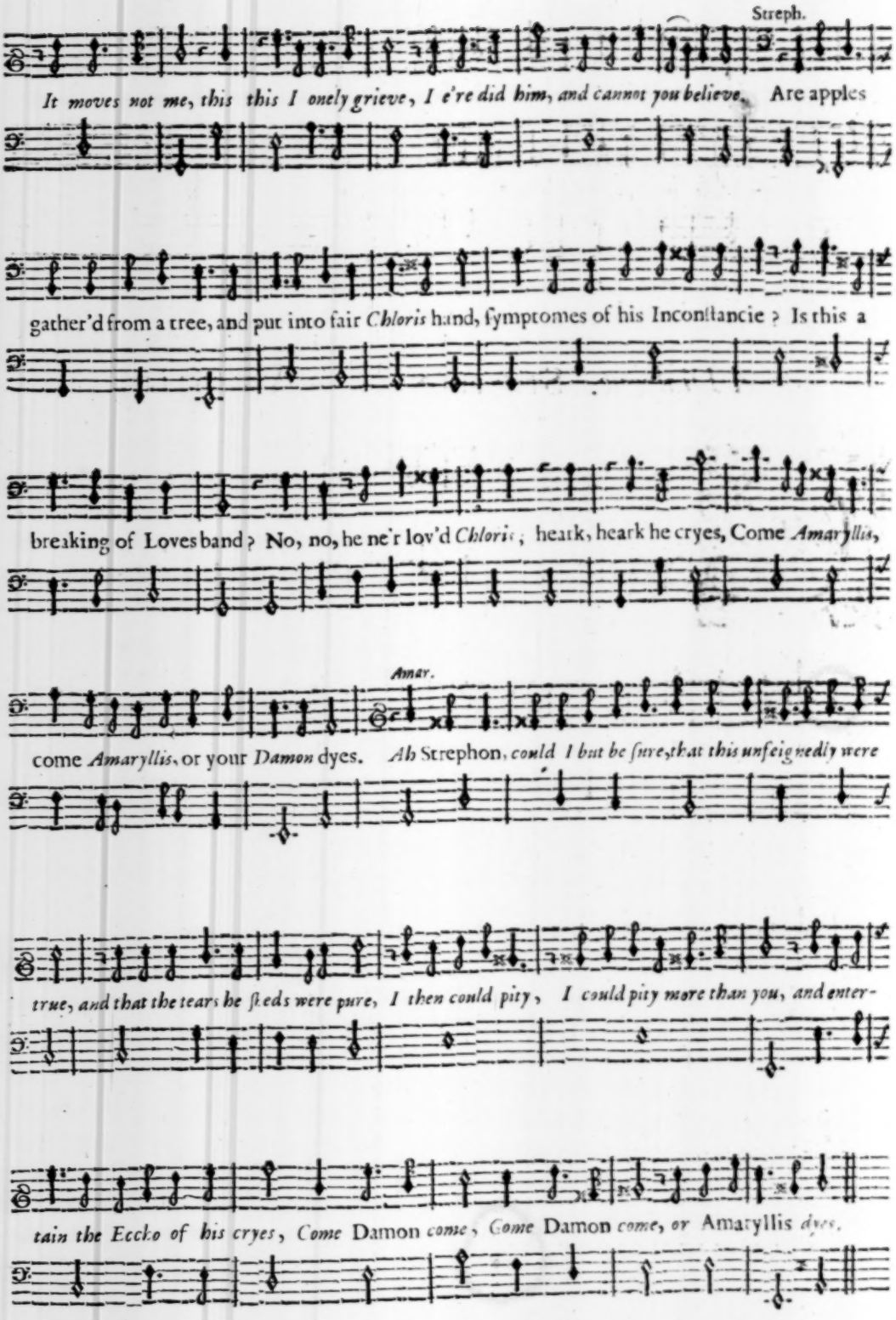
They who do love for private gain, may ſuffer

They who do love for private gain, may ſuffer ſhipwrack.

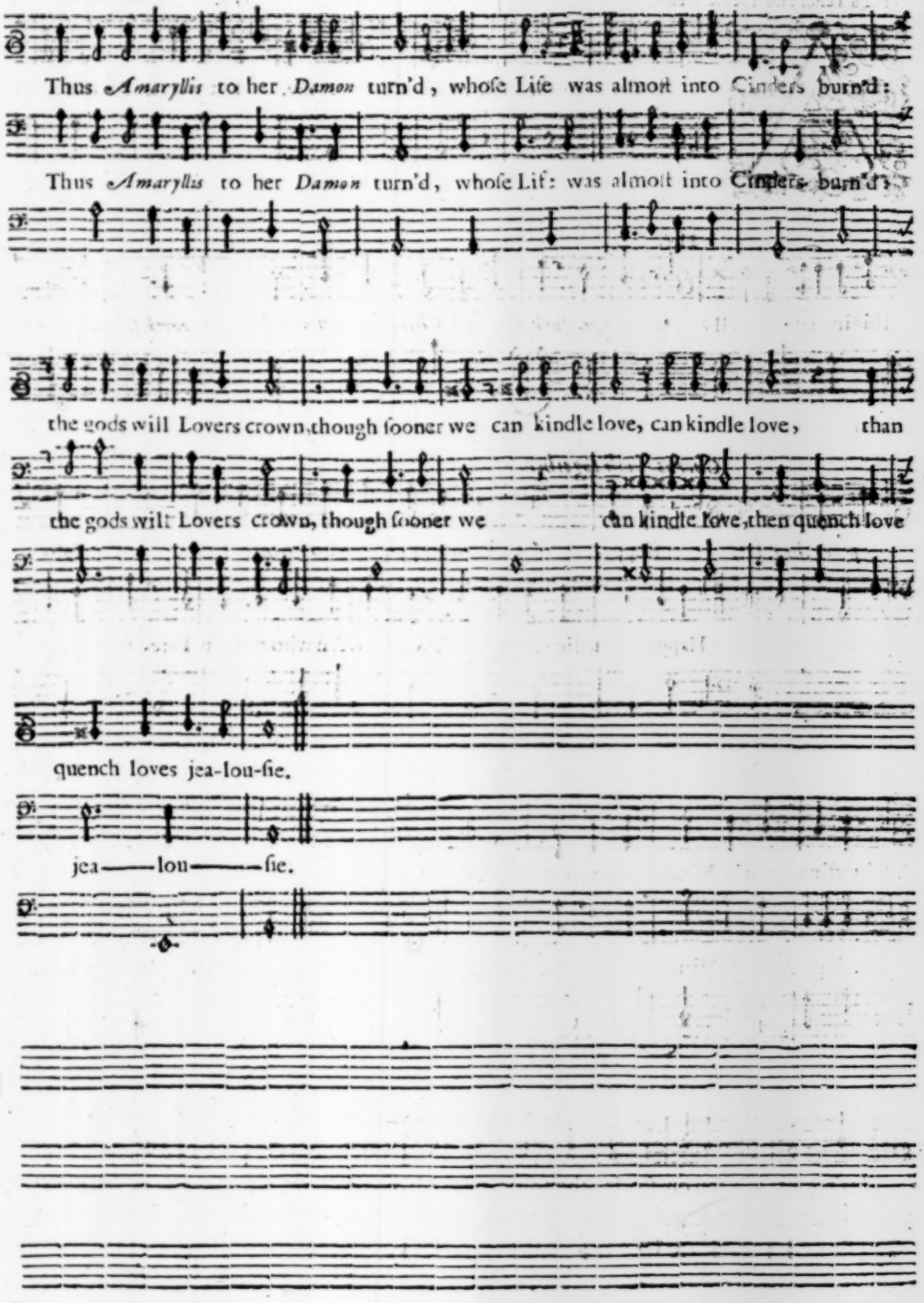


A Dialogue. STREPHON —— AMARYLLIS.




Streph.
It moves not me, this this I onely grieve, I e're did him, and cannot you believe, Are apples
gather'd from a tree, and put into fair Chloris hand, ſymptomes of his Inconſtancie? Is this a
breaking of Loves band? No, no, he ne'r lov'd Chloris; heark, heark he cryes, Come Amaryllis,
Amar.
come Amaryllis, or your Damon dyes. Ah Strephon, could I but be ſure, that this unfeignedly were
true, and that the tears he ſheds were pure, I then could pity, I could pity more than you, and enter-
tain the Ecchо of his cryes, Come Damon come, Come Damon come, or Amaryllis dyes.

Chorus.


Thus *Amaryllis* to her *Damon* turn'd, whoſe Life was almoſt into Cinders burn'd:
Thus *Amaryllis* to her *Damon* turn'd, whoſe Life was almoſt into Cinders burn'd:
the gods will Lovers crown, though ſooner we can kindle love, can kindle love, than
the gods will Lovers crown, though ſooner we can kindle love, then quench love
quench loves jea-lou-ſie.
jea——lou——ſie.

A Dialogue. CLEANDER——FLORAMELL.

[For a Tenor and Treble.] *Clea.* Flor. *Clea.*

Wake, awake, fair *Floramell.* *I doe.* But who freed thee from

Flor.

this inchanted ſpell? *'Twas you, ſuch heav'nly Chymiſtry you taught, from earth ſublim'd my*

Chorus both together.

purer thoughts. Happy, thrice happy thoſe who govern Fate, ſub-

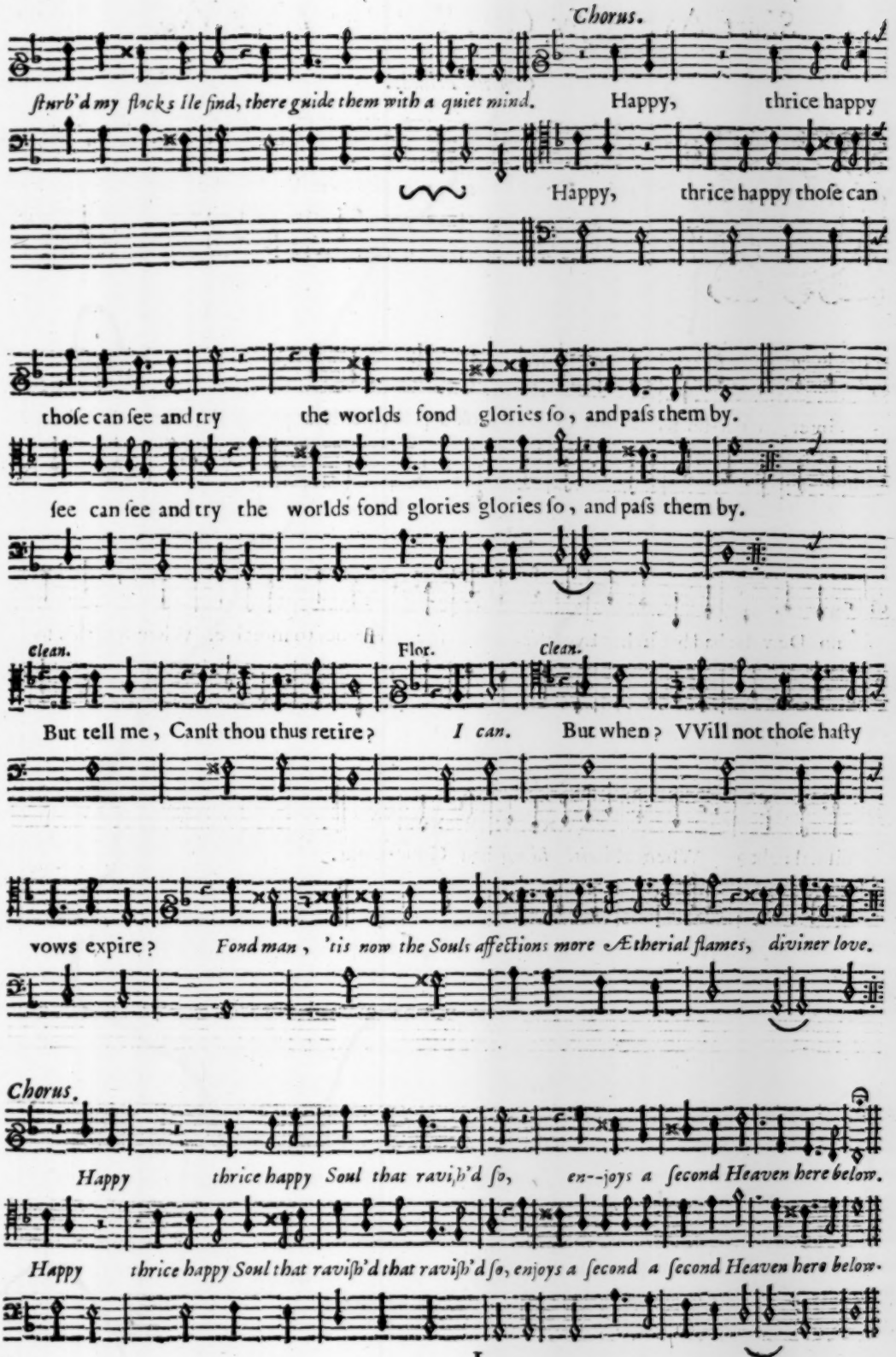
Happy, thrice happy thoſe who govern who govern Fate, ſubjecting

ſubjecting greater Mindes to meaner State. *Clean.*

jecting greater Mindes to meaner State. And how appears Earths glories now?

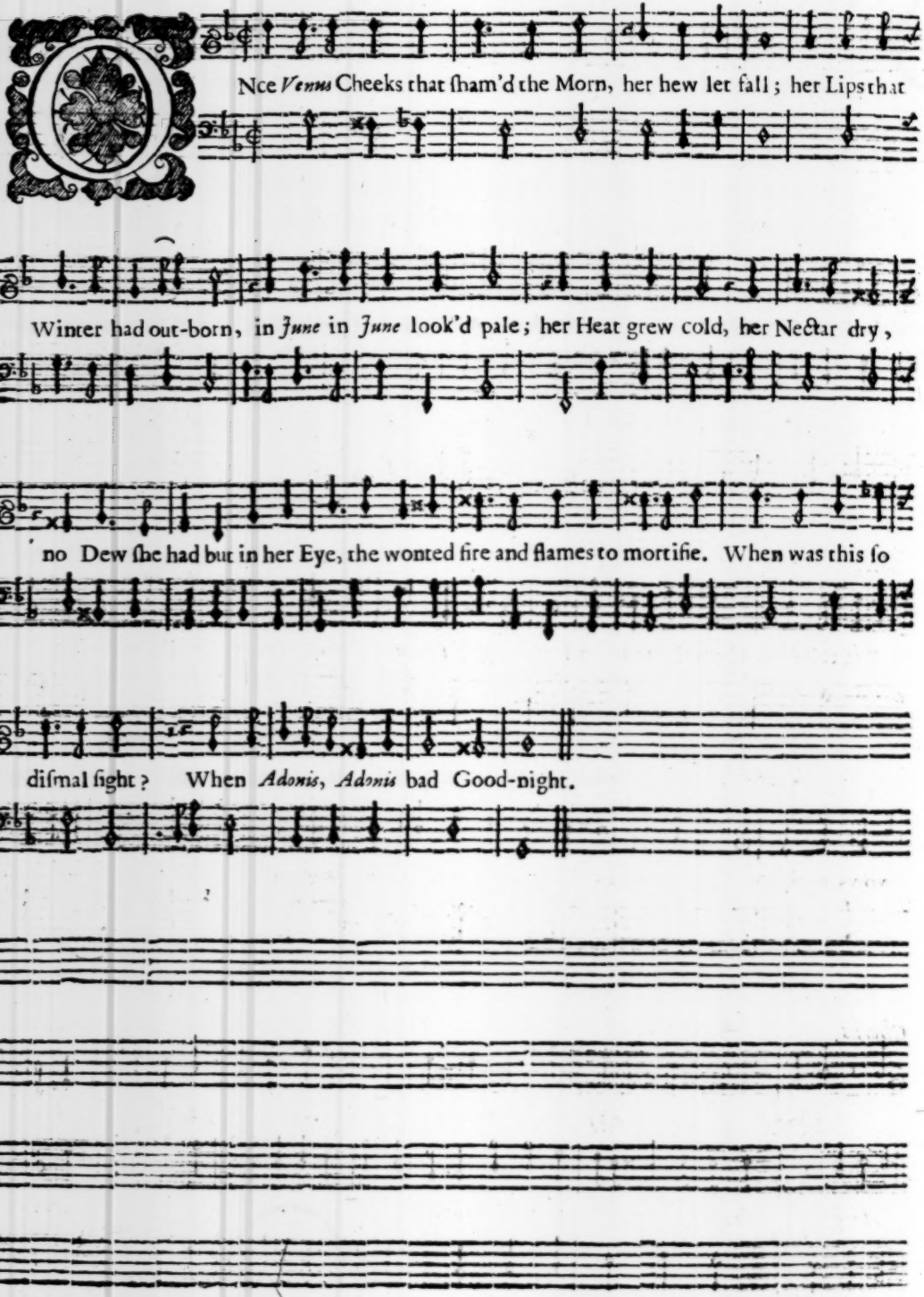
Flor. *clean.* Flor.

They'r gone. Then on, fly, leſt they once more da---zel thee. *I R——un and undi-*


Chorus.
ſturb'd my flocks Ile find, there guide them with a quiet mind. Happy, thrice happy
Happy, thrice happy thoſe can
thoſe can ſee and try the worlds fond glories ſo, and paſs them by.
ſee can ſee and try the worlds fond glories glories ſo, and paſs them by.
Clean. Flor. Clean.
But tell me, Canſt thou thus retire? I can. But when? VVill not thoſe haſty
vows expire? Fond man, 'tis now the Souls affections more Ætherial flames, diviner love.
Chorus.
Happy thrice happy Soul that raviſh'd ſo, en--joys a ſecond Heaven here below.
Happy thrice happy Soul that raviſh'd that raviſh'd ſo, enjoys a ſecond a ſecond Heaven here below.

Short AYRES *for One, Two, or Three* VOYCES.

Cantus Primus.



a 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

O Nce *Venus* Cheeks that ſham'd the Morn, her hew let fall; her Lips that

Winter had out-born, in *June* in *June* look'd pale; her Heat grew cold,

her Nectar dry, no Dew ſhe had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie.

When was this ſo diſmal ſight? When *Adonis Adonis* bad Good-night.

a 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*

O Nce *Venus* Cheeks that ſham'd the Morn, her hew let fall; her Lips that

Winter had out-born, in *June* in *June* look'd pale; her Heat grew cold,

her Nectar dry, no Dew ſhe had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie.

When was this ſo diſmal ſight? When *Adonis Adonis* bad Good-night.

A 1. 2. or 3. Voc. *Cantus Primus.*

Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, ſo often, and yet do ſo ſtill, that now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble taunts can ſay, Sure this is ſome Bird of *May*.

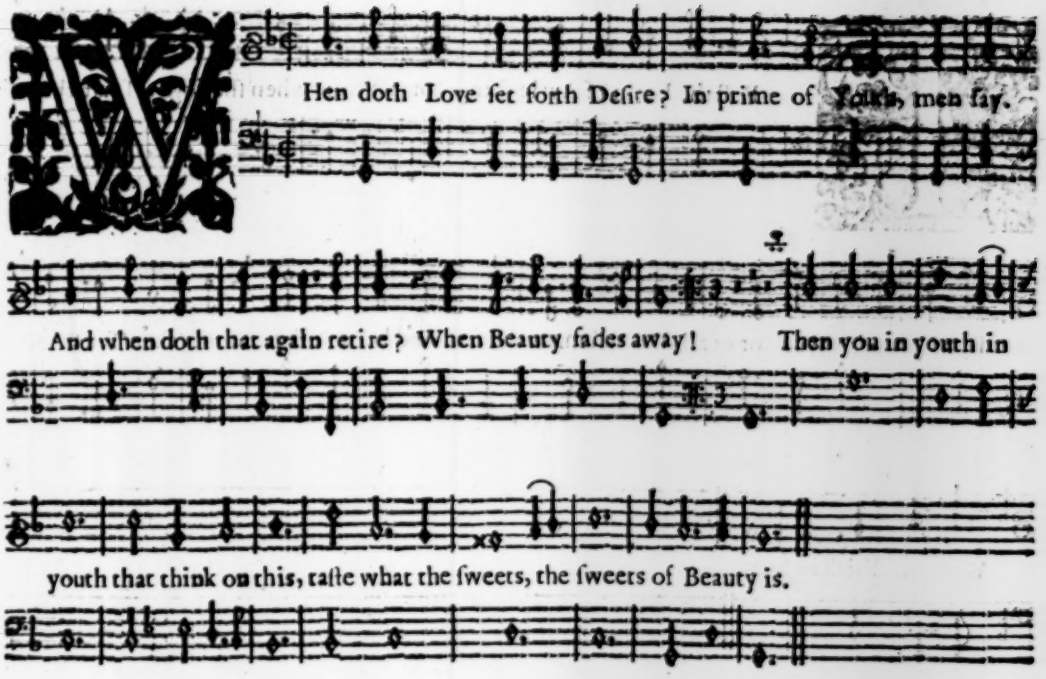
a. 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

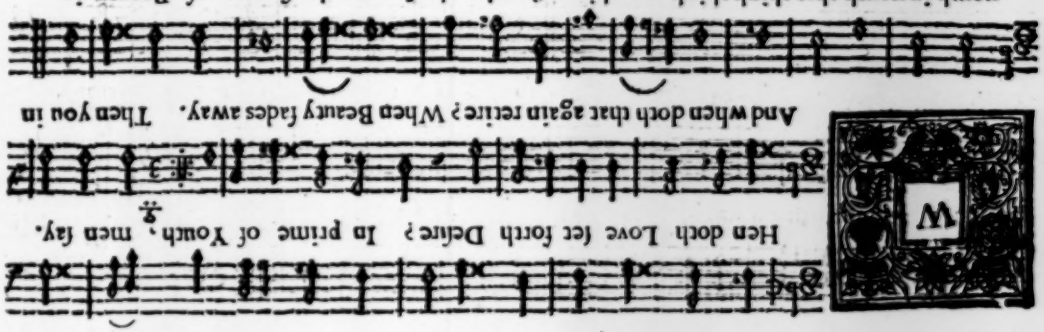
Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, ſo often, and yet do ſo ſtill, that now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble taunts can ſay, Sure this is ſome Bird of *May*.

a. 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*

Have prais'd with all my skil each curious limb a-bout thee, ſo often, and yet do ſo ſtill, that now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble taunts taunts can ſay, Sure this is ſome Bird of *May*.

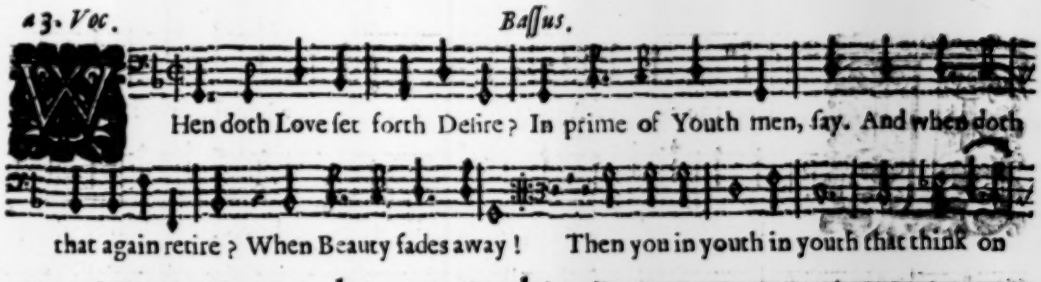
A1. 2. or 3. Voc. *Cantus Primus.*



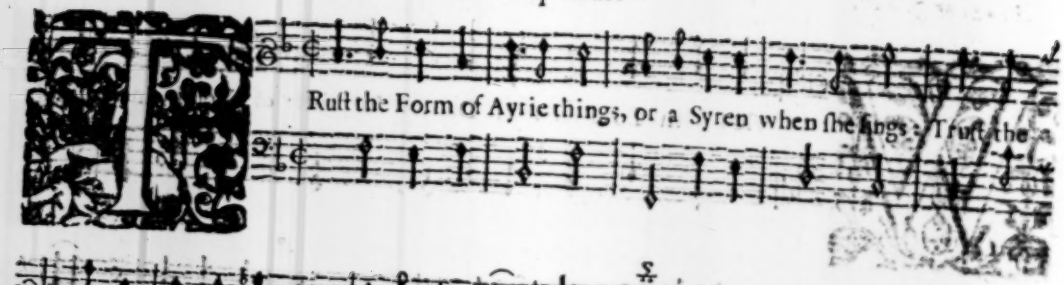


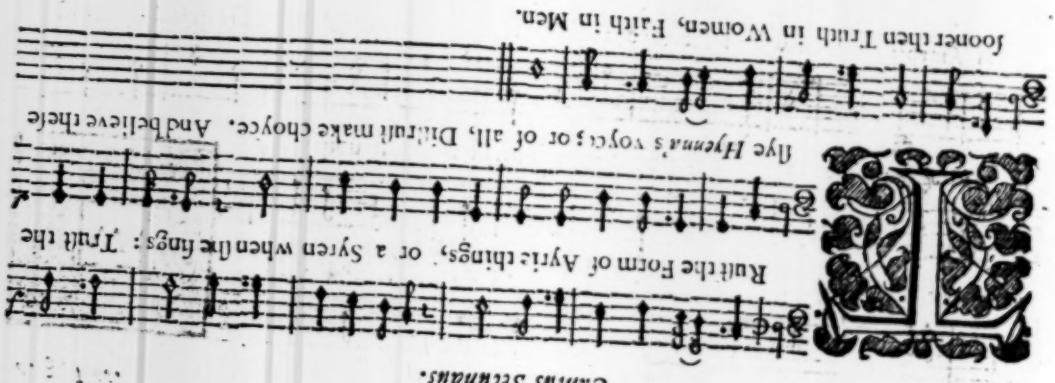
A. 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

a 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*



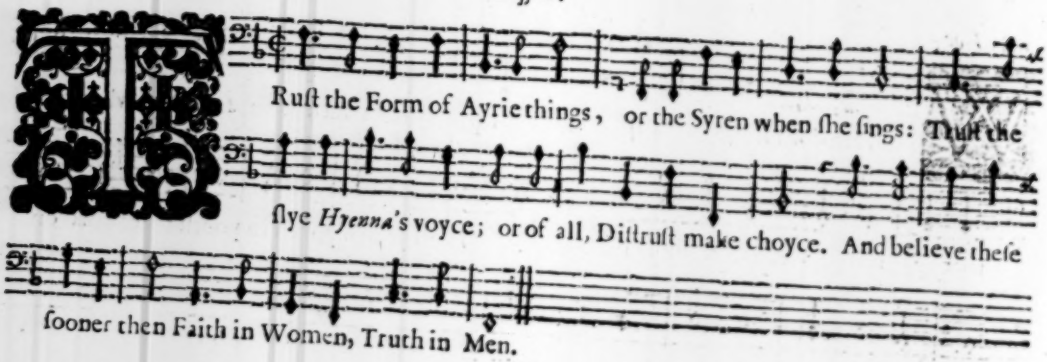
Cantus primus.



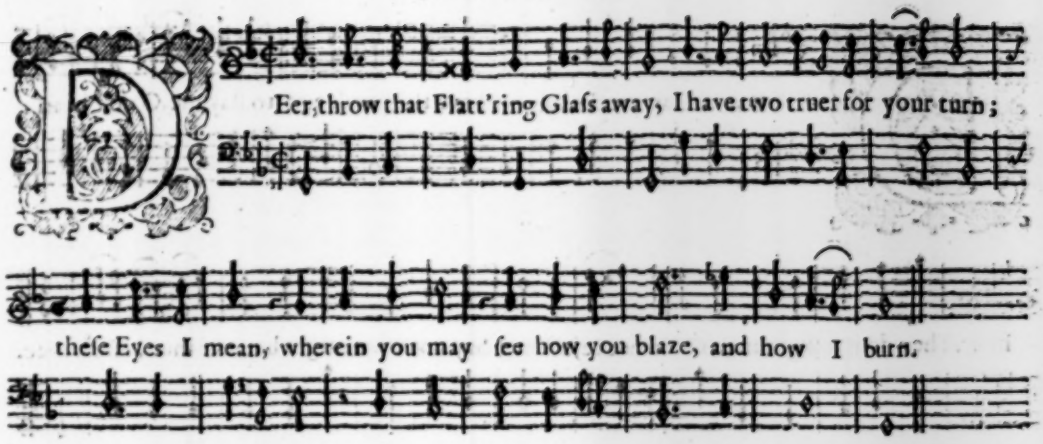


4. 3. *Voc.*

Baſſus.

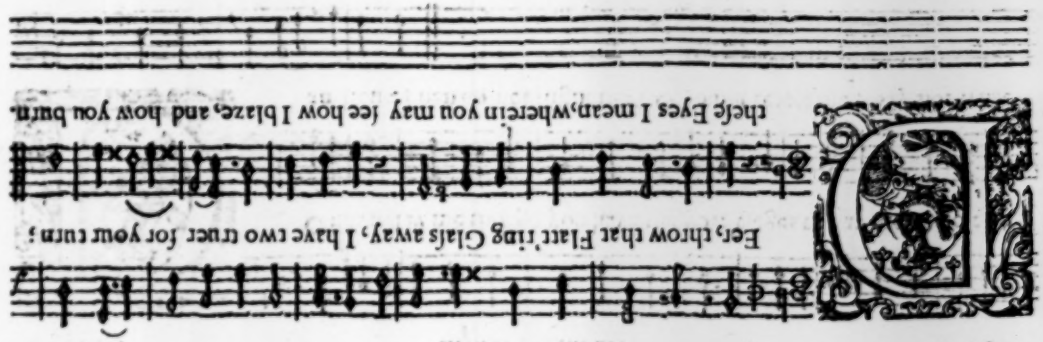


Cantus Primus.



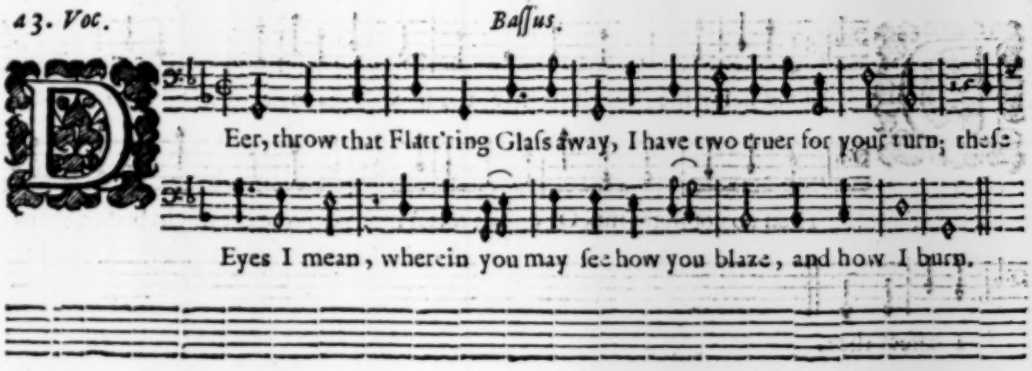
II.

Ah! could you but as plainly there
My Faith as your owne Face deſcry,
You'ld gaze your ſelf no other where,
And burn (perhaps) as well as I.

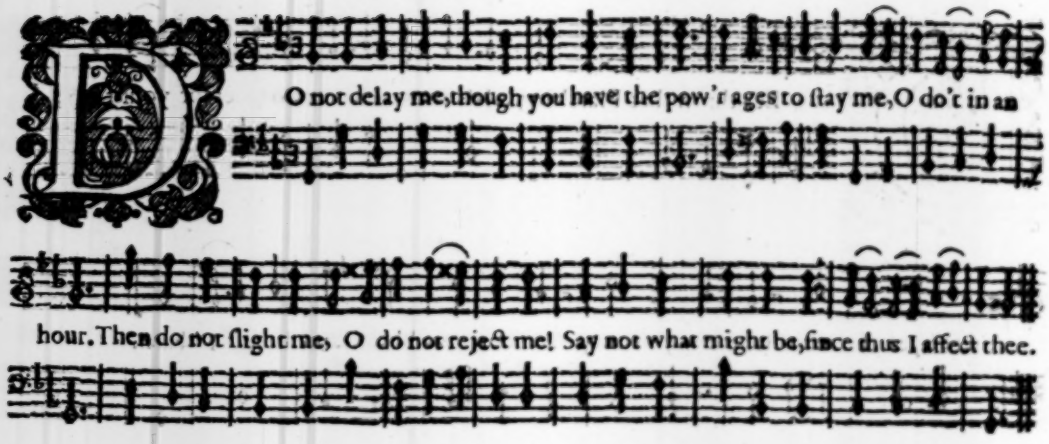


4. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

43. Voc. *Baſſus.*

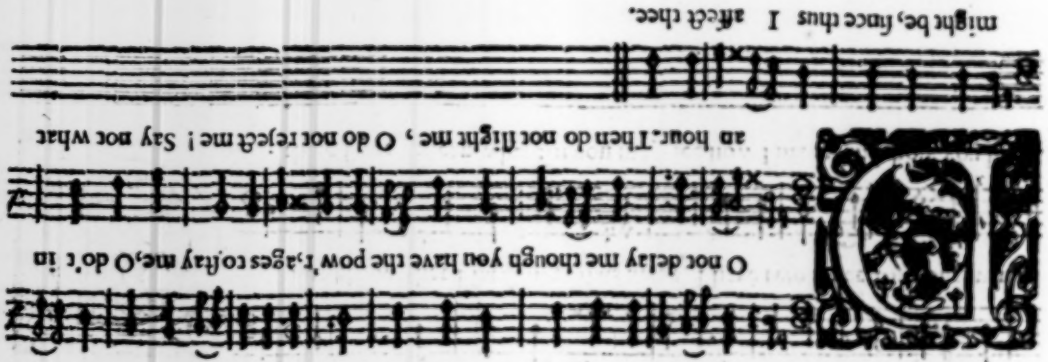


Cantus Primus.



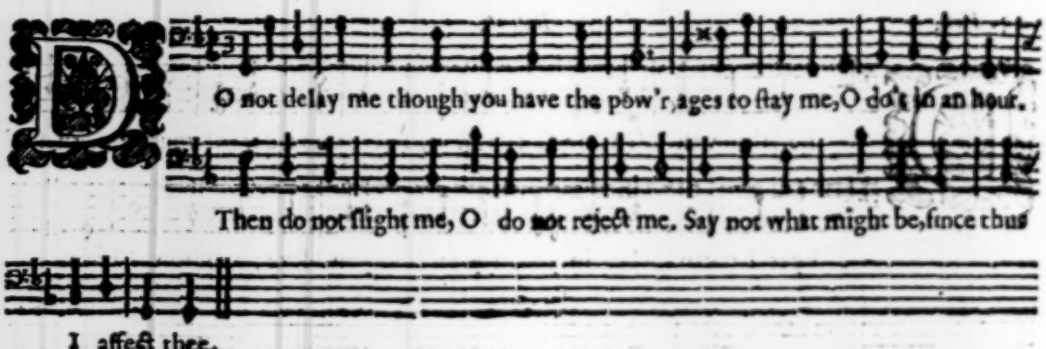
II.

No bodies ſtirring, O none that can hear thee!
Then leave demurring, ſince I am ſo near thee.
This is the ſeaſon each Bird is a building,
You that have reaſon, O be not unwilling!

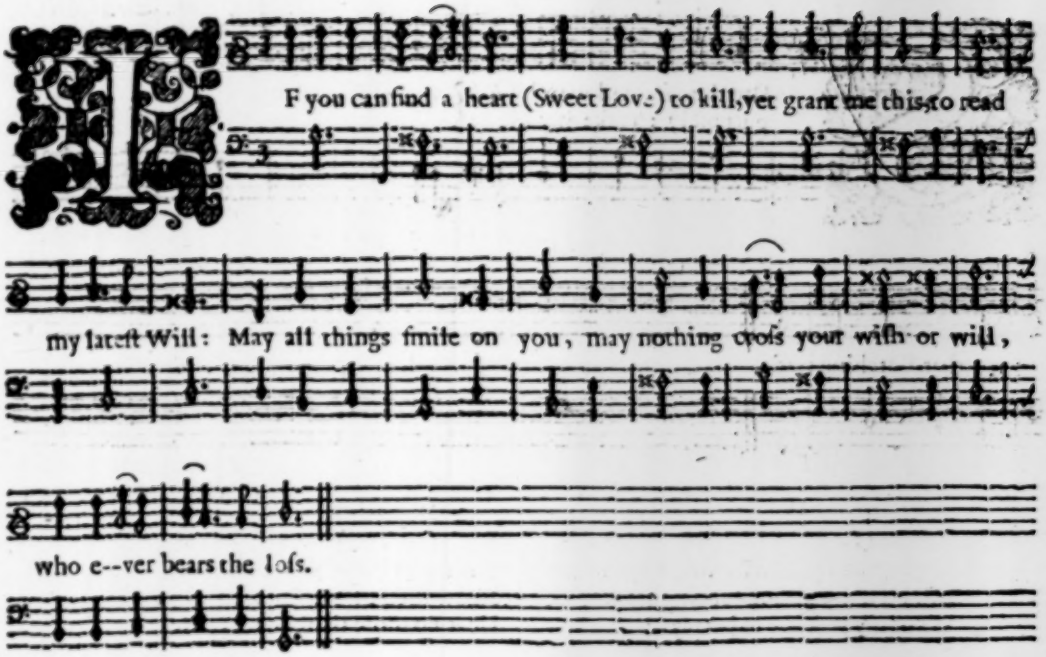


4. 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

4. 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*

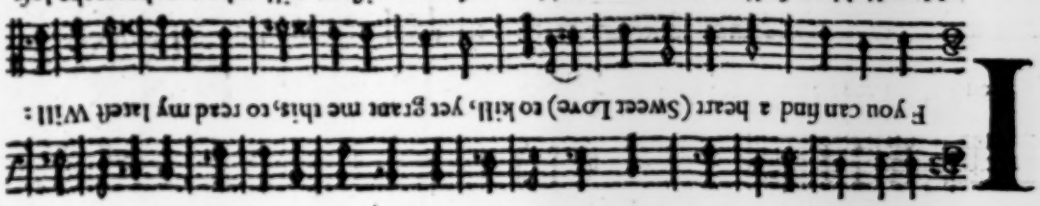


A 1. 2. or 3. Voc. *Cantus Primus.*



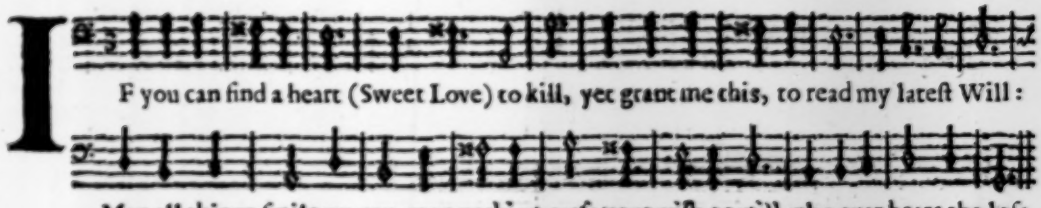
II.

May Fortunes wheel be ever in your hand,
That you may never Sue, but ſtill Command;
And to theſe bleſſings, may your Beauty ſtill
Be freſh, and pow'rfull, both to ſave, and kill.

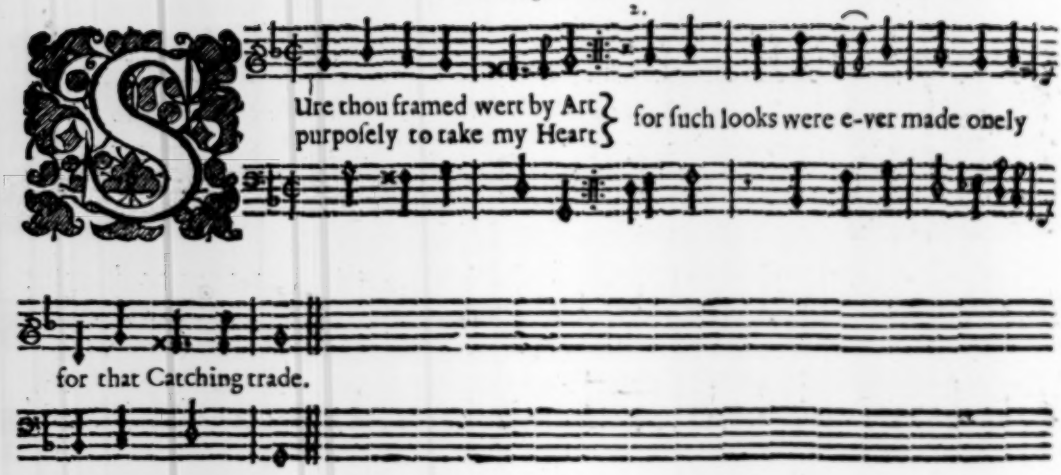


a 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

a 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*



Cantus primus.



II.

All thy Oathes and folded Armes,
Sighing Blaſts, bewitching Charms;
Ev'ry Thought thou tend'ſt that way
Was only lent me to betray.

III.

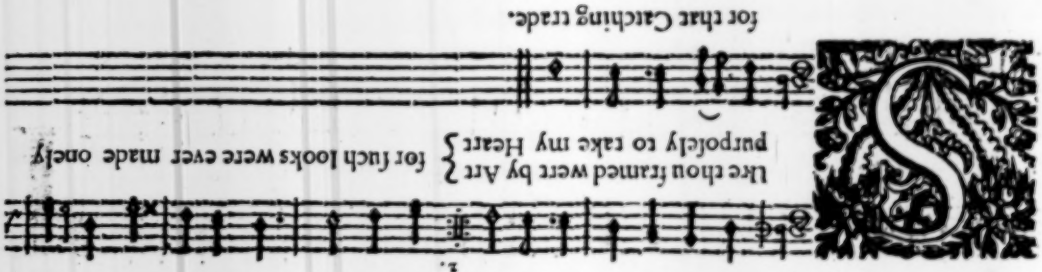
Falſe (alaſs) they are that ſwear,
All Loves bargains are not dear.
Know then Flatterer that I muſt
Hear no more than I dare truſt.

IV.

You may promiſe, ſwear, and ſay,
What perhaps you mean to day;
But e're Morrows Sun be ſet,
You another Love will get.

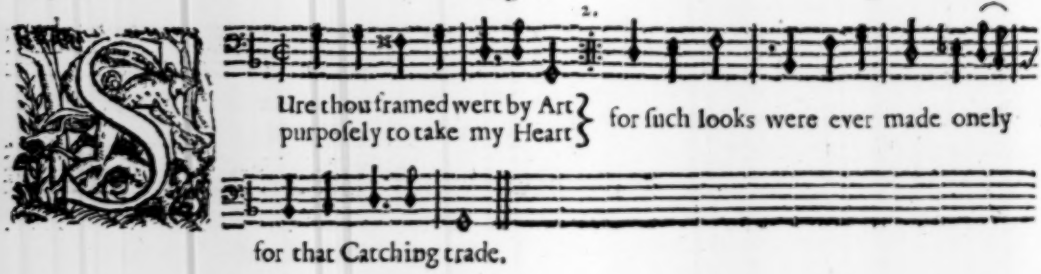
V.

Had'ſt thou left me then untide
Thou had'ſt never been denide,
And I wiſh (for Maidens ſake)
None e're better bargain make.

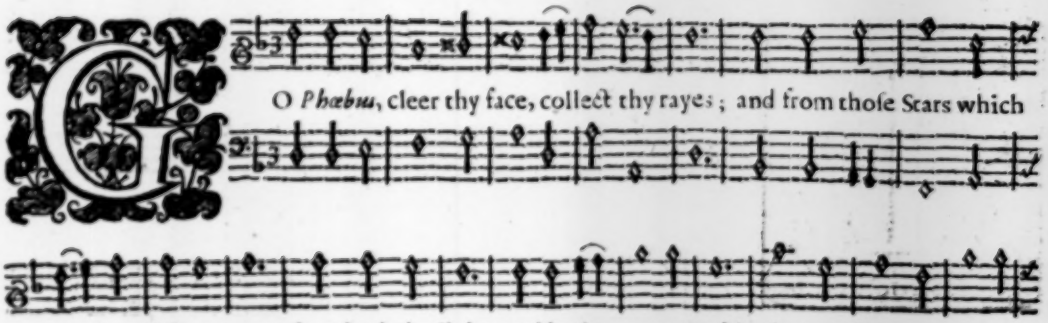


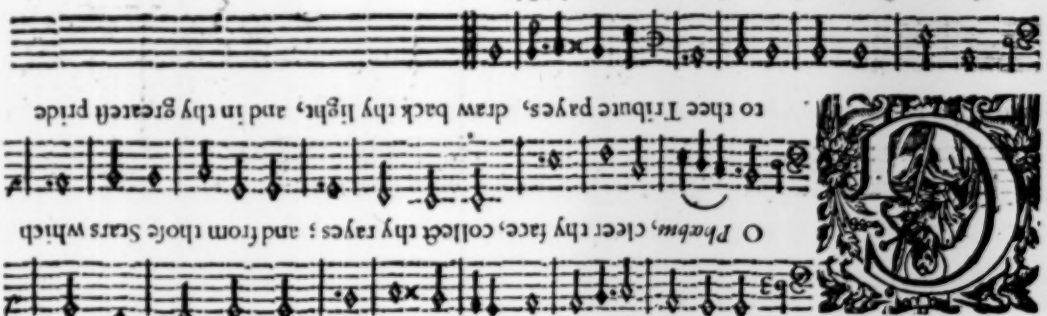
A 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

A. 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*



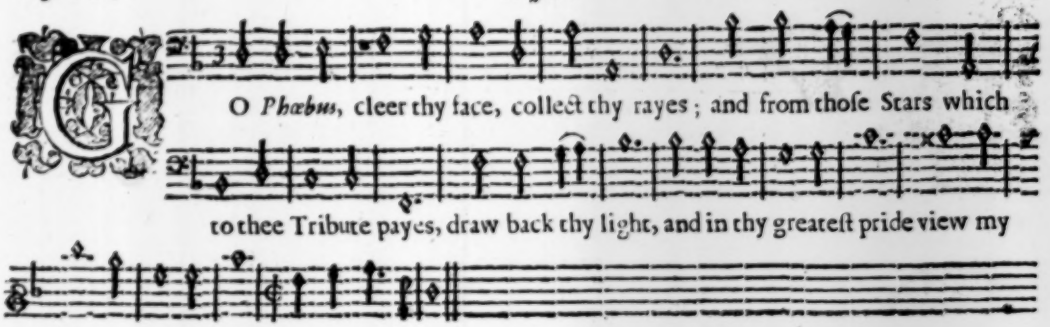
A1. 2. or 3. Voc. *Cantus Primus.*



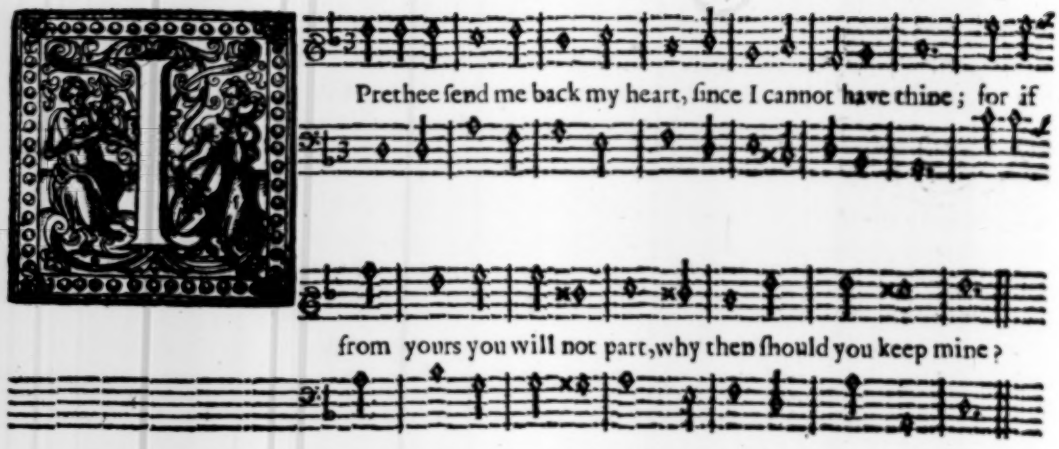


A. 3. Voc. *Cantus Secundus.*

a 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*

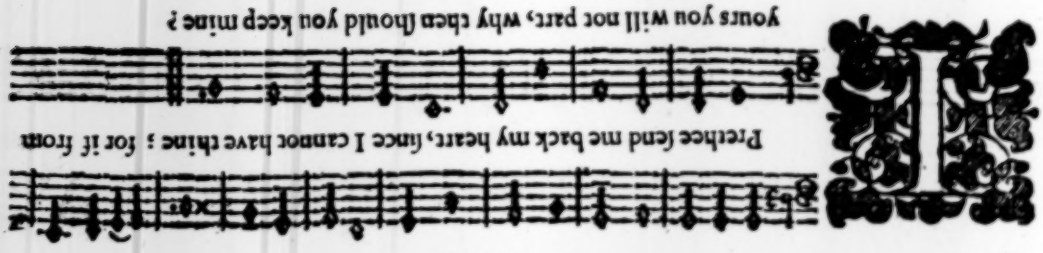


Cantus primus.



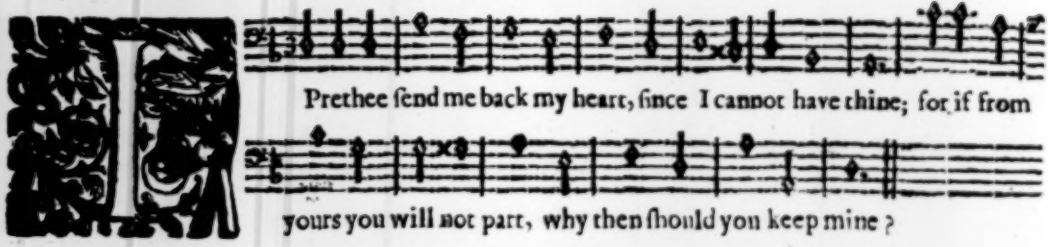
11.

Yet now I think on't, let it lye,
To ſend it me were vain,
For th' haſt a thief in either eye
Will ſteal it back again.



Cantus Secundus. *4. 3. Voc.*

4. 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*



FINIS

A Table of the *Ayres* and *Dialogues* contained in this Book:

With the Names of the Authors of the Words.

A. *As ſad* Amintor *in a Medow lay,* 27
Alas poor Cupid *! art thou blind?* 16
B. *Beauty once blaſted with the froſt,* 9
Black as thy lovely Eye or Hair, 14
C. *Chloris when e're you do intend,* 4
Chloris now thou art fled away, 10
D. *Did I once ſay that thou wert fair,* 8
F. *Fond woman thou mistak'ſt the marke,* 18
Fain would I love but that I fear, 21
Forgive me love what I have done, 23
G. *Go young man let my heart alone,* 7
Go fair Enchantreſs, 12
H. *Have you e're ſeen the morning Sun,* 24
I. *In love, away, you do me wrong,* 5
I prethee Love take heed, 7
L. *Let me alone, Ile love no more,* 15
Love thee? Goodſooth not I, 17
M. *Mourn, mourn with me all true, &c.* 28
O. *Oft have I ſworn Id'e love no more,* 3
O now I find tis nought but fate, 11
O tell me love, O tell me fate, 26
S. *See, ſee my Chloris,* (on the Queens landing at Burlington,) 1
See Chloris, ſee how Nature brings, 20
Stay ye greedy Merchants, ſtay, 25
T. *Take heed bold lover, do not look* 8
Though thou haſt Wit and Beauty, 19
W. *What wilt thou pine or fall away?* 6
When ſhall I ſee my Captive Heart? 13
Why up ſo early in the World? 22

Dr. *HENRY HUGHES.*

A Table of the DIALOGUES.

A. *Among the Fancies tell me this,* 26 - *Mr.* Robert Herrick.
Awake fair Floramell, 36 - *Sir.* Iohn Mennes *Knight.*
C. *Come* Amaryllis *I am ty'd by Oath,* 33 - Thomas Porter *Eſquire.*
I. *I love a Nymph,* 32 - *Mr.* Henry Reynolds.

A Table of the ſhort Ayres for 1. 2. *or* 3. *Voyces.*

Dear, throw that flattering glaſſe away, 43 - *Mr.* Henry Reynolds.
Do not delay though, 44 - *Mr.* Henry Harrington.
Go Phœbus clear thy face, 47 - *Dr.* Henry Hughes.
I have prays'd with all my skill, 40 - *Mr.* Henry Harrington.
If you can find a heart ſweet Love, 45 - *Sir.* Patrick Abercromy.
I prethee ſend me back my heart, 48 - *Dr.* Henry Hughes.
Once Venus Cheeks, 38 - *Dr.* William Stroud.
Sure thou framed wert by Art, 46 - *Mr.* John Grange.
Truſt the Forme of Ayre things, 42 - *Mr.* Henry Harrington.
When doth love ſet forth deſire, 41 - *Mr.* N. D.

A Catalogue of MUSICK Books sold by *John Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple*.

Books for Vocal MUSICK.

1. *Mr.* Wilby's Madrigals *of* 3, 4, 5, *and* 6 Voyces.

2. Orlando Gibon's Madrigals of 5 Voc.

3. *Dr.* Champian's Ayres *for* 1, 2, *or* 3 Voc.

4. *Mr.* Walter Porter's *first set of* Ayres *and* Mardrigals for 2, 3, 4, *and* 5 *Voyces, with a Through Bass; for the* Organ *or* Theorbo Lute *the Italian way, print.* 1639.

5. *Mr.* Walter Porter's *second Set of* Psalms *or* Anthems *for two voyces to the* Organ *or* Theorbo Lute: *Printed* 1657.

6. *Mr.* William Child *(late Organist of his Majesties Chapple at* Windsor) *his* Psalms *for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the* Organ, *the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed* 1656.

7. Select Ayres & Diologues *by D.* Wilson *Dr.* Coleman, *Mr.* Henry Lawes, *and others: Printed* 1652.

8. Ayres & Dialogues *by Mr* Henry Lawes, *viz. his* { *First Book fol. printed* 1653. / *Second Book fol. printed* 1655. / *Third Book fol. painted* 1658.

9. *Mr.* John Gamble *his book of* Ayres *and* Dialogues, *printed* 1657.

10. *A Book of* Catches *collected and published by* J. Hilton, 1651. *and now with large additions by* J. P. *printed* 1658.

11. *An* Introduction *to the Skill of* Musick, Vocal & Instrumental, *by* J. Playford, *the second Edition with additions printed* 1658.

12. *The Art of Descant or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr.* Champian, *and enlarged by Mr* Christopher Sympson, *pr.* 1655

Books for Instrumental MUSICK

1. *Mr.* East *Set of* Fancies *for* Viols, *containning* 6 Fantazies *for two* Bass-Viols, 9 Fantazies *for two* Trebles *and a* Bass, *and* 12 Fantazies *of* 4 *parts.*

2. Court Ayres, *of two parts,* Bass *and* Treble Viols *or* Violins, *containing* 245 Ayres Corants *and* Sarabands, *Composed by Dr.* Coleman, *Mr.* William Lawes, *Mr.* John Jenkins, *Mr.* Ben. Rogers *of* Windsor; *Mr.* Christopher Sympson, *and others printed*: 1656.

3. *Mr.* Matthew Lock *his* Little Consort *of* Three parts *for* Two Trebles *and a* Bass, *for* Viols *or* Violins, *printed* 1657.

4. Musicks Recreation *on the* Lyra Viol, *Containing* 100 Ayres, Corants, *and* Sarabands, *for the Lone* Lyra Viol, *with Instructions for beginners, printed* 1656.

5. Cithren & Gittern *Lessons, with Plain & easie Instructions for Beginners thereon.*

6. *The* Dancing Master, *containing* 132 *New and Choice and* Country Dances, *Directing the Learner the manner how to understand the several* Figures *and* Movements *thereof; Also the* Tunes *set over each* Dance *very useful to such as Practise on the* Treble Violin; *In which Book is added* 42 French Corants, *and other* Tunes *to be plaid on the* Treble Violin, *printed* 1657.

All sorts of Rul'd Paper *for* Musick *ready* Ruled, *also* Books *of several* Sizes *ready bound up of very good Ruled Paper; Also very good* Inke *to prick* Musick.

Other Books sold at the same place worth Buying.

King Charles *his Tryal, with his speech on the Scaffold, to which is added severall other Speeches; viz.* E. Straffords, *Ep.* Canterbury, *Dr.* Hamilton, *E.* Holland, *Lord* Capels, *and severall others, in* 8.

The Messiah *already come, or proofs of* Christianity, *made good against all unbelieving* Jews *and* Atheists, *writtten in the year* 1610. *by* Dr. Harrison *in* Barbery *when he lived there among the* Jews, *and now newly reprinted* 1657. *by the last Edition thereof, printed at* Amsterdam, 1636. *in* 12.

Drexelius *his Right Use of Inventions, in Eng.* 12. ——— *Sir* George Sands *Paraphrase on the Song of* Solomon 4